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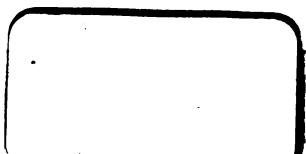
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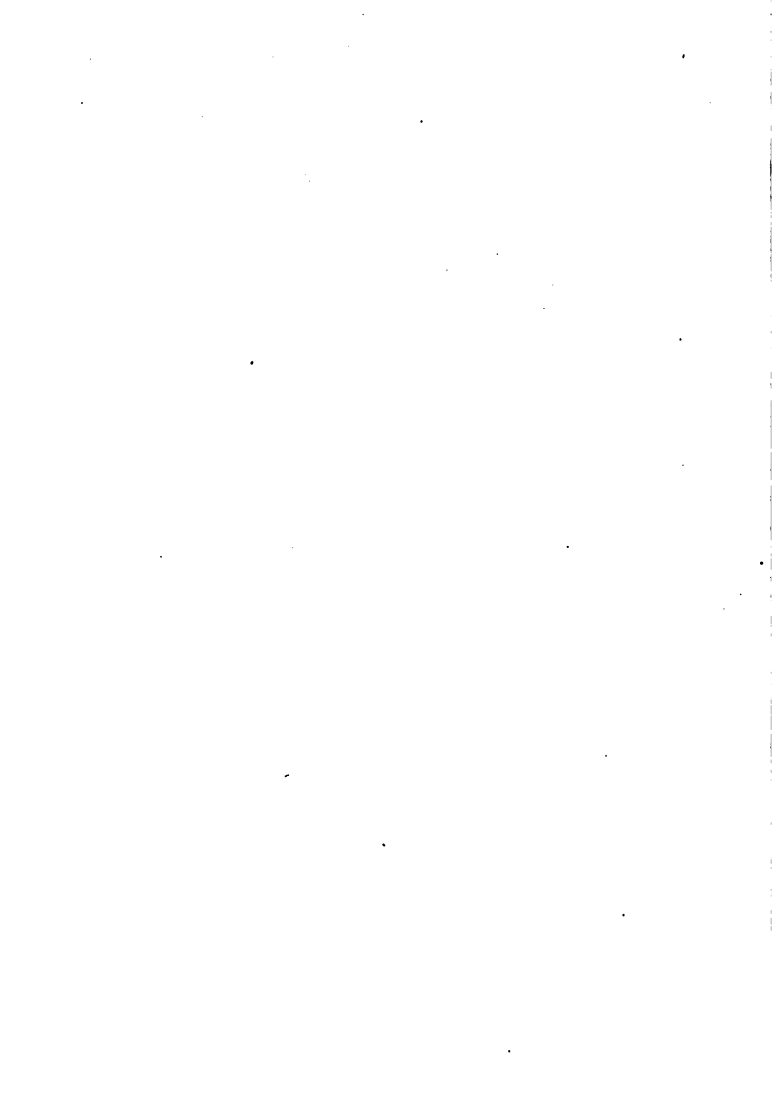
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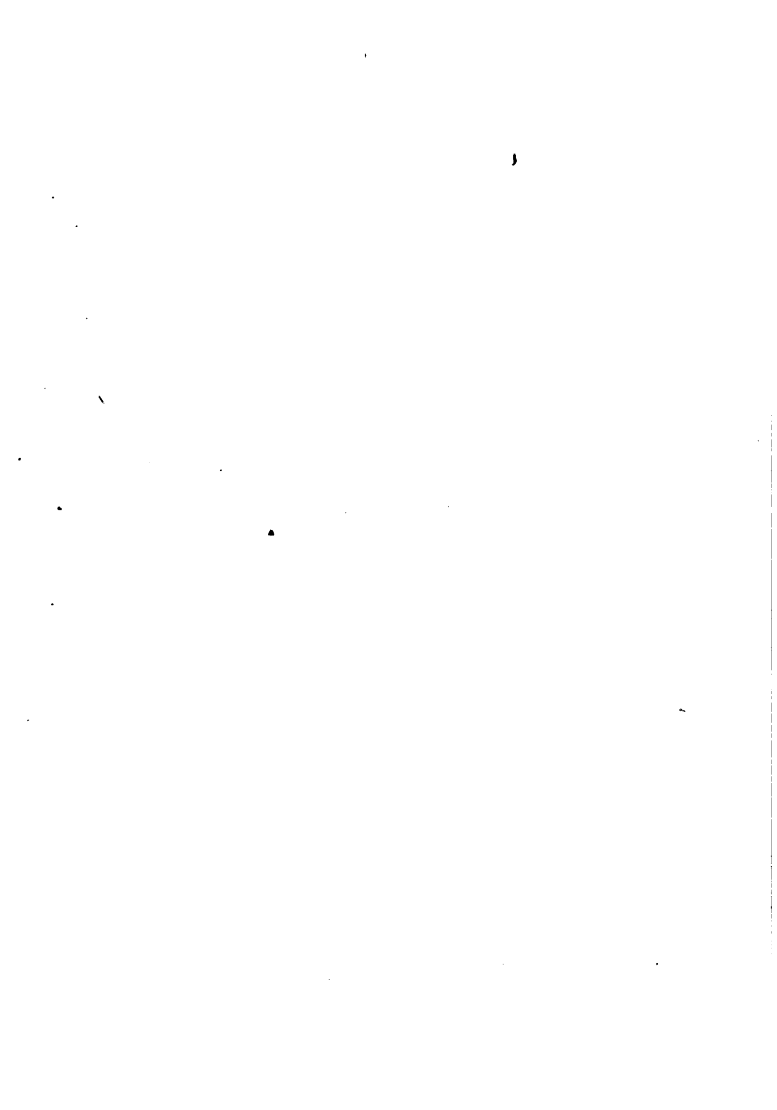
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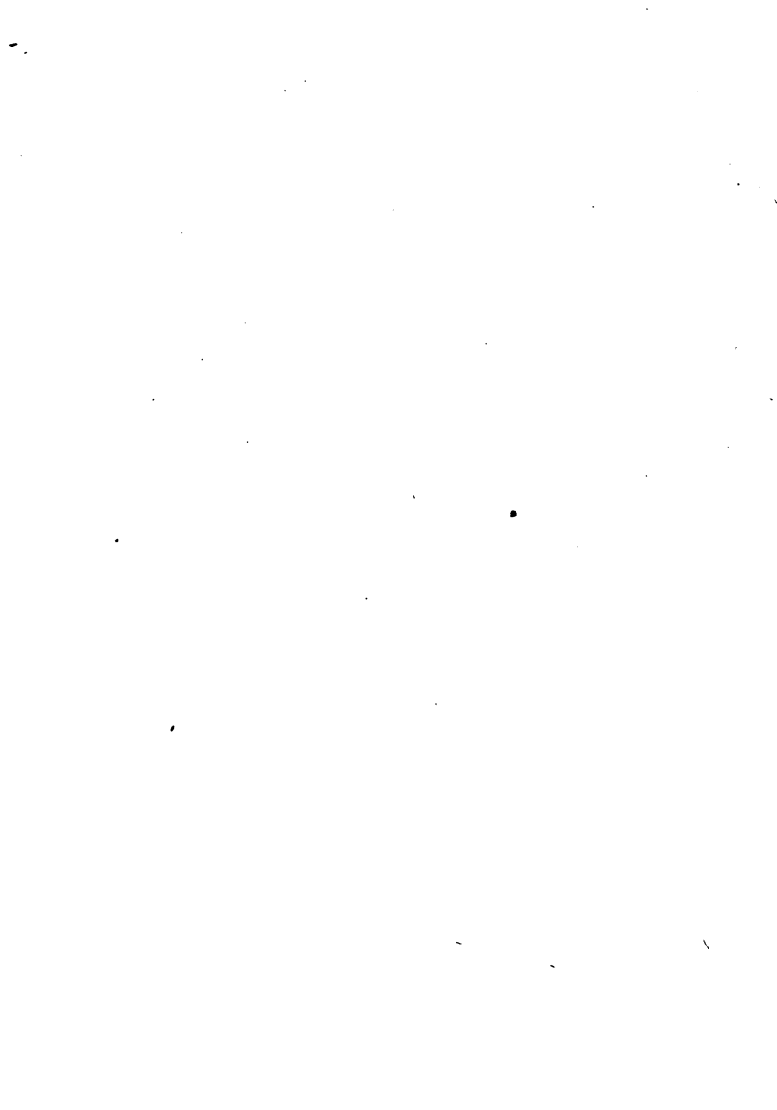
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ASPASIA

A ROMANCE

OF ART AND LOVE IN ANCIENT HELLAS

BY

ROBERT HAMERLING

FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY J. SAFFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

NEW YORK

WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, PUBLISHER

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P R E F A C E.

IF this romance, according to a much quoted saying of our time, "seeks out as its work," a nation—the old Hellenic race—will not a shade of thought and pedantry seem to cling to the description of this kind of toil, since the universal labor of the Greek people was that of the artist, poet, and thinker? Will it not be inferior in freshness of sensation, to scenes drawn from the spring of simple, vigorous life, whose poetry is not yet exhausted? And, on the other hand, must not such an attempt also lack the charm of the cleverness—in the modern sense of the word—piquant realism, and bright, vivid coloring of the literary productions of the present day? Ought Hellenic life to be represented otherwise than with Hellenic simplicity, and should its chronicler strive for any thing except to gain a breath of the Hellenic spirit, the Hellenic grace? Is it not especially difficult to describe a vanished life? Minute painting of *modern* existence is praised as charmingly realistic; that of ancient times will produce on many the chilling impression of erudition. Indeed, whoever merely *turns over the leaves* of this book, noticing that the different portions disclose views of the various sides of Hellenic life, will promptly form the opinion that he has a mere sketch-book of loose sheets, or at most a historical romance, which according to the idea of most persons, is about the same thing as no romance at all.

And yet—if the romance, as an artistic work, is distinguished by its internal and external form from biography, history and mere narrative, if it is not only the expression of a life and destiny contained within itself, but also of a conflict which has a logical development and solution, what I relate here *is* a romance. It not merely contains, in a positive form, beautiful sensuality glorified by intellect, in its development, prime and decay; but the conflict between the *æsthetic* and *moral* ideal of existence arises and is decided in the life of an individual, and the destiny of a nation. This parallelism between the fate of individuals and nations, individual and universal life, has always hovered before me as the art-secret of epic poetry, its supreme principle, its peculiar model. Not, however, that the particulars related of individual life and those of national existence run side by side, one as it were an episode of the other, but both as far as possible, relate to one and the same detail, and resemble an organic structure, closely interwoven and blended together.

The conflict could be only slightly indicated, in order not to destroy the pure, pleasing impression of the picture—it was only permitted to advance by easy stages, and thus the action will perhaps appear to move on a very slender thread. But whatever may seem like a digression in conversations or descriptions, will *without exception*, at last appear in its proper light, show its necessity in relation to the whole, the idea.

Yet not to an idea in the *abstract* meaning of the word. Let not the reader be misled by the thought, that the course of this story turns, or is modelled, upon any “tendency” to love. What I shall relate is the unfalsified, impartial truth. I shall describe human nature and

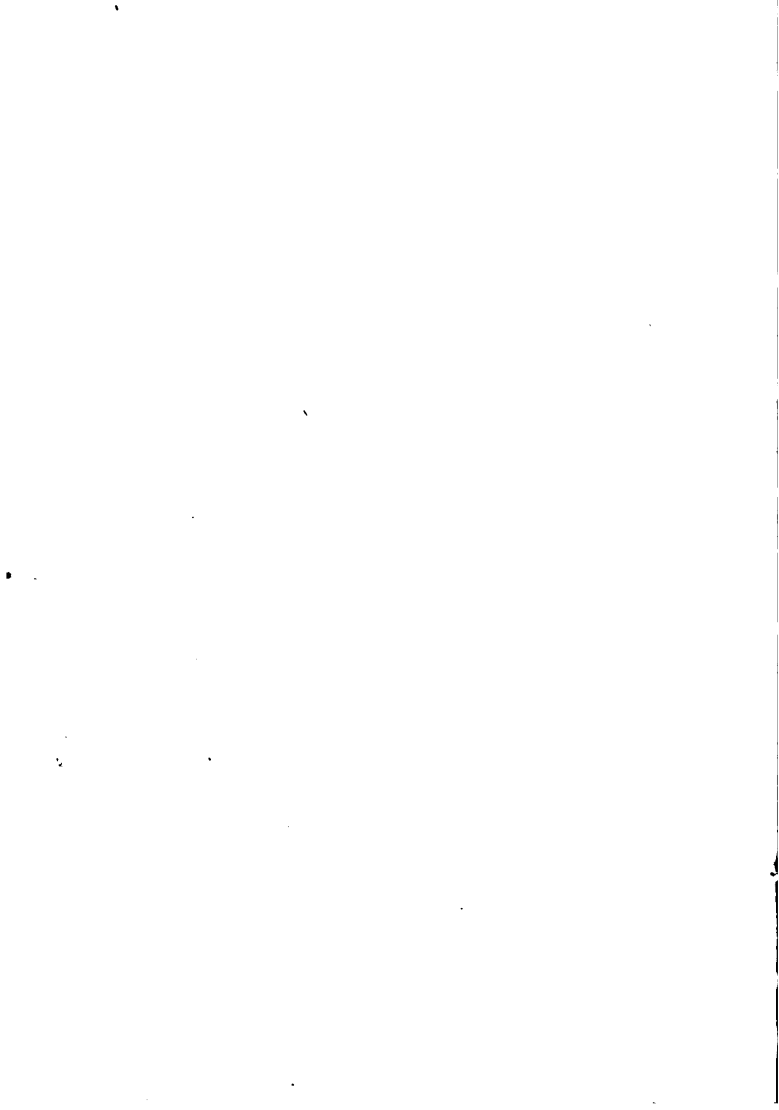
the course of the world, I shall relate the acts and conduct, the struggles and aspirations of men, and the words with which they defend them. I have no tendency in view save that of life, no moral save that of necessity, no logic save that of facts, which consist of thrust and counter-thrust, as constant and regular as the swaying to and fro of a pine-tree in the wind. Philosophers are right in asserting that the idea never merges wholly into reality. The poet of tendency pursues it to a high point of its development, holds it forcibly at a spot which it really only touches in passing, makes it shimmer and sparkle for the pleasure of mortals, and converts the soap-bubble into the fixed star. Pure, unpremeditated poetry, on the contrary, accompanies the idea on its way to realization to the spot, where to restore itself to its former purity, phoenix-like it delivers itself to a fiery death.

R. H.

Graz, November 1st, 1875.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAP.	PAGE.
I.—THE 'TREASURE OF DELOS. - - -	1
II.—TELESIPPE, - - - - -	38
III.—THE RIBBON-DEALER FROM HALIMUS,	62
IV.—THE GROTTO OF PAN, - - -	87
V.—PYRILAMPES' PEACOCKS, - - -	116
VI.—ON THE BANKS OF THE CEPHISSUS,	142
VII.—THE CAST OF THE DISCUS - - -	172
VIII.—THE SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES, -	195
IX.—ANTIGONE, - - - - -	217
X.—THE QUEEN OF THE SYMPOSIUM, -	245
XI.—SAMOS, - - - - -	272
XII.—IN IONIAN HONEYMOON, - - -	301
XIII.—DIOPEITHES AND HIPPARETE, - -	323



ASPASIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE TREASURE OF DELOS.

ONE day, during the sultry season, in the city of the Athenians, a slender, girlish figure, accompanied by a female slave, hastily crossed the Agora. A singular result of this woman's appearance was, that every man she met on her way paused after a glance at her face, and stood as if spellbound, following her with his eyes. The cause of this was not so much the circumstance, that it was a rare event to see a free-born Athenian woman of the aristocratic classes walking in the streets, but rather because this girlish figure possessed remarkable, nay bewildering beauty.

The faces of those who stared at her in passing, or stood rooted to the ground gazing after her, wore every possible expression of astonishment.

Some smiled, the eyes of grey-beards sparkled, others cast a sneering glance at the beautiful woman, and others still wore on their faces a shade of reverence, as if they beheld a goddess. Some displayed the grave, well-satisfied demeanor of connoisseurs, others looked semi-idiotic, standing with mouths half-open in amazement. There were even a few, who made a scornful grimace and cast an angry, piercing glance at the fair one, as if beauty were a crime. Men walking in pairs

or standing in groups, interrupted their conversation. Faces that bore the stamp of weariness suddenly brightened, frowning brows smoothed. Every soul was stirred.

The appearance of this beautiful woman was like a sunbeam shining into an arbor of roses, where the midges instantly begin a bacchanalian dance.

Among those whose attention was attracted, were two men, walking silently side by side. Both were of grave, calm, dignified and noble aspect; the younger, dark-haired and stately, was not without a touch of effeminacy in the contour of his features; his taller companion's bearing inspired a feeling akin to reverence; the crown of his head, above the thoughtful brow, was perfectly bald. The pair recalled the fiery Achilles walking beside Agamemnon, the ruler of the people.

The younger man cast a glance of surprise at the beautiful woman; his friend was perfectly unmoved—it seemed as if he had seen the fair face before, nay he appeared so unsympathizing, so completely absorbed in other thoughts, that the former repressed the question already hovering on his lips.

A slave followed the two men, who were walking over the long, dusty road to the Piræus.

The younger sometimes gazed watchfully at the glittering waves of the Saronic Gulf. His eye was keen as an eagle's, and he caught sight of a ship as yet invisible to any other vision. He saw it appear on the verge of the horizon, but at this distance its progress was imperceptible. This man looked like a person who could control his emotions, but while gazing at the far off vessel, it sometimes seemed for a moment as if he would fain wing the lingering sails with his own breath.

If the eye wandered towards the right from the road along which they were walking, it rested upon a wall glittering in the sun, which extended from the city to the rocky strand. Turning to the left, another wall of the same kind appeared, which fairly seemed to grow under the spectator's gaze. Workmen were piling blocks of hewn stone one above another, and where the mass was finished, the noise of hammers beating the metal clamps into the stones, echoed for a long distance.

This wall also extended to the sea, swept off in a wide curve, and joining the other, seemed to enclose the port and its buildings, above and below the city, in a protecting embrace.

The eyes of the younger man rested searchingly, but with a satisfied expression, on this wall, whenever they turned a moment from the distant sail. At last, while gazing at the endless line of firmly united blocks, he turned to his companion, and said smiling :

"If every persuasive word I have spoken to the Athenians in behalf of this work, could have become a stone, the completed structure would have stood before us long ago. But even as it is, we at last see the end approaching."

"And was this middle wall really indispensable?" asked the other, with a careless glance at the work.

"It was. The old left wall turned much too far towards Phalerum. A large portion of the shore of the harbor was unprotected. The problem is now wholly solved. The city of Pallas Athena, brilliant and beautiful, sustained by the tributes of the Hellenic coasts and islands, has risen rejuvenated from the ashes of the Persian war, flung this girdle of stone about her limbs, and will soon be strong enough to defy the envious

whose tongues utter the Greek language, no less than the assaults of all the barbarians of the East."

The man who thus addressed his companion was the son of Xanthippus, Pericles, the Alcmaeonid, surnamed the Olympian.

His friend was a famous sculptor in bronze and marble, named Phidias. The famous statue of Pallas Athena was the work of his hands. From the height of the Acropolis, it was visible throughout the Attic country, and even on the horizon, where approaching sailors joyously hailed the golden spear-head of the goddess, as the first token of the spell of "violet-wreathed Athens."

The long lines of stone blocks looked almost monotonous, but steeped in the light of the Greek sky, presented no aspect of gloom. An animated throng surged to and fro between them. The shouts of the mule-drivers echoed loudly on the air, and the richly-laden beasts moved in long trains along the road from city to harbor, and harbor to city.

Here and there, close beside the way, grew a grove of olive-trees, whose green branches ever and anon swayed gently beneath the refreshing breeze blowing from the gulf.

Whenever this occurred, the sculptor raised his broad-brimmed petasus, to let the air fan his high, bald forehead, but the "Olympian" only strode onward more sturdily, and fixed his eyes still more intently on the trireme, which was gradually approaching the harbor.

The two men were now only a short distance from the sea. The harbor was gained. Here too Pericles' glance wandered over the scene with an air of satisfaction. The greater portion of the objects visible to the eye, broad, straight, stately streets—a new thing to the Greeks

of those days—was his work. Here was the magnificent market-place, surrounded by porticos, which had received the name of its builder, Hippodamus the Milesian. On the left, above the theatre's forest of pillars, stood the rows of houses built on the slopes of the fortified hill of Munychia, and on the summit of this hill gleamed the marble temple of Artemis. In the plain below, lines of storehouses stretched in endless succession to the sea—the magnificent stoa of Pericles, the vast warehouses, where discharged cargoes could remain until sold or reshipped, the huge market-place of the port, the merchandise exchange, the "Deigma," where mariners and traders displayed their goods and made their bargains.

In these shops, on these stone terraces, the clever Greek stood on the firm foundation of his own powers, rejoicing that with the prosperity of the whole community his own wealth increased. Here he took from the hands of the friendly sea-god the horn of plenty, overflowing with all the gifts of foreign lands, and saw the last rippling waves of the Pontus, the Nile, and the Indian Ocean vanish in foam upon his native strand.

Here thronged the Greeks of the time of Pericles; beautiful brown figures, standing forth in picturesque relief against the background of white marble buildings. Most heads were bare, the scanty light garment, similar in shape to a shawl or cloak, was thrown carelessly over one shoulder—but they stood between the marble columns like bronze statues, in their plastic beauty. Only they gesticulated eagerly, the sound of the musical Hellenic idiom was audible in the confusion of voices; full of energy in speech and motion, they were yet dignified as actors.

Since, after successful wars, the Athenian gained the empire of the sea, he learned to go to the port of the Piræus and gather riches. He sought ship owners for distant voyages and speculations, visited brokers and exchangers, advanced or collected money, or if he had none to deposit or receive, borrowed some; for commerce was flourishing, and the Athenian understood how to take advantage of his opportunities. He knew when it was time to import grain from Pontus, wood from Thrace, papyrus from Egypt, carpets from Miletus, dainty shoes from Sicyon, or grapes from Rhodes. He knew too where his olive-oil, honey, figs, articles of wrought metal, and vessels of clay were needed, and would bring the highest prices. And the brokers and exchangers gave the money without much hesitation. The rate of interest was high, and a man can afford to risk something for a large percentage. So many a freedman, many a Pasio, many a Simo, many a Phormio sat contentedly behind his table in the Piræus, and behaved like a person in authority, for contracts were made before him. He paid out two talents without a change of countenance, received them when deposited with equal indifference, wrote the amounts and the names of the depositors in his book, and thus settled the matter. People trusted Pasio's honesty, and Pasio was honest, at least so long as the profit of fraud did not outweigh the disadvantage of a tarnished character.

The two companions now beheld the sea, whose emerald green waves rippled gently against the stone terraces. The deeply embayed harbor of the Piræus lay before the gaze. Two huge towers, on the right and left of the entrance, guarded the haven like warders of the sea-gate. In times of peril a gigantic iron chain could be

swung from one to the other. Innumerable round-bellied merchant vessels lay at anchor in the port; but the shore on the left was completely covered by the high-decked triremes of the Athenian navy, drawn up on land according to Greek custom, each in its special enclosure, like monsters resting in their dens, mighty sea-dragons with fantastic beaks and tails saucily curled; while beyond, on the other side of the peninsula of the Piræus, in the military havens of Zea and Munychia, were more of these superb sea monsters. Behind them extended the naval arsenals, where the sails of the dismantled ships were kept, and still farther beyond, the wharves, where fresh timber for vessels was constantly unloaded, new keels were continually laid.

The sail Pericles had seen on its way to the Piræus, was now just entering the harbor. It was the Athenian ship "Amphitrite."

The crowds of people surged towards the landing-place; a roar of voices echoed from every shop, every terrace:

"The Amphitrite has arrived"—"the Amphitrite with the treasure of Delos"—"the Amphitrite with the money of the league." "So that cunning fellow, Pericles, has succeeded?" "What will the allies say to it?" "Whatever they choose, we are at their head, we protect them, we send our triremes to their coasts, we wage their wars, in return they pay the money—what we save is our property."

The sound of flutes echoed from the vessel, as it approached nearer.

On the Amphitrite, like all the government ships of the Athenians, the stroke of the oars was directed by the music of flutes. Songs also resounded from the rowers'

benches, and amid the melody was heard the plash of the waves beaten by countless oars. The image of the goddess of the sea, whose name the ship bore, glittered on the prow, and the edge of the lofty deck, beautifully painted, gleamed in the sunshine. Song, music of the flutes, and plash of waves were all drowned by the jubilant shouts of the populace, loudly returned by the weather-beaten sailors on the ship.

The notes of the flutes died away, the oars no longer moved, the ship lay motionless, ropes creaked, cables rattled, the crew rushed to and fro on deck, the anchor was lowered, the sails taken in, and a ladder stretched from the ship to the shore. Several Athenian dignitaries were standing close by the edge of the wharf. Pericles approached them and said a few words. There was something peculiar, something marvellous in the tone of his voice. Those who had not yet recognized him knew him now; for while all the Athenians could not see his face in the popular assemblies on the Pnyx, every one heard, every one knew his voice. Some of the magistrates crossed the ladder to the ship's deck.

After some time a couple of iron-bound, well-secured casks were raised from the ship's hold and conveyed to the land, where a train of mules waited for the heavy load. The trierarch came on shore and talked with Pericles.

The Amphitrite had borne a golden treasure over the blue waves, under the eager eyes of the sympathizing Athenian populace. It was the treasure of the allied Greeks and at Pericles' instigation, came from Delos, the "star of the sea," to mighty Athens, no longer to be used as the property of the confederate states, but received as the tribute of the cities and isles.

There is a touch of mystery, a twilight atmosphere, a breath of the unknown about golden treasure, which kindles conscious hopes, inspires vague anxiety. The ingot of gold is coined, but the coin becomes again unstamped in the owner's hand. It is transformed under every finger that touches it. To one it brings a blessing, to another a curse. And thus this treasure of Delos, on which the Athenians' eyes rested so expectantly—who knows whether it will bring curse or blessing, purchase pleasure or remorse, create lasting or perishable monuments? Who knows the winds that will blow from this pipe of Æolus?

"With this gold Athens might be made the invincible citadel of Hellas," thought some of the official personages who surrounded Pericles.

"With this gold the naval power of Athens might be strengthened, Sicily and Egypt conquered, the Persians attacked and Sparta crushed," thought the trierarch.

"With this gold they might give us festivals and plays," thought the throngs that filled the stone terraces of the harbor.

"With this gold the most superb temples might be built, the most magnificent statues erected!" thought the grave sculptor, who stood beside Pericles.

And Pericles himself? In his brain, and his alone, all these thoughts were united.

The train of mules, intended to convey the golden burden from the harbor to the city, began to move. The throng of Athenians dispersed, and Pericles set out with Phidias on their homeward way. As the greater portion of the crowd flocked after the treasure, the road to the Piræus was nearly empty, and individuals could be distinctly recognized.

On the marble slab of one of the tombs that stood by the roadside, sat two men engaged in eager conversation. The face of one expressed the cheerful dignity of the sage, but his companion's features were gloomy, and his glowing eyes revealed fanatical obstinacy. The former greeted Pericles with a pleasant smile, while the latter cast a hostile glance at him.

The two men had walked on for some distance, when they saw a youth standing in the middle of the road, absorbed in thought. He seemed to have forgotten the world or lost his footing on it, and to be now reflecting where he could find a new one. His features were peculiar, but by no means attractive, and he gazed steadily at the ground.

"One of my stone-cutters," said Phidias to his companion, patting the young man on his shoulder as if to rouse him, "a worthy fellow, but very odd. He toils steadily in my workshop one day, and the next disappears. It is his habit to stand lost in meditation."

Not far away a lame, crippled man crouched by the way-side, a beggar with a queer, simpering face. Pericles threw him a piece of money, but the cripple only distorted his features still more, and seemed to mutter some abusive epithet.

When the two men had traversed about half the distance to the city, and emerged from an olive-grove that bordered both sides of the way, the Acropolis rose before them, and the gigantic bronze statue of "Athena Promachus," glittered in the light of the setting sun. They saw her helmeted head, uplifted spear, and the huge shield on which her left hand rested. A golden Gorgon's head, bestowed by some wealthy Athenian as

an offering, also flashed with dazzling radiance from the mountain.

From this moment a singular change occurred in the sculptor's manner. He seemed to have entirely changed places with his companion. While the latter, on their way to the harbor, had gazed with excited mind and kindling eyes towards a distant goal, Phidias walked beside him grave, silent, almost unsympathizing—on the return home, the sculptor hastened towards the Acropolis with quickened step and sparkling eyes, while Pericles moved quietly, with an almost weary air. It seemed as if the sight of his goddess awakened some peculiar emotion in the sculptor, after what he had recently beheld at the Piræus. There the pomp of the useful had appeared before him—the tumult at the port, the angry cries of the exchangers, the huge shops, monotonous in their size, which resembled gigantic temples, and finally the golden treasure, surrounded by the twilight atmosphere of the unknown : these things had clouded his artist soul. He could not dispute it, but it disturbed the constant succession of unreal, ideal visions of loveliness that filled his mind. Now, when the Acropolis appeared before him, he seemed transformed ; his steadfast gaze wandered so thoughtfully and reflectively over the gleaming height, that Pericles was about to ask the cause of this intent earnestness.

At this moment a little boy, whose dark eyes rested constantly on the Acropolis, as he walked with an elderly man directly in front of Pericles and Phidias, asked :

“ Father, do the Athenians alone have the protecting goddess Pallas on their citadel, or does she dwell with other men too ? ”

"The Rhodians also desired to have her on their citadel," replied the man, "but could not succeed."

"Was Pallas Athena angry with them?" said the boy.

"The Athenians sought the goddess' favor on the land, and the Rhodians on the sea," answered the man. "Both held a festival at their citadels to win the approval of Pallas. But the Rhodians were forgetful; they went up to their citadel and when they wished to offer sacrifices, had no fire. So they made no fitting one, but offered the victims cold, while flames and the smoke of burning fat rose cheerfully from the rocks of the Acropolis among the wise Athenians. For this reason Pallas Athena gave the preference to the Athenians. But Zeus pitied the Rhodians, and to compensate them, sent down from heaven a golden rain that filled their streets and houses. The Rhodians rejoiced over the treasure, consoled themselves with it, and placed on their citadel a statue of the god of wealth, Plutus."

The story the father told the little boy reached the ears of the two men, who walked behind them. Phidias smiled faintly, and after a few minutes silence turned towards his companion, saying:

"Pericles, it seems to me that times have changed, and we shall soon be like the Rhodians. Don't you also intend to place Plutus on the citadel?"

"Have no fear," replied Pericles smiling. "So long as the sea washes the Attic coast, the bronze statue of your goddess will tower above the city of the Athenians."

"But beneath the ruins of the temple," returned Phidias, "the stones of the stronghold still lie half-scattered, as the fire of the Persians left them. Let the

columns and ruins be carried down and build your piers and long walls with them; for what the Persians destroyed above, you restore only at the Piræus."

At this moment the man who was leading the little boy, hearing footsteps behind him, turned and recognized Pericles. The latter answered his greeting cordially, he had known him a long time, and been his guest when the other lived in Syracuse.

"The conversation between you and your little son Lysias, has just given Phidias occasion to press me warmly, my dear Cephalus," said Pericles.

"How so?" asked Cephalus.

"We have come from the Piræus," continued Pericles, "and there our friend, the favorite of Pallas Athena, was very much out of humor. He would like to be always among the images of the gods. He hates the long walls, vast shops, bales of goods, sacks, casks, and leather wineskins; the shouts of the exchangers have deafened him. When he passes through the gate into the crooked, insignificant streets of the old city, he will shake the dust of the road to the harbor from his feet, with a relieved heart."

"But tell me," he continued, turning to the sculptor, "why do you gaze so steadily and thoughtfully at the summit of the Acropolis? Is it the sight of your goddess—your helmeted Athena with the upraised spear, that excites you?"

"Know," replied Phidias, "that the helmeted, armed Pallas has long since been thrust out of my mind by a Pallas Athena of *peace*; a Pallas who no longer fights with clanking metal, but calmly, yet victoriously, turns the offspring of darkness to stone by the sight of her glittering Gorgon shield. When I now fix my eyes on the height of the Acropolis, know that I place there the

image conjured up in my mind, and shelter it beneath a superb temple, that I adorn the pediment and frieze of this temple with hundreds of carvings, and even build magnificent porticos on the side which the Panathenaic procession approaches. But fear not, Pericles, that I shall beseech you for gold and ivory for this Pallas Athena of peace, marble for this temple; no, I only build and carve in my imagination—fear nothing."

"That's the way with all these sculptors and poets," said Pericles, almost offended by his friend's sarcastic words, "they do not know that the beautiful is merely the flower of the useful. They forget that the safety of the community must first be secured, the prosperity of the people established on firm foundations, and that the perfect flower of art can only unfold in a wealthy, powerful state. Phidias bears me ill-will because, for several years, I have built storehouses for grain at the Piræus, and the long central wall, instead of repairing the temple of the Acropolis, and because I don't trust entirely to the up-raised spear of his bronze goddess on the citadel, to protect us against every foe that may threaten by land or sea."

Phidias raised his head as if angered, and cast a sombre glance at Pericles; but the latter met the look with a winning smile, and extending his hand to his friend, continued:

"Do you know me so little, that you could seriously reproach me for being an enemy and derider of the divine art of sculpture? Am I not the enthusiastic friend and fosterer of everything beautiful?"

"I know," said Phidias, now smiling sarcastically in his turn, "I know you are the friend of the beautiful. One look into the eyes of fair Chrysis—"

"Not that alone!" replied Pericles hastily, and continued earnestly :

"Believe me, my friends, when public cares and private anxieties burden me, when many an anxiety oppresses me, many an act of opposition embitters me, when I return in ill-humor from a meeting of the Athenians, and wander thoughtfully, with troubled spirit, through the streets, often some little colonnade, whose beautiful proportions meet my eye, or some piece of sculpture by the way-side, designed with delicate genius, attracts my attention and changes my mood, and I cannot remember ever having a sorrow, which would not at least be lightened by reading some of Homer's verses."

The friends had now passed through the gate into the city. The streets here seemed narrower, the houses less stately than those at the port; but it was the real Athens, it was sacred soil.

As Phidias had already reached the vicinity of his house, he said to Pericles and Cephalus :

"If you had the leisure and inclination to enter my workshop, you might aid in deciding by your opinion a by no means trivial contest."

"You rouse our curiosity!" replied Pericles.

"You remember," continued Phidias, "the block of marble the Persian army brought here by sea, to erect a monument of victory from Persian stone after our subjection, and which, when the barbarians fled defeated, remained in our hands on the battle-field of Marathon. After many wanderings the magnificent block was placed in my workshop, and as you know, Pericles, the Athenians desired a statue of the Cyprian goddess to be carved from it to adorn the gardens. I thought none of my pupils more capable of winning renown by the exe-

cution of such a work, than Agoracritus of Paros, and therefore, at his desire, gave him the block of marble, from which he has now finished an admirable statue. But another of my best pupils, the ambitious Alcámenes, envied Agoracritus the block and the fame of the work, and presumed to carve a marble statue of the same goddess in emulation of the Parian, my favorite, as he calls him. Both youths have now completed their work, and a large number of lovers of art will assemble to-day in my house. If you would join them, what a spur it would be to both rivals. Come and see how differently the fairest of the goddesses is mirrored in the souls of the two young men."

Pericles and Cephalus did not hesitate long, but nodded assent, and full of eager anticipation, entered Phidias' dwelling.

They found many of the best connoisseurs in art already assembled—among others Hippodamus the Milesian, Antiphon, Ephialtes the orator, the partisan of Pericles, Callicrates, the builder of the long central wall, and Ictinus, an architect of much learning and great knowledge of art, a particular friend of Phidias.

When these men had exchanged greetings with the new arrivals, the master led them into one of the spacious court-yards of his house.

There on a pedestal, side by side, were two closely-covered masses of marble. A linen cloth thrown over them to protect the pure white stone from dust and soil, was now withdrawn by a slave at a sign from Phidias, disclosing the magnificent works in their vast, noble outlines, to the eyes of the spectators assembled before them.

The men, with a strange expression of perplexity on

their faces, gazed long and silently at the statues. The remarkable difference in the design evidently caused their embarrassment.

One represented a female figure of august beauty and superhuman nobleness. She was robed, and her garment fell in ample, exquisite curves to her ankles. Only one breast was bare. The statue seemed thoroughly strong and steadfast; there was nothing effeminate in the features, nothing voluptuous in the limbs, nothing amorous in the attitude. And yet it was beautiful, beautiful with an austere, ripe, but virginal loveliness. It was Aphrodite without the perfume of the crocus and hyacinth blossoms, with which the Graces and wood-nymphs of Ida crowned the goddess. She was not yet redolent of perfumes, did not yet *smile*.

So long as the spectators gazed only at this statue, they missed nothing. A Cypris with all the Graces and Loves hovering around her, had not yet matured in the Hellenic mind.

The ideal of the foam-born goddess chiselled by Agoracritus had been inherited from their ancestors.

But, as soon as the beholder's eye wandered from this statue and rested for a time on Alcamenes' work, he was seized with a sort of anxiety; and if he tried to return to the first statue, it appeared less intelligible than before, as if he had lost the standard for its correct appreciation.

The spectacle presented to the eyes of these men was a novel one, and they could not yet decide whether the novelty pleased them. The only thing certain was, that they now liked the statue by its side far less.

The more frequently the gaze wandered from Alcamenes' statue to that of Agoracritus and back to the

former, the longer it lingered on Alcamenes' work. The mysterious spell exerted by the latter was the consciousness of a charm, an animation, a freshness and close resemblance to the living human form, which the chisel of the Greeks had hitherto neither attained, nor striven to reach.

No one gazed so long or so ardently, at the form displayed by Alcamenes, as Pericles.

"This work," he said at last, "almost reminds me of Pygmalion's statue; it seems to be animated with a soul, and just in the transition from the rigidity of marble to warm, pulsating life."

"Indeed," exclaimed Cephalus, "Agoracritus' work is full of the spirit of his master, Phidias, only surpassing it in austerity; but it seems to me that a spark from a foreign forge has fallen into Alcamenes' statue, where it glows with a strange, peculiar life."

"Why, my good Alcamenes," cried Pericles, "what new spirit has entered into you? Hitherto your work could scarcely be distinguished from that of Agoracritus. Have you seen the goddess in a dream? Do you know that you have put me into an ecstasy of delight, such as no marble ever aroused before."

Alcamenes smiled, but Phidias, as if a new thought had flashed into his mind, now gazed intently at his pupil's work, and seemed to be scanning the outlines and forms of the limbs under the influence of this idea.

"It appears to me," he said at last, "that no vision is embodied here, but many charms have been borrowed from reality to adorn the goddess. The longer I examine the slenderness of the whole statue, the delicate yet voluptuous lines of the bust and hips, the peculiar daintiness of these tapering fingers, and the graceful contour

of the wrist, the more strongly I am reminded of a woman, whom we have recently seen several times in this house—”

“If not the face, it has the very figure of the Milesian!” exclaimed a pupil of Phidias, approaching nearer; and all his companions, advancing and gazing first at the statue, then at each other, cried:

“There is no doubt—it is the Milesian.”

“Who is this Milesian?” asked Pericles in a hasty, eager tone.

“Who is she?” said Phidias smiling. “You have already seen her once—the radiance of her beauty flashed upon you for a moment. For the rest, ask Alcamenes—”

“Who is she?” repeated the fiery Alcamenes. “She is a sunbeam, a dew-drop, a beautiful woman, a rose, a refreshing zephyr. Who will ask the name and origin of a sunbeam? Perhaps Hipponicus, in whose house she is a guest, can tell you more.”

“She once came to this place with Hipponicus,” said Phidias.

“For what purpose?” asked Pericles.

“To talk of various matters, as I have never yet heard them discussed by a woman’s lips,” replied Phidias.

“So she is a guest of Hipponicus?” asked Pericles.

“She lives in a small house that belongs to him, situated between his own home and this dwelling,” replied Phidias. “But since the Milesian has occupied the house, a strange spirit has entered into all this throng of youths.”

“How so?” enquired Pericles.

“Since that time,” replied Phidias, “the young fellow

whom you saw standing alone on the road leading to the harbor, gazing into vacancy, has grown still more thoughtful, while Alcamenes belongs to the number of those whom I most frequently surprised on the flat roof of the house, that overlooks the peristyle of the adjoining one, and to which they slip away from their work, sometimes under the pretext of catching an escaped bird or monkey, sometimes to sit in the cool of the evening to rest, because as they said, their blood rushed so violently to their heads—but really to listen to the Milesian's music."

"So Alcamenes caught the charms that delight us in the marble, from this enchantress?" said Pericles.

"I can't say how it happened," replied Phidias. "Perhaps the fellow who stood lost in thought yonder acted as go-between, for he seems to be on intimate terms with her. The queer genius lately undertook to carve a statue of Eros, and for this purpose considered it necessary to first study the character of the god and his idea. That's the way with him; he never strives for the things themselves, but for their idea, for truth and wisdom, as he says; so we never call him anything but the friend of wisdom, the seeker after truth. Just now he is pursuing the pure idea of love, and wants to be instructed concerning it by the beautiful Milesian. The latter apparently wishes to indulge him, and I once saw her sit an hour on a block of stone in this courtyard, talking with him. If it is not only this young man, but Alcamenes also who has enjoyed the secret instruction of the Milesian, he too may try his fortune in this direction, may continue to learn more from beautiful women than from the masters of his art."

"The statue before you," cried Alcamenes, enraged by these sarcastic words, "is *the work of my hands*; the

censure it receives I will take upon myself, and the praise bestowed I need share with no one."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Agoracritus gloomily; "you must share it with the Milesian. She stole secretly to you—"

A scarlet flush suffused Alcamenes' cheeks.

"And *you?*" he cried, "who stole to *you?*" Do you suppose we did not notice it? Phidias, the master, slipped into your workshop at night to put the last finishing touches to his favorite's statue—"

It was now Phidias, whose face flushed darkly. He cast an angry look at his insolent pupil, and was about to reply, but Pericles stepped between them, saying soothingly :

"No quarrelling! It is as you say, the Milesian glided to Alcamenes, Phidias to Agoracritus. Let each learn where and as he can, and neither envy the other the beauty that falls to his lot through the favor of the Muses, the Graces, or any other goddess."

"I have not disdained to learn from Phidias," said Alcamenes, who was the first of the three to recover his good-humor; "but it is the wise artist's part to catch the beautiful from the living reality, and I frankly confess that a Milesian, or daughter of the joyous Ionic coast, seems to me far better suited to reveal the secrets of beautiful nature to the sculptor's searching gaze, than the women and matrons of our native Attica. It is no unimportant matter how the sculptor sees a woman; whether in foolish embarrassment she resembles the worm that seems to wish to creep into itself, or whether she displays the bloom of her personal charms with graceful freedom. Our Athenian women spend their lives under rigid guardianship, in the seclusion of the women's apart-

ments. If we wish to enjoy the sight of one who, without embarrassment or boldness, knows how to delight us with her charms, we must seek these Ionian and Libyan women, who coming from the opposite coasts and bringing with them, as it were, a breath of the beautiful license of their merry native festivals, announce the cheerful rule of beauty and sensual pleasure."

Many of those present agreed with Alcamenes, and considered him fortunate to have found a woman like this Milesian so yielding.

"Yielding?" said Alcamenes. "I don't know what you mean; this woman's compliance has its limits—ask her friend yonder, the truth-seeker."

Alcamenes pointed to the young stone-cutter, who had just been standing lost in thought on the road leading to the Piræus, and now entered the courtyard on his way home. All the bystanders looked at him and smiled, for they saw nothing in his appearance which would have made him seem worthy the friendship of a beautiful woman. He was snub-nosed, and his whole exterior bore no resemblance to that of a well-educated Greek. True, spite of his thick lips, his mouth wore a by no means unpleasant smile, and when his eyes were not fixed too intently upon vacancy, their glance was clear and inspired confidence.

"We are departing from our subject," remarked Phidias. "Alcamenes and Agoracritus are still standing awaiting our verdict. At present we only seem to agree that Agoracritus has carved a goddess, Alcamenes a beautiful woman."

"Why," said Pericles, "I think that not only Alcamenes, but Agoracritus, though he may consider himself so much more devout, will incur the anger of the Im-

mortals, because they have both learned from their master Phidias, when they wish to represent a god, to imitate the human form to its smallest vein. You sculptors are all alike in this, that you pretend to carve gods, in whom we really believe we see something divine; but when we look more closely, we perceive that this divine element is only the purest flower and development of human nature, and even the ethereal body of the divinity is merely a combination of human pulses, sinews, muscles, joints and nerves. Let us hear the second pupil of the beautiful Milesian, your thinker yonder. He too is called upon to give his opinion."

"What do you think," cried Alcamenes to the youth, "is the nature of man worthy to represent a divine being?"

"As for Homer, Hesiod, and the other poets," replied his companion, "I remember that they call the sea, the earth, and all possible things divine; so I should be surprised if the human form with its muscles, sinews and veins, were not divine too. Pindar even seems to me to go still farther, when he sings: 'The race of gods and of mortals is one from the beginning.' And I remember having heard the wise Anaxagoras say that all that is alive, and every living thing is divine. If you will not listen to these old men, ask the beautiful Milesian—"

"I think we should all be by no means disinclined to follow this counsel," replied Pericles, "if we only knew how to call the Milesian to decide the affair. Can Phidias do us the service, will Alcamenes betray the secret of obtaining the beauty's advice, or shall we trust the truth-seeker?"

"The truth-seeker!" cried Alcamenes eagerly. "Be sure that the latter, if he chooses, can lure the Milesian

from Hipponicus' house this very day, as a serpent is wiled from its hole by magic songs and charms."

"If Alcamenes himself directs us to this youth, he and no other is probably the right man for us in this matter," said Pericles. "But what can we promise, to induce him to have pity and lure the Milesian hither?"

"It ought not to be difficult," replied the other, "to induce a person to enter who already, as it were, stands waiting at the door."

"So the Milesian is close at hand?" asked Pericles.

"As I returned just now, from my walk along the road to the Piræus, and entered the house from the back, I passed close by the hedge of Hipponicus' garden, and saw the Milesian standing among flower-beds and blossoming bushes, gathering a branch of laurel. I asked what hero, sage, or artist she intended to adorn, and she replied that it was destined for either of Phidias' pupils, who according to the verdict of the judges, should emerge as victor from the contest. 'So you desire to infinitely heighten the conqueror's joy?' I replied. 'Try also to console the vanquished one.' 'Very well,' she answered, 'we must have pity on the defeated. I'll gather a rose for him.' 'A rose?' I rejoined, 'isn't that rather too much? Are you sure the victor will not envy the vanquished?' 'Then let the victor choose,' she cried, 'here, take the laurel and the rose.' 'Ought not you to bestow them yourself?' I enquired. 'Do you think so?' 'Certainly,' I replied. 'Very well, send the victor and vanquished to the garden-gate, as soon as the judges have pronounced their verdict and retired'—'So you now know,' said the youth in conclusion, 'that the Milesian is standing with the rose and laurel, behind the hedge of Hipponicus' garden.'"

"Very well," said Phidias, "go and bring her here."

"How can I? How shall I induce her to enter the presence of so many men?"

"No matter how you arrange it," said Phidias, "that's part of your secret arts, which you need not betray. Only go and bring her, since Pericles so earnestly desires it."

The youth obeyed, left the house, and in a few moments returned with a woman, whose figure combined the most perfect delicacy with the most voluptuous charms. Pericles instantly recognized the beauty, of whom he had caught a hasty glimpse on his way to the harbor with Phidias. She was slender, yet her limbs possessed the most charming roundness. Her step was at once firm and graceful, her soft waving hair was reddish-brown in color, her face peerlessly beautiful. Still, the most bewitching thing about her was the dewy lustre, the soft, Aphrodite-like light of her marvellous eyes. Her robe of soft yellow byssus fell in clinging folds from the slender, rounded hips to the ankles—the upper portion of the garment being fastened at the shoulders with delicately wrought clasps, its superfluous length hanging like a sort of upper robe in graceful drapery below her waist. The sleeveless costume left the beautifully formed arms uncovered, and did not wholly conceal the outlines of the delicate, yet perfectly developed bust. It was the chiton usually worn by Greek women, but ample and richly ornamented, like those seen among the Ionians and Lydians of the Attic coast. The color of the garment was bright-yellow, the border adorned with beautiful embroidery.

The reddish-brown hair floated in waving curls over her shoulders, its luxuriant mass confined by a purple

fillet, ornamented, at the point where it rested on the brow, with a metal disk.

This charming woman hesitated a little, as she entered the circle of distinguished men and saw among them the great Pericles himself. But Alcamenes came forward, took her hand, and said:

“Pericles, the Olympian, wishes to see the wise and beautiful Milesian.”

“However great and natural may have been our desire to see a woman so highly praised,” replied Pericles, “you are wrong, Alcamenes, in concealing the fact that it was the difficulty we experienced in deciding the result of the contest between you and Agoracritus, which led us, by the truth-seeker’s counsel, to seek the aid of the beautiful Milesian’s wisdom. The question has been started among us, whether it is allowable to represent a goddess under the form of a beautiful Hellenic woman. The Athenians, who are so devout and reverent to the gods, begin to doubt whether it may not make mortals arrogant, and the gods envious, if they represent divine beings with too close a resemblance to the human form, and whether their art of sculpture is pleasing or odious to the Immortals.”

“The mildness and clearness of the Greek sky is everywhere praised, and the Greek form is recognized, even by barbarians, as most nearly akin to that of the gods,” replied the Milesian, in a voice whose silvery tone was no less bewitching, than the radiance of her eyes. “The gods of Hellas will not be angry with the Athenian, if he builds them temples as bright and sublime as the blue vault that arches over them, and erects in their honor statues whose symmetry of form is not inferior to that of the men, who offer sacrifices before them. The temples

are like the land, the gods like the inhabitants! Do not the Olympians show, that it is their will and pleasure to see their own images reflected in the souls of the Athenians? Have they not bestowed on them, above all others, a genius for carving, and given to the land of Attica the best clay, the most perfect stone for buildings and statues?"

"Indeed!" cried the impetuous Alcamenes, "we possess everything, except the proper, boundless field of labor. Ay," he continued, turning to his companions, "our fingers have long been twitching, and the chisels in our hands grow hot with impatience—"

A murmur of assent ran through the group of Phidias' pupils, at this sudden turn in the conversation.

"Take comfort, Alcamenes," said the Milesian, placing a strong emphasis upon the words, "Athens has grown rich, abundantly rich, and the golden treasure of Delos has doubtless not come across the sea to you in vain—"

The beautiful woman, while uttering these words, glanced at Pericles with her bewitching eyes. The latter had been gazing at the waves of her soft, fine hair, and now secretly said to himself: "By the gods, this woman's fair locks are a shining *golden treasure of Delos*, and the uncoined wealth would not be too dearly purchased by the expenditure of the coined metal."

Then he bent his head in thought for some time, while the eyes of all the company were turned towards him. At last he began:

"You have a right to expect, friends and patrons of the beautiful art of sculpture, that the treasure of Delos shall not float to the Attic coast in vain. And if I had only to question the wish of the heart, not the demands

of the community, I should have ordered the gold to be conveyed directly from the Piræus to Phidias' workshop. But hear how matters present themselves to those on whom rests the care of the public welfare. When the hordes of the Persian army overran the country, the common peril united all the Greeks, but when the conquered foe retired, the great lesson taught by the war was again forgotten, the spirit of dissension once more awoke; yet I hoped it might be possible to continue in peace what we had begun, forced by the necessity of war. Obeying my counsel, the Athenians invited all the Hellenes to send representatives to Athens, to discuss the common business of Greece. I wished to have all the temples and sanctuaries, burned by the Persians, restored by mutual aid. Moreover the Hellenes were thenceforward to be permitted free passage over all the Hellenic seas, to all Hellenic coasts; security was to be given that the prosperity of all Greeks should flourish under the protection of unclouded peace. We chose twenty men from the people; men, who had fought together in the great Persian battles. And what answer did these envoys bring home? Evasive ones from some quarters, positive refusals from others. Above all, Sparta endeavored to sow the seeds of distrust of Athens lavishly among the kindred nations. Thus the attempt was frustrated, and Athens obtained the experience that she could not rely upon the concord of the Hellenes, that her rivals' envy did not sleep. Had my well-meant plan succeeded, Athens and all Hellas might have devoted themselves entirely to the arts of peace, developed its fairest and noblest blossoms. Now it is our first duty to strive for greater power, greater influence in Hellas, and stand ever prepared for war. This first of necessities

compels us to husband our resources, immense as they may appear at the moment. Now judge, my friends, whether we can lose sight of the precautions required by the assertion of our supremacy in Hellas, and spend the golden gift of fortune upon what is beautiful and pleasant."

Such were Pericles' words, and as his hearers listened silently, but as he thought he noticed, not without secret hesitation, he continued :

"Consider the matter, or recommend it to the attention of this thoughtful youth, the truth-seeker, or if women may be heard in political matters, this fair one from Miletus."

"If I have rightly understood the words of Pericles," replied the youth in his somewhat unintelligible speech, as all the others remained silent, "the great statesman has represented it as a fixed fact, that Athens must strive to assert her preëminence among the Greek states. But the manner in which this supremacy is to be obtained he has left it to us to consider. True, he has said that he too held the opinion, hitherto universal, that the preëminence of one community over another must rest solely on strong military power. But, wise as he is, he distinguishes himself from all former statesmen by seeming to consider other means possible; for if he did not, why should he request us to reflect upon them?"

"If you can suggest such other means for the same purpose," said Pericles, "speak."

"To learn these means," replied the other, "we should question those persons who understand well-tested methods of obtaining supremacy over others, and without the use of force, can subjugate and rule men in

the best and most beautiful way. We must question the fair Milesian."

The stranger cast a smiling glance at him, and the truth-seeker, turning towards her, continued:

"You have heard that we are considering whether one community can secure preëminence over another solely by military power and wealth, or if there are any other means; for instance the fostering of goodness, beauty, and every excellent quality of the soul. You are one of those who understand how to take precedence of others, and without violence govern men in the best and most beautiful way. Will you not tell us how you manage?"

"So far as we women are concerned," replied the Milesian smiling, "I can only say that it depends upon a certain beauty of form, on the style of dress, the art of dancing gracefully, playing the cithara bewitchingly, and other things distinguished among the arts of pleasing."

"Then, so far as women are concerned, the enigma would be solved," said Pericles. "But shall we Athenians seek to subjugate and rule the Spartans, Asiatics, and all the dwellers on the isles, by festal garments, beautiful figures, graceful dances, and playing on the cithara?"

"Why not?" replied the Milesian. These boldly uttered words bewildered all present, but the charming woman continued:

"The highest degree of power and splendor will be reached by that community, where people dance most gracefully, play the cithara most skilfully, erect the finest buildings, carve and paint most exquisitely, and where the best poets thrive."

"You are jesting!" said some of the group.

"Not at all," replied the beauty, smiling.

"When we examine the subject more closely," said Hippodamus, "the Milesian doesn't seem so far wrong in her bold assertion, which at first made us smile. Indeed, if beauty is now the victorious power in the world, why should not a nation take precedence of others by the charms of the beautiful, win fame, admiration, love, incalculable influence, like a lovely woman?"

"If the constant cherishing of the beautiful would not render men's minds weak and effeminate," replied Pericles.

"Weak and effeminate!" exclaimed the Milesian. "You Athenians possess too little of these qualities. Are there not many among you, who would fain shape your commonwealth according to the gloomy, austere model of the Spartans? It is wrong to say that the beautiful corrupts mankind. An appreciation of it renders the citizen cheerful, content, yielding, self-sacrificing, capable of enthusiasm. What could be more enviable than a happy nation, to whose festivals people flock from far and near? Let the rude, gloomy Spartans make themselves hated. Athens, perfumed and garlanded with flowers like a bride, will win all hearts."

"So you think," said Pericles, "that the time has already come, when we may be permitted to lay the sword aside and devote ourselves to the culture of the beautiful, and all the arts of peace?"

"Will you allow me," asked the stranger, "to say when, in my opinion, it is time to create the beautiful?"

"Speak!" replied Pericles.

"The time to create grand and beautiful things," said the Milesian, "has come, I think, when the men appointed for the purpose are here. You now have

Phidias and other masters ; will you delay the execution of their ideas till they grow old in inaction ? You can easily find money to pay for the beautiful, but not always men to produce it."

Loud and universal applause rang forth at these words.

There are looks, words, which fall like the kindling lightning into a human soul. Pericles had been touched by such a word, such a glance.

The kindling look had come from the most bewitching eyes, the kindling word from the most bewitching lips. Pericles was conscious of the power of the word, but the might of the glance darted through him with a sweet fire, from whose glow he emerged more transformed than he was aware.

His eye began to sparkle more brightly, and he repeated :

"The time to create beautiful things has come, when the men capable of doing so are here ! I must confess," he continued, "these words are most instructive and convincing. No better advocate of what lies near the hearts of all could be found. I believe you have convinced me and all present. Yet it would not have been so easy, fair stranger, if what you said had not already slumbered in the depths of our souls. But will you pardon me for not acknowledging myself wholly vanquished ? Will you enter into a friendly compact with me ? I think we will strive to keep our Athens prepared for war and powerful as she now is ; but you are right, we ought not, from motives of timidity, to hesitate longer in doing that for which the time has now come, since as you have made us remember, men are here, who when they pass away, can never return. Thank this beautiful



woman, Phidias, if my scruples have vanished, and I now promise you and those, who as Alcamenes exclaimed, have felt their chisels burning with impatience in their hands, to open the barriers, that you may go forth like an enthusiastic army to battle, to rebuild ruins and create more magnificent and beautiful structures.

"No little has been done to fortify Athens. The port is altered, the middle wall nearly completed. I intended long since to build a spacious wrestling school for the Athenian youth, and will erect worthy edifices for the arts of music and poetry. We will crown with magnificent temples of the gods and beautiful statues, the work of renovation commenced below in the Piræus."

At these words joyous applause burst from the ranks of the sculptors and other spectators.

"The gigantic columns of the temple Pisistratus began to build for the Olympic Zeus, and which since his fall no one has touched, rise warningly before us," continued Pericles. "Would it not be well to complete this first?"

"No," cried Ephialtes eagerly. "That is perpetuating the fame of the enemy of popular freedom. Let a tyrant finish what a tyrant began. The free Athenian nation will leave Pisistratus' monument lying amid its ruins, in token that no divine blessing rests on the work of despots."

"You have heard Ephialtes," said Pericles, "and in his words have listened to the whole Athenian people. On the Acropolis stands the ancient sanctuary of Erechtheus and the goddess of the city, Athena, half destroyed and only repaired so far as was necessary for the service of the gods since the Persian war."

"Owls live there!" cried the freethinker Callicrates.

"The rooms in the temple are old and gloomy, so too are the priests, and even the gods themselves are defaced by slow decay."

"Then let us rebuild the temple and make it light and cheerful," said Pericles.

"In that case Phidias will be condemned to idleness," replied Callicrates. "You know the ancient wooden statue of Athena Polias, which fell from Heaven, can never be replaced by any other in the temple of Erechtheus—its shapelessness can never be altered, but merely hung with fresh tinsel."

"Then, we will leave the old priests to live in their ancient temple with their old gods," replied Pericles, "and talk with Phidias, that he may tell us what he dreams with open eyes, when he fixes his gaze upon the Acropolis."

Phidias was standing lost in thought.

Pericles approached, and touching his shoulder, said:

"Reflect—rouse the mighty thoughts in your brain, however numerous they may be, for their time has come."

Phidias smiled, then answered with sparkling eyes:

"Ictinus here can tell you how often I have paced with him the hill-top where stands the citadel and its rocky terraces—how we measured, calculated and formed secret plans, not knowing when the hour would come to realize them."

"And what were these plans?" asked the others.

Phidias explained what had long been secretly maturing in his mind, and they listened enthusiastically.

"But," asked one of the party, "will not such a work be thwarted by the envy of the priests of Erechtheus, as has already happened once?"

"We will triumph over this envy!" cried Ephialtes.

"The treasure of Delos," said Pericles, "shall be laid at the feet of the goddess—it shall be secured in the rear building of the temple, and thus on the shining heights of the Acropolis, the same space shall contain the pledges of the power and greatness of Athens."

All greeted Pericles' last words with enthusiastic shouts. But the latter, as if suddenly recollecting himself, glanced at the rose and laurel in the beautiful Milesian's hands, and continued:

"Many things have been decided, but the contest between Alcamenes and Agoracritus is not yet settled. To which of these two Aphrodites does the wise and lovely stranger give the preference?"

"Is this an Aphrodite?" asked the Milesian, gazing at the work of Agoracritus; "I thought it a sterner goddess, a *Nemesis*."

Agoracritus, who during this time had sat apart on a block of stone with a gloomy, sullen face, smiled bitterly and scornfully.

"A *Nemesis*?" repeated Pericles; "the name is certainly apt. Is not *Nemesis* the stern goddess of moderation, any violation of which is always avenged? Well, in this work of Agoracritus, the grave, stern law and measure of existence seems *embodied*. The beauty of this goddess is almost threatening, almost alarming. For the rest—are not Cypris, the goddess of pleasant moderation, and *Nemesis*, the judge of its violation, somewhat akin? Yet, if the fact is that the Athenians wish to place a statue of *Aphrodite* in the gardens, and Alcamenes alone has carved one, this is the only one we can erect within their bounds. But the work of Agoracritus, which represents a superb *Nemesis*, we will, with his permission, place in the temple of this goddess

at Rhamnus. It will be an easy matter for the sculptor to add a few external symbols."

"That I will!" cried the gloomy Agoracritus, with flashing eyes. "My Cyprian goddess shall become a Nemesis."

"And now, fair stranger," said Pericles, "to whom will you give the laurel and to whom the rose?"

"*Both to you,*" replied the Milesian. "Neither of these two youths is victor, neither is vanquished, and at this moment it seems fitting to lay *all* wreaths in the hands of the man, to whom they are indebted for the opening of a career in which to strive for the noblest garlands."

With these words she gave laurel and rose to Pericles.

Their sparkling eyes met and gazed significantly a moment into each other.

"I will divide the laurel between the two youths," replied Pericles, "but keep the fragrant, beautiful rose for my own."

He broke the laurel and gave it to the rivals, then glancing around the circle, said :

"I believe I shall now leave no dissatisfied heart here. Only the friend of wisdom yonder seems to be still gazing into vacancy with troubled brow and somewhat anxious aspect. Have you any farther doubts?"

"I asked the beautiful Milesian in your name just now," replied the youth, "whether one community could gain preëminence over another solely by gold and military power, or if this purpose could be accomplished by fostering the beautiful, the good, and all admirable mental qualities? The Milesian has shown us that the *beautiful* is specially adapted for this purpose, but I should

now like to know whether it is the same with the other things I have named, the *good* and all noble traits of character."

"I think," said the Milesian, "that goodness is one with beauty; but if this were not so and it was opposed to it, I believe it could be spared, when in pursuit of this object."

"Can you give us proofs of this also?" asked the youth.

"Proofs?" replied the Milesian smiling, "I don't know whether there are any. If they occur to me, I will tell you."

"Quite right," observed Pericles; "we will defer the discussion for another occasion."

The youth shrugged his shoulders and left the courtyard.

"He doesn't seem entirely satisfied," said Pericles.

"No," replied Alcamenes, "I know him; he assumes an air of great modesty, but it vexes him extremely, if the reins of conversation are wrested from him, and the discussion does not go exactly to the point he has secretly marked out for it. But his anger will soon pass away; he has a good-natured, placable disposition."

"What is the name of this singular fellow?" asked Pericles.

"Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus!" replied Alcamenes.

"And the beautiful stranger, from whom we learned so much to-day?" continued Pericles.

"Aspasia!" said Alcamenes.

"Aspasia?" cried Pericles. "The name is soft and sweet; it melts on the lips like a kiss."

CHAPTER II.

TELESIPPE.

PERICLES had spent many a wakeful night, since the meeting of the critics in Phidias' house. His mind was occupied with the treasure of Delos, with which a new era of power and splendor had come to the Athenians; the echo of the conversation held in the sculptor's studio constantly resounded in his brain, and if to escape this whirl of thought he closed his eyes, a half-waking, fleeting dream recalled the charming image of the Milesian, and the dewy, Aphrodite-like lustre of her bewitching eyes illumined the depths of his soul.

Various plans, which he had long been considering, were seething in his mind. Vacillating thoughts gradually strengthened, and resolutions sprang up in a night, as buds develop into roses.

One morning, while seated in his room, absorbed in thought, his friend Anaxagoras came to visit him. Intimate with the wise Clazomenian from early youth, Pericles had spent many a morning hour in receiving, with the open, ardent nature of the Greeks, the new revelations, which bold thinkers, especially Anaxagoras himself, rising above the childish opinions of their forefathers, were beginning to draw from the depths of their own minds.

But to-day the philosopher instantly perceived that his friend was engrossed by totally different thoughts. He found Pericles, usually so calm and dignified, much

excited, his eyes glowing with the dull fire that betrays a night spent in meditation.

"Is the populace summoned to-day to an important meeting on the Pnyx?" asked the old man, gazing at the Olympian. "I never remember to have found you so thoughtful, save on such an occasion."

"The people will assemble to-day," said Pericles, "and I have intended to urge important matters there. I am anxious as to whether I shall prevail—."

"You are a strategist,"* replied Anaxagoras, "you are the administrator of the public revenues, the superintendent of the public buildings, the director of the public festivals—the gods alone know the names of the offices and dignities, conferring ordinary and extraordinary powers, with which the Athenians are constantly loading you. No matter, you are—what is the important, and in a free state the principal thing—you are the great orator, whom they call the 'Olympian,' because a sort of sovereignty is allied with the thunder of your words, as with the thunder of Zeus. And you are anxious?"

"Ay," replied Pericles, "and I assure you that I never ascend the platform of the Pnyx, without secretly imploring the gods to suffer my lips to utter no heedless words, and never allow me to forget that I am speaking to Athenians. You know how impatient the people grew at last, when I constantly called upon them for more money to build the long central wall and repair the Piræus. And now Phidias has overpersuaded me, infected me with his grand new plans. The eager longing felt by him and his associates must no longer be restrained, our Athens must be adorned

* A commander of military forces on land and sea.

and glorified before all the rest of Hellas by the long-considered works of these men. You know I am one of those, who adopt new ideas only after due reflection, but hold firmly to what I have once grasped and urge it with ardent zeal. So I at first gave this matter long deliberation; but now am perhaps secretly more eager in its behalf than even Phidias and his followers."

"Is not the Athenian nation enthusiastic and fond of art?" said Anaxagoras. "And has not the rich treasure of Delos arrived?"

"I fear the distrust sown by open and secret enemies," replied Pericles. "The party of the oligarchs is not wholly subdued. You know, too, that there are friends of the Laconians and others, who are averse to light and everything that is bright and beautiful. You have learned this yourself, since you first stood forth between the columns of the Agora, to announce to us Athenians the message of the pure, free, soul-born truth. However, I shall to-day play a trump, which will make the multitude thoroughly indebted to me. There are poor citizens, who live from hand to mouth, and must starve to-morrow, if they stop work to-day and go to the assembly, in order not to neglect their duty as citizens. Why shouldn't they be paid with a few obols out of the public treasury? I pity, too, the poor fellows, who would be glad to witness the public plays, but can't procure the money for admittance. They should be permitted to go at the public expense, to be unconsciously cultivated and ennobled by the works of the poets, while supposing they are merely pursuing their own pleasure. And the worthy old fellows, chosen by thousands out of the people and allotted to the numerous courts of justice, ought not in future to lose the

whole day without compensation, while settling the quarrels of their fellow-citizens in the sweat of their brows. Athens is rich, fresh fountains of wealth are springing up around us and pouring into our public treasury from the countries of our allies. There is a large surplus now remaining. I have asked myself: should it be kept as a treasure for the future, or used for the benefit of the present time. I believe the present has a better right to it. The people must enjoy the fruit of their victories and aspirations, they must be free and happy; a beautiful, enviable, dignified existence must be established in our Athens, so favored by the gods."

"I have often seen the grave Pericles give utterance to his noble ardor," observed Anaxagoras, "but to-day's emotion seems to be stronger than all former ebullitions of feeling."

"I thank the gods," replied Pericles, "for having given me, in addition to calmness in reflection, the hasty fire of resolve and tenacious courage in execution. Are you dissatisfied with me in any way? Do I seem to go too far in my plans, or my regard for the always uncertain and sometimes ungrateful people?"

"Let me frankly confess that I do not meddle with politics," answered the old man. "I am no Athenian, perhaps not even a Hellene, but a cosmopolitan, a philosopher. My native land is the infinite realm of the world."

"But you are wise," said Pericles, "and can judge the acts of statesmen, whether they will result in good or evil."

"I shall beware of that!" cried Anaxagoras. "Not only poets, but statesmen ignorantly follow a sign from the gods, are possessed by a demon, that animates them

and almost unconsciously urges them to what for the moment is really necessary and useful. Ordinary human understanding often judges prematurely and errs, when the point in question relates to the deeds of divinely inspired statesmen. I have gone far into the depths of nature, and everywhere found a mind pervading her. But the mind is more infallible, more mighty in creating and toiling than in judging—.”

The two men were thus conversing familiarly in Pericles' room; but at this moment a slave entered, sent by Telesippe, the wife of Pericles.

The message brought from the mistress of the house was a singular one. The steward of Pericles' country estate had come in that morning and brought a young ram, born on the said estate, which instead of two horns, had only one, and that grew in the middle of its forehead. This animal, the steward, not without many anxious doubts, had just shown his mistress. Telesippe, a woman of pious mind, hastily sent for the prophet Lampon, that he might instantly interpret the miracle, and now summoned her husband to see the strange creature and listen with her to the opinion of the seer.

Pericles heard the slave's story and then said good-humoredly, turning to his friend:

“Let us obey Telesippe's wish and go to look at the one-horned ram.”

Anaxagoras rose and willingly followed Pericles.

They went out into the peristyle of the house.

Pericles' residence was a very plain dwelling, neither larger nor more richly ornamented than that of any other Athenian citizen of moderate means. It was as simple as its owner's mode of life. In a republic the most influential man must live simply, if he wishes to



protect himself from the distrust of his fellow-citizens. But even without calculation and design, a man who constantly devotes himself to the public, will always neglect his own household a little. The peristyle of Pericles' house was also simple and unadorned, yet it did not lack the familiar charm everywhere associated with this singular, but most pleasant part of the house, this tiny, hall-like courtyard surrounded by pillars. Here people were in the house and under the open sky at the same time, secluded from all the bustle of the outside world, and yet in communion with the fresh breezes of heaven that blew in from above, with the sun, moon and stars that cast their beams unimpeded into the marble hall. The swallows flew twittering in and out, and built their nests on the capitals of the pillars and the cornices. The dwelling-house offered no inviting exterior, like the temples, but as if repelling the public, turned its decoration of pillars within, to create the open, yet cosy and pleasant family room. Here the inmates sat, walked, and received their visitors. Here too sometimes the meals were served. Here also sacrifices to the household gods were offered, here was the real fireside of the house, the altar of the hearth-protecting Zeus.

Behind the colonnade that enclosed all four sides of the peristyle, were the various rooms in Pericles' house. The doors all opened upon it. Tasteful ornaments adorned the door-posts; the openings were artistically draped with colored hangings. The women's apartment was at the back of the peristyle, and behind it the small, carefully-kept garden.

On entering the house from the street, a passage which ran through the front room, led directly to the

peristyle. The porticos extended on the side of the entrance itself, as well as on the right and left of the apartments opening on the square; but opposite to the entrance a pair of columns marked a central space, which deepening within, formed a sort of anteroom, open towards the peristyle, but enclosed by walls on the three remaining sides.

In this anteroom stood Telesippe, the wife of Pericles, surrounded by several male and female slaves. Beside her was the steward, who had come in from the country, holding the one-horned ram in his arms.

Telesippe was a tall woman, with stern, not unlovely, but somewhat coarse features. Her figure was stately and corpulent, but her flesh no longer possessed the bloom of youth. Her cheeks and bosom were flabby, and her garments hung about her limbs in a negligent, ungraceful fashion. Her hair, still disordered, was twisted in a large roll behind. Her face was pale, for she had not yet rouged that morning. This woman, the wife of the great Pericles, had formerly been wedded to the wealthy Hipponicus. The latter was divorced from her, and she obtained Pericles for a husband. At that time, she was still youthful in appearance, and her blooming cheeks made amends for her cold, stern eyes.

When Telesippe, standing in the anteroom opening upon the peristyle, saw her husband approaching accompanied by Anaxagoras, she made a movement, as custom required, to withdraw from the stranger's presence into the women's apartment. Pericles signed to her to stay, and she remained, but without vouchsafing the old man another glance. Telesippe thought she had reason to dislike her husband's grey-haired friend and counsellor.

"I have sent for the prophet Lampon," she said, gazing at the ram with a timid look, "I am afraid this is an evil omen."

At this moment the porter opened the outer door and admitted the prophet, who instantly approached through the long passage from the entrance. The prophet Lampon was the priest of a small temple of Dionysus, which did not yield much revenue. He therefore devoted himself to the art of divination, and with excellent success, enjoying much reputation among the devout. By way of external announcement of his calling, he wore the priestly fillet on his brow, surmounted by the laurel of Apollo. For the rest, after the custom of men of his stamp, he endeavored by negligent dress, tangled beard, dishevelled hair, and a wandering, abstracted glance, to indicate the rapt transports of the prophet-soul.

"This wonderful animal," said Telesippe, "was born on our estate in the country and brought to Athens this morning. You are one of the most skilful interpreters of omens; tell us whether we are to regard this miracle as favorable or dangerous."

Lampon ordered the ram to be laid on the altar of Zeus.

A coal chanced to be still glimmering on the altar. Lampon pulled a hair from the ram's forehead, and threw it on the ember.

"The omen is favorable," said he, "for the hair burned without loud crackling."

Then he looked at Pericles and noticed the position he occupied towards the ram. He chanced to be standing on the right of the animal. "The omen is favorable to Pericles," said the prophet with an important look, then

ns of diviners, put a laurel leaf in his
it, in order, by eating the plant con-
of seers, to enter the state of divine
with clear, divinely inspired gaze he
words of prophecy.

began to twitch convulsively. Suddenly it flung its head aside, the horn on its forehead striking Pericles and it uttered a peculiar

Alcmæonid," he cried; "hail, son of
terror of the Persians at Mycale, noble
of Buzygen, the sacred guardian of
of Thracia, Phocis and Eubœa!
as formerly possessed two horns:
of the Oligarchs, and Pericles, head
. But henceforward the ram will
in its forehead: the Oligarchist party
ruined, and Pericles alone guide, with
intimacy, the destiny of the Athenians."
said. Pericles drew his friend aside

inning; he expects to be included
ers of omens, who will accompany
ense in the next campaign."
l be done with the ram?" asked

and until he is as fat as possible, and
"Bucynsus," replied Lampon. "*Bucks*
for offerings to this god, on account
do the vines; especially *he-goats*—
t, and for lack of a he-goat, a ram
easing to the god."

prophet's information. He received

three obols in payment for his divination, bent his head, from which hung a mass of tangled locks and left the house.

"Mistress Telesippe," said Anaxagoras, "how dearly wisdom is paid for now-a-days! Three obols given for the oracle of a buck, that appears with a single horn to tell us, what all the owls in Athens are hooting in their holes without compensation."

Telesippe cast an angry glance at the speaker, who received it with the philosopher's calm repose.

She was preparing to follow the wrathful glance with a sharp remark, when some one knocked at the outer door. The porter opened it and a lady glided in, accompanied by a female slave, who remained at the entrance. This lady's countenance had the ruddiness, but also the wrinkles of an old apple, shrivelled by lying away. A slight down of short dark hair shaded her upper lip.

"Elpinice, Cimon's sister!" whispered Pericles to Anaxagoras. "Let us go to the Agora; for we can't hold our ground in the house against these two women."

So saying, Pericles drew his friend aside into the colonnade, and after passing Elpinice, hastily went out with him into the street.

Elpinice, Cimon's sister, was a very singular woman. She was the daughter of the famous hero Miltiades, the sister of the no less famous general, Cimon, and the friend of the most admirable Greek painter of those days, Polygnotus. She had once been rosy and beautiful, beautiful enough to captivate a sculptor, but must have irritated Aphrodite, for through some malicious whim of the goddess, no tender feeling save love for her brother, was implanted in her soul. No longing for conjugal

happiness existed in her half masculine breast ; she only desired to be permitted to remain near her brother all her life. But it happened that Cimon, through the death of his father Miltiades, was placed in a position of sore distress. Miltiades had been arraigned by the thankless Athenians and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty talents, and as he died soon after, without having paid the sum, the debt, by the hard provisions of the law, passed to his son Cimon. So long as Cimon did not pay the fifty talents, he was held a dishonorable citizen. Out of love for her brother, Elpinice had remained unwedded ; out of love for her brother she now married. For the prize of her hand, a certain Callias defrayed Cimon's debt. After some time this Callias died, and Elpinice immediately returned to her brother's house.

From the siege and conquest of Thasos, Cimon brought to Athens the artist Polygnotus, a native of the island. He had perceived the youth's talent, become attached to him, and wished to open a wider and more worthy field for his art. Through Cimon's mediation, Polygnotus received from the Athenians the commission to adorn the temple of Theseus with pictures ; he also painted in the great hall of the Agora, which from this very decoration was called the "gay-colored" or the "painted," scenes from the conquest of Troy. Constantly passing in and out of the house of his friend and patron Cimon, the youth fell in love with Elpinice, and when the picture of the Greek heroes judging Ajax's deed of violence was completed, the fairest of the captive Trojan women, Laodice, Priam's daughter, bore the features of Cimon's sister. Elpinice was not ungrateful for this homage. True, she refused the artist her heart and hand, but gave him her friendship. Many, many

years had passed since then, but the bond between these two still endured, after Cimon died and Elpinice, like Polygnotus, had grown old.

Yes, Elpinice had grown old, and without being aware of it.

Wedded only for a short portion of her life, and against her will, and engrossed during the remainder of her days by the fruitless enthusiasm of a sisterly love, she had, although a widow, developed the singular trait which distinguishes old maids. It is a peculiar characteristic of spinsters, that growing children do not serve them as landmarks of advancing time, mile-stones of their life pilgrimage, so that old age approaches them unobserved. They always feel young. This blending of inward youth and external age impresses upon them, in the eyes of the world, at first lightly, but gradually more and more strongly, the stamp of absurdity.

Thus Elpinice too had grown old without perceiving it. The high price Callias had paid for her hand, the homage the artist offered, and other things of this kind, had made her vain of her beauty. She still remained so, long after the charms that aroused the feeling had vanished. She thought herself the same as when Polygnotus painted her as the fairest of Priam's daughters; for she was unmarried, she had no husband, to say: "you are old!" Gentle, quiet, reverential Polygnotus neither could nor would tell her so. He had remained a bachelor, and offered a bachelor's somewhat stiff, but well-meant homage, to the former beloved of his heart.

Her brother Cimon had been exiled by the Athenians some time before his death. His adherents strove to obtain permission for him to return, but feared the influence of the youthful Pericles, whose star was rising,

and who could derive nothing but advantage from the absence of his older rival.

Elpinice, adventurous as she had always been, resolved upon a bold plan to again secure her brother's deliverance. She rouged and perfumed herself, donned a magnificent robe, and went to Pericles. She knew that the great statesman was not indifferent to feminine beauty. She would appear before him with all the charms of a figure that had enraptured Callias, entranced Polygnotus, heightened by art. She went to Pericles, to induce him to withhold the Olympic thunder of his words in the popular assembly, when the proposal to recall Cimon was made.

When Pericles saw the fantastic, gaudily-decked, perfumed woman standing before him, with a look of conscious victory on her face, he perceived that this was a design upon the susceptibility of his heart. He knew that he had the reputation of such susceptibility, and the idea annoyed him. He was vexed that such a character should be ascribed to him, in spite of his grave, dignified demeanor, and now came this elderly Elpinice, presuming to seek to ensnare him with the scanty remnants of her beauty.

Pericles was gentle by nature, but the idea that this bedizened woman, with down on her lip, should think it so easy a matter to captivate the friend of beauty, made the kindly man for the moment a tyrant. He gazed at the intercessor for a time in silence, scanned her dress, then her face, and at last said very quietly :

"You have grown old, Elpinice."

He uttered these words in the gentlest tone,—yet they were malicious. They are the sole instance of ill-nature, that tradition reports of Pericles, the Olympian.

A secret shiver ran through his own frame, as he spoke the fatal word. He suspected it was one of those, whose consequences Clio has a stylus to record.

The sentence: "you have grown old, Elpinice," might cause a change in the fate of Pericles, Athens, nay all Hellas—civil war, a Persian invasion, blood, sorrow, tears, woe of every kind, the ruin of the Hellenic nation might spring from these words. What may not a woman do, who has been told: you are old?

And the most kindly of all the Greeks had uttered this harshest of all words.

Elpinice started, cast an angry glance at Pericles, and left him.

But what did it avail Pericles' good repute, that he had treated the coquettish Elpinice with so little courtesy? Did not the kind-hearted Olympian spoil all, by shuddering at the harsh words which had escaped his lips, regretting them, and trying to make amends on the Pnyx? When the people had assembled and the motion for the recall of Cimon was made, all looked at Pericles, expecting that he would vehemently oppose it; but he sat silent, gazing into vacancy as if the matter was no concern of his, so that Cimon's adherents won their cause, the Athenians laughed, and one whispered to another with a significant wink: "There is the elderly Elpinice's work again! She went to Pericles in her finery, and the lover of the fair sex bit eagerly—bit at the rancid bait."

Poor Pericles!

After Cimon's death Elpinice was angry with the world, because she was obliged to live on without him. Now she hated Pericles and the new times still more.

Her conversation was always spiced with such say-

ings as: "My brother Cimon used to say," or, "my brother Cimon used to do 'this or that,'" or, "my brother Cimon would have done so or so in this case."

Cimon had been a friend of Laconia, a man who concealed his sympathy for Sparta so little, that he gave one of his sons the name of Lacedæmonius, and whose whole character bore far more resemblance to a Spartan soldier, than a cultured, refined and volatile Athenian, so no one could wonder that his masculine sister carried this friendship for the Laconians to the verge of caricature. She served the party that was opposed to every free and joyous aspiration of the Attic nature, by the zeal with which she watched the family life of its foes. She was on the most intimate terms with the very women, whose husbands she hated. This was the case with Telesippe, the wife of Pericles.

Yet this walking memento of the good old days, this spinster friend of the secretly dissatisfied bachelor Polygnotus, did not possess a thoroughly ungracious and repulsive nature. She was at once malicious and well-meaning, spiteful and faithful, grave and variable, ridiculous and worthy of reverence.

Such was the woman, before whom Pericles and his friend, the wise Anaxagoras, fled so hastily, when she came to visit Telesippe.

Telesippe helped Cimon's sister to release her thin body from the folds of the cloak-like himation, in which Elpinice, as beseemed a chaste Athenian woman, always wrapped not merely the upper portion of her body, but even her head—with the exception of her mouth and eyes—whenever she went into the street. Then Telesippe drew out a chair, laid a cushion on it, and invited her friend to sit down. Elpinice was dressed very

neatly, with a sort of old-fashioned care, and her hair was no less daintily arranged. Her head-dress corresponded admirably with its wearer's character. The locks at the back of the head were covered by a handkerchief, twisted below and knotted coquettishly above the so-called "saccus," while the front was adorned with the metal plate already mentioned, which, somewhat resembling a diadem, rose to a point above the brow. Large round ear-rings of antique pattern dangled on both sides of the venerable Elpinice's face.

"Telesippe," cried the visitor, "you look paler than usual to-day. What does this mean?"

"It may be the result of anxiety," replied Telesippe. "We had a miracle in the house."

"What do you say?" cried Elpinice. "Has oil or wine been spilled while pouring it out? Or have the beams creaked without cause? Or did a strange black dog run into the house?"

"The steward brought to the city this morning a ram born on our country estate, which had only one horn, that grew directly in the middle of its forehead."

"A ram with a single horn?" cried Elpinice. "By Artemis! I'm not surprised that signs and marvels happen. A huge meteoric stone is said to have fallen from the sky at Brilessus the night before last. Some say that they saw a comet in the shape of a burning beam. Some of the statues of the gods are reported to have begun to perspire or bleed. A short time ago a raven perched on the gilded statue of Pallas at Delphi, and pecked with its beak the fruits of the brazen palm on which it stands. But best of all—just imagine. The priestess of the Eumenides at Orchomenus is said to

have grown a long thick beard! Have you sent for an interpreter of omens?"

"Lampon," replied Telesippe.

"Lampon is excellent," said Elpinice, nodding approvingly. "He is the best of them all. Anybody can slaughter an animal and make predictions from its entrails. But one should see and hear Lampon, when he holds an egg over the fire and draws his omens from its sweating or bursting, or when he forms whole letters and words from grains of corn he lays on the ground, then lets in the hens and notices which they pick up, and which not. He knows, too, how to prophecy from the hand, and even from clear water, or anything one wishes, as nobody else can do. Lampon is clever and reliable; you can believe what he says, as if the priestess had uttered it on the tripod at Delphi. But you don't tell me how he interpreted the marvel."

"He interpreted the single horn to mean Pericles' dominion over Athens," replied Telesippe.

Elpinice turned up her nose, and said no more in praise of Lampon. "My brother Cimon," said she, "revered the omens of the gods as much as any one, and once ordered a ram to be slaughtered for twelve days in succession, until the entrails were favorable. Then he attacked the enemy. But whenever he went into the field, he always said to the interpreters, who accompanied him at the public expense. 'Soothsayers, do the duties of your office, but don't *flatter* me! Don't falsify the signs of the gods to please me.' Modern statesmen, on the contrary, have quite different wishes. The seers know very well, who desires to hear the truth and who does not. People who allow themselves to be flattered, may enjoy a fleeting success; but the real

blessing of the gods never attends those who do not revere the Olympians."

"Do you suppose that Pericles showed himself particularly grateful to Lampon for his prediction," replied Telesippe. "No, he merely smiled, and his friend, that old, half-starved Anaxagoras, even ventured to make sneering remarks."

"Since my brother Cimon's death," cried Elpinice, "we have received into the country those despisers of the gods, the Sophists."

"And these people," said Telesippe, "undermine not only reverence for the gods and good morals in the state, but destroy the happiness and prosperity of the family. I was the wife of the wealthy Hipponicus, and might have married the Archon Basileus, whose wife really occupies the highest position in the nation, because, according to ancient custom, she shares her husband's most sacred priestly functions. But I allowed myself to be won first by the wealthy Hipponicus, then by Pericles' dignified, yet gentle, flattering manner. Now, what am I, a woman accustomed to so much better things, compelled to undergo! To what a household have I descended from that of Hipponicus! And things have gone constantly from bad to worse. Pericles neglects his home. If I go to consult him about the most important domestic affairs, he has no time for them. I scarcely venture to enter his room in the morning. He fairly shows me to the door. 'My dear Telesippe,' he says, 'don't trouble me in the morning with such matters, or at least don't come unwashed and uncombed, so that you offend my ears and eyes at the same time.' I have been the wife of the wealthy Hipponicus, and he permitted me to live in splendor; yet never did he ad-

dress such words to me. Here, on the contrary, in Pericles' house, where instead of luxury and magnificence sordidness and poverty surround me, here I must only appear before the stern master, bathed and perfumed and crowned with garlands. How I resisted, when he took it into his head to lease his estates, and trust all his money to his slave Euangelos. He is now purse-bearer and steward in the house, and I, its mistress, am condemned to take money from the hand of a slave. Do you know from whom Pericles learned this fine way of housekeeping, who leads him to it by his example? No other than his beloved Anaxagoras. Before this malicious idler left his house in Clazomenæ, to wander here to Athens, his relatives reproached him, asking why he did not manage the estates inherited from his father. He answered: 'Do it yourselves, if you choose!' At last he went away, leaving everything he possessed just as it stood, and told the Clazomenians they might turn the goats of the community into his fields and meadows. Such men are the friends and advisers of Pericles!"

Telesippe's complaint was interrupted by a slave, who approached to ask her orders about some domestic matter. Other male and female slaves returned from the market, bringing the provisions they had purchased. Telesippe tried the odor or taste of the various articles, but allowed Elpinice to give her opinion about the freshness of a pike, and issued certain orders to the cook. She also distributed to the slave-women flax, linen, and other woven materials for the daily task of spinning, weaving, and sewing in the house.

Then she turned back to her friend, to continue the interrupted conversation.

"I haven't yet told you the worst!" she said. "Formerly this was a poor, yet a peaceful household. But everything has changed since the time Pericles, in his thoughtless good-nature, brought home his ward, the boy Alcibiades, the orphaned son of Cleinias, to be educated with his own children. I say out of good-nature; but in doing so he only showed himself kind to his relative, while utterly regardless of me and his own flesh and blood. You know how well-behaved my two boys, Xanthippus and Paralus, have always been, and under what control I have kept them. They sat quietly in a corner all day long, and the pedagogue actually fell asleep, they gave him so little to do. Pericles never called them anything but 'humbugs,' and scolded them for their want of activity. But they were really well-behaved children, such as all fathers would desire. They had learned to obey at a sign, and did nothing except what they were told to do. They sat or walked, eat and slept, whenever people desired. If one said: 'Paralus, don't put your hand in your mouth!' or 'Xanthippus, don't touch your nose!' Paralus took his fist out of his mouth, and Xanthippus his finger out of his nose. If either of them ever made a wry face, we need only say: 'Mormo is coming,' or 'Empusa,' or 'Acco,' or 'the wolf is there,' or 'the horse will bite,' and they turned pale and became as gentle as lambs. And now? You wouldn't know the boys, since that good-for-nothing Alcibiades came into the house. With him, noise and shouting and misbehavior of every kind has been brought into the nursery. The first thing he did was to throw into one corner the rattles and tops, which have always afforded Xanthippus and Paralus the utmost pleasure, and call for wooden horses and carts.

Pericles gave him what he wanted, and then he banged noisily around the peristyle as if he were in the race-course at Olympia. Soon the wooden horses no longer satisfied him, and he harnessed Paralus and Xanthippus, and at last, even the pedagogue, before his 'Olympic chariot of victory,' as he called it. By way of a change, he caught swallows in the peristyle and either clipped their wings or let them fly as far as long strings would allow them.

"At first the two boys watched their new companion's conduct with a sort of timid amazement. Gradually they became accustomed to it, approached when he was playing some mischievous prank, and watched him gravely and eagerly. Afterwards they *helped*, and at last began to imitate like monkeys everything the fellow did. But the better nature, innate in them, showed itself in the fact that they never originated any naughty idea. They only faithfully did whatever Alcibiades ordered. If I began to say anything about Mormo, Empusa, Acco, the wolf or the biting horse, Alcibiades *laughed*. When Xanthippus and Paralus saw him, and perceived that Mormo, Empusa, the wolf and the horse allowed it, they laughed too. So I lost all power over the boys. They no longer obey me. The pedagogue is an old man, a slave grown grey in the service of the family, who fell from an olive-tree and broke his leg, and whom Pericles therefore, again out of good-nature, that he might have no more hard work to do, has made the boys' overseer. Now the very fire on the hearth isn't safe from the rascals; they destroy and break everything that can be destroyed and broken, climb wherever they can, and fall down wherever it is possible to fall. The slave-women in the house are

teased and pinched, the men scoffed at and beaten. If I attempt to interfere, and chase the boys angrily with my sandal in my hand, Xanthippus and Paralus creep like a flash of lightning under tables and couches, Alcibiades swings himself like a squirrel up the pillars of the peristyle to the cornice. And Pericles? If I complain to him, he smiles and takes the ringleader Alcibiades under his protection against the *humbugs*—”

At this moment Telesippe was interrupted by little Paralus, who came running in, crying bitterly.

The other lads followed close at his heels.

“We were playing the furious Ajax,” said Alcibiades, “the furious Ajax, who killed so many cattle when he was mad, because he thought them Achæans, and who is the ancestor of our family, my father Cleinias told me. I was Ajax, Paralus and Xanthippus were the cattle. But I didn’t strike them hard.”

“Inhuman boy!” cried Telesippe, in an outburst of anger, and beckoning to Paralus and Xanthippus, carressed them to soothe their grief.

Meantime Elpinice was gazing intently at little Alcibiades.

“Yet he is a charming lad!” she said. “These sparkling black eyes—this dazzlingly white forehead—these magnificent floating curls.”

“He’s a good-for-nothing scamp!” cried Telesippe, irritated by the words of admiration her friend seemed to be lavishing on the boy. Then she called the pedagogue. The old man came limping up. “Why did you allow Alcibiades to abuse the two lads?” she exclaimed.

“He was in the game himself,” said Alcibiades; “he stood ready to be the Trojan horse, with which I intended to enter Ilium.”

Telesippe looked at the pedagogue in astonishment.

"Mistress Telesippe," replied the latter, "this isn't the first time I have been obliged to aid this wild fellow's pranks. Yesterday he bit my hand like a young dog—"

"Fie! Say like a young lion!" exclaimed little Alcibiades indignantly.

"O, Zeus and Apollo!" cried Elpinice, with a merry gesture. Then drawing the boy towards her, she continued coaxingly: "You are certainly a brave lad, and if you had lived under my brother, the great Cimon, would have helped him fight the Persians. But in those times, my child, boys behaved differently from the lads of the present day. They were not nimble-tongued, saucy and forward, and they despised perfumes and warm baths. At table they sat properly, without crossing their legs or taking even a tiny stalk of a vegetable in their own hands. In the morning they were seen in thin garments, even when it stormed and blew, on their way to the music teacher, where they learned substantial old songs like, 'Pallas, ruler of the city,' or 'Shorn, good ram,' by Simonides, not the effeminate love ditties that are now the fashion, with turns and flourishes, which anybody ought to be well beaten for applauding. Remember, son of Cleinias, you, too, will soon be sent with your playmates to the teacher's house, you will study grammar and gymnastics, playing the lute and blowing the flute—"

"No," interrupted little Alcibiades; "I don't want to play the flute—it makes one look ugly—puffs out the cheeks—so." He puffed out his cheeks as far as he could.

"Oh, how vain!" cried Elpinice, trying to kiss him.

But old maids have little luck with children. To escape the kiss Cimon's sister offered, Alcibiades, with boyish impudence, blew full into her face the breath he had been holding in his cheeks, and then ran away laughing saucily.

Elpinice was furious, and started from her seat to leave the house at once. Taking her himation, she threw one end of the broad side of the long piece of cloth over her left shoulder, holding it firmly with her left arm, than drew the material across her back to the right side, in such a way that it not only covered this part of her body, but also her head with the exception of her face. Finally she passed it under her chin, and again threw it over her left shoulder, so that the point hung on her back.

"You see what a fate I endure," said Telesippe, holding her friend's hand to detain her. "This is the way I live here, tormented by troublesome children, by the side of a careless husband, joyless, vexed, slighted, I who might have been the wife of the Archon Basileus—the sharer of the most sacred offices of the service of the Athenian gods."

"My brother Cimon used to say," replied Elpinice: "*New times are evil times.* The world goes on its course, and ambitious men urge it forward. But *we women are here too.* Give heed, Telesippe, and let what I say to you be enough for to-day! if we women hold together and cling to the wheels, they won't succeed speedily in turning this earth completely out of the old grooves."

CHAPTER III.

THE RIBBON-DEALER FROM HALIMUS.

WHEN Pericles and Anaxagoras left the house, they went down the street leading from the great theatre of Dionysus to the foot of the southern declivity of the Acropolis, and then turned northward to enter the one which ran between the western slope of the Acropolis and the hill of the Areopagus to the Agora.

They had now reached their goal, and were standing on the Agora.

This central point of Athenian life and intercourse covered a wide space in the district of the Cerameicus. It lay as if sheltered under the protection of the hills of Athens; on the southern side it had the rugged rocks of the Areopagus and Acropolis, on the western the Hill of the Nymphs, joined in a southerly direction by the more famous summit of the Pnyx, to the north was the moderately high hill that bore the temple of Theseus, and on the northwest appeared the slopes of the famous Colonus.

Thus all the famed and hallowed hills of Athens looked down upon the Agora.

In its midst rose the altar of the twelve great Olympian gods. Here, too, stood the bronze statues of the ten legendary ancestral heroes of the Attic nation and country. Opposite to these statues was allotted to each of the nine Archons, the chief magistrates of Athens, the place of his public activity within the limits of the Agora. Here, too, were most of the courts of jus-

tice; the spot where the Council of the Five Hundred assembled, the Bouleuterion and the domed rotunda of the Tholus.

The throng of people surged more densely than usual around these meeting-places to-day. In the Tholus, many were hastening to the prytanes, the men who belonged to the division of magistrates then officiating. Many other members of the magistracy were seen on the square, but attracted little notice. Then Pericles arrived, and all eyes instantly turned towards him. He took leave of his companion Anaxagoras, entered the Tholus and went to the prytanes. He had several matters to discuss with these men, who consulted together about the subjects to be brought before the popular assembly, and presided over it.

Stately temples towered around the magnificent Agora of the Athenians, and its long porticos were adorned with all the noblest beauty of art.

Most refreshing to the eye, amid this vast number of pinnacles and colonnades, glittering in the sunlight, was the green foliage of the plane-trees, which, a grateful heritage from Cimon, subdued the sultry heat of the Agora and afforded a pleasant shade to its fierce tumult.

Under woven branches, that afforded protection from sun and rain, was displayed in countless booths the bright, fragrant, manifold wealth of the Athenian market.

Leeks and lettuce, caraway seeds and cresses, thyme and honey, bullocks and fish, poultry and game—do they deserve a glance because found in the market-place of ancient Athens? Why not? All that ripened under the sky of Attica was of noble species, and the Greek sun spiced it with more delicate juices.

Besides, neighboring countries sent their best products to Athens. These dainty succulent vegetables came from Megara ; this goose, these choice coots and sand-snipes from the rich land of Bœotia.

But the greatest throng in the market-place gathered around the scaly tribe. Everything eatable and delicious that swarmed in the hundred bays of the deeply-indented Grecian coast was offered here, from the cheap salt-fish, the cheapest of these commodities, yet which, when covered with oil, wrapped in aromatic leaves, and roasted in the hot ashes, tasted admirably, to the most praised and costliest dainty of its kind, the Bœotian eel. The anchovies from the neighboring harbor of Phalerum were so delicate, that they only, so to speak, required to see the fire, to be thoroughly fried.

Whoever did not feel disposed to carry home the raw material for a meal, could satisfy his hunger on the spot. Judging from the odor, even the juicy roast donkey was not to be despised, at least the seller praised the belly-portion as a dainty morsel. True, his neighbor in a clear, loud voice expended all the eloquence of the Greeks to prove that his goat-meat deserved the preference, that it was the most nourishing of any kind of flesh, and real "athlete's food."

If one desired to escape the smell of flesh and blood—which, however, the Olympians enjoyed—and sought more delicate and subtle perfumes, he betook himself to the spot where the merry glances of some young girl or rosy boy, weaving garlands, invited customers. The Athenian was extravagantly fond of garlands. They accompanied him from his mother's lap to the tomb. In Athens not only fame, love, death, joy, and every kind of festal gayety adorned itself with flowers ; not only

did the reveller twine his brow, nay his whole body with garlands at the symposium, but even the dignitary wore a wreath while performing his official duties, and the orator did the same when preparing to speak to the assembled populace on the Pnyx. Athens wound her garlands of roses and ivy, and did not even disdain the foliage of the silver-poplar; hyacinths too blended with the green of the myrtle; but she seems to have best loved the modest violet, for her poets called her the "violet-wreathed."

There was also the pottery market, the pride of Athenian art-manufactures. From ancient times this whole portion of the city took its name from the potters, and the productions of the Attic clay, so blessed by the gods, went from here on ships to all parts of the world. The Athenian shaped this beautiful clay of his native soil, like his Attic marble, with that delicate sense of the plastic art the gods considerably bestowed on him with his admirable clay and marble.

From the small, flat, handleless, and footless phial, to the gigantic pithos, that contained a hundred amphoræ of wine, yet was made of clay, everything was perfectly proportioned. The round, double-handled amphoræ, the hydria, the perfume-bottles with narrow necks, from which the liquid could only flow drop by drop with a gurgling sound, the huge mixing vessels, jars for water, and goblets of a hundred different shapes—all were beautiful.

Not a single article was shapeless, or made solely for use. Even the vessels for daily service, even the jar in which the Greek kept his wine, his honey, his oil or his perfume, was beautiful. It never lacked the charm of graceful proportions, harmonious outlines.

While walking here, one would not have supposed himself in a market and among *merchandise*, for beauty does not belong solely to him who pays for it, but delights every passer-by, and where the things with which men are surrounded bear the elevating impress of loveliness, all have a share in everything, and the ideal of community in property is realized in its loftiest sense.

One might also walk through the perfume-market, and the clothes-mart, where with the native costume, foreign garments, mantles from Megara, Thessalian hats, Amyclæan and Sicyonian shoes, found admirers and purchasers. But moderns would doubtless have most enjoyed the books offered in holders of cylindrical shape, and gladly unrolled the broad sheets of papyrus, wrapped about round sticks, ornamented at both ends with ivory or metal knobs, and fastened by red or yellow bands of parchment.

Yet the noise of the hawkers, the bustle of the market-place, was too great to allow one to become absorbed in the literary wisdom of the Athenians.

A charcoal-burner from Acharnæ, and a ribbon-dealer from Halimus, were vying with each other in praising their wares. A third person joined them, calling upon the Athenians to buy his excellent lamp-wicks, made from the pith of rushes. Soon shouts rose on all sides: "Buy my oil!" "buy my vinegar!" "buy my wood!" while public criers announced that such and such a ship had arrived in the harbor, that such and such merchandise had been discharged, or proclaimed the reward offered for the discovery of a thief or the restoration of a runaway slave.

The only thing missed in the market-place was the presence of women. No Athenian sent his wife or

daughters there. He sent slaves or—went himself and made the purchases for the family meal.

Yet were there not numbers of oddly-dressed women moving about near the temple of Aphrodite Pandemos? They did not belong to the ranks of the buyers, but the sellers, and were at once venders and merchandise. Among them were flute-players and dancing-girls, waiting to be hired to amuse the merry revellers at the symposia of the wealthy. Exchangers' tables also stood in the Agora, as well as at the Piræus, and the Athenian gave these bankers his ready money, to be received again in small sums as he required.

The Athenian had numberless reasons for visiting the Agora at least once a day, and if by accident he lacked a cause, went there without one. His temperament was extremely social. Constant intercourse with his equals was a necessity. This loquacity and sociability found vent everywhere: in the porticos, the baths, the barber's shops, the booths, even in the workshops of the artisan, everywhere except in *taverns*; of these the Athenians had little knowledge, or left them to the lowest dregs of the people.

What was the purpose of the large, well-armed throng encamped just in the centre of the almost boundless Agora? They were the Scythian bowmen, mercenaries who, according to ancient custom, guarded the market-place, a sort of city and police guard, ready to execute the orders of the Council of Five Hundred. These sons of distant Scythia delighted the Athenian by the barbarous jargon into which they mangled the Greek language and—by their unquenchable thirst.

They were snub-nosed, and had expressionless faces, which contrasted disadvantageously with the elegantly-

formed heads and expressive features of the native Greeks. The foreigners were coarse and clumsy in their appearance, the Greeks, on the contrary, were delicately-formed and full of spirit and energy. The movements of the former were sometimes sluggish and heavy, sometimes awkwardly hurried, while those of the latter were imbued with noble grace. Even the coal-burner from Acharnæ held himself erect, and the ribbon-dealer from Halimus, who had, with difficulty, given a little new lustre to his shabby linen garment, by the aid of chalk, in honor of the popular assembly, glanced proudly around him, while selling his wares. He swayed to and fro from his hips in crossing the market-place, but the upper portion of his body maintained a dignified repose. The proverbial "Attic glance," dwelt in the eyes of all the men assembled. What was the meaning of this glance? It is hard to say. The "Attic glance," like the whole nature of the Athenians, was a mirror of very different qualities, both amiable and unamiable. The Attic glance was ready at any moment to transform itself into a sharp Attic jest. The Athenian seemed grave, but a sarcastic idea sprung and sparkled suddenly from his seriousness, as fire flashes from a stone. He had mother-wit and knew how to use it.

A man, whose dress and stately bearing betokened comfortable circumstances, but who evidently looked about him with a stranger's eyes, had been wandering for some time through the crowded Agora. He entered the booths of the dealers, inquired the price of this and of that article of merchandise, but always seemed to make objections.

The ribbon-dealer from Halimus was slowly passing him.

"I don't understand," said the stranger, perhaps encouraged by the look of curiosity or interest the latter cast at him. "I don't understand the prices of these dealers. I believe they are trying to cheat me."

"Are you a stranger?" asked the ribbon-dealer.

"Of course," replied the other. "I came here with my family from Sicyon and only arrived a few days ago. I intend to settle here. I would rather be a foreign resident in Athens than a citizen of Sicyon, where my enemies abused me."

When the other heard that the man who accosted him was no citizen of Athens, but merely a foreign resident—he had supposed him to be a magistrate—he drew himself up somewhat more stiffly and answered with a sort of condescension:

"Friend, if you are ignorant of the value of our coins and the prices of our wares, you must try to learn them, and, if possible, from an honest man. Look," he continued, drawing out a very small, thin piece of silver, and laying it on the palm of his hand, "look, this is Attic silver, which we dig yonder in Laurium. You'll find no such fine, pure metal in the whole world. This is our smallest silver coin, a half obolus; with it you can buy a common cheese, or a small sausage with some liver, or even a tolerably large piece of meat, as much as you alone can eat. If you pay a *whole* obolus, you will get a dish of meat admirably dressed. For *four* such obols you can carry home a dainty sea fish. If you have *six* obols, they make a drachm and you can change them for a larger silver coin, with the head of Athena on one side and the laurel-wreathed Athenian owl on the other. For a drachm you can get a dish of echinüs; for *two* drachmæ a whole bushel of barley, for

three a bushel of wheat, and for *ten* a chiton, provided it is not of specially fine quality. When you have a hundred drachmæ, it is equal to a mina, and for one-and-a-half such minæ you can buy a slave; three minæ will purchase a horse, or a very small house; if you want a larger and finer one you must give sixty, or one *talent*. You see in this way you can buy many dainties, many fine things in Athens for little money. But if you lack this little, you must do like the rest of us poor people—support yourself modestly on our native barley cakes, and chew the spicy native garlic.”

At this moment, the speaker was interrupted by the sound of a powerful voice, that echoed through the market-place. It was the herald, who now verbally repeated the invitation addressed in writing before the Bouleuterion to the Athenians, to assemble on the Pnyx, adding that the meeting would be opened in an hour. At the same time a large banner was raised on the summit of the Pnyx, which fluttered in the air over the city in token of the approaching council.

The throng pressed around the herald, and a sort of ferment spread through the dense crowd. The men of Athens had been on foot since early morning, and wherever people gathered together, eager, and not unfrequently quarrelsome, conversation was heard. The herald's proclamation fanned the warmth of political discussion to new and brighter flames.

“The treasure brought from Delos by the government ship is said to amount to eighteen hundred talents!” exclaimed some one in the midst of a group of citizens.

“Three thousand talents!” cried a second.

“Six thousand!” eagerly chimed in a third. “Six

thousand, I tell you, have come from Delos—six thousand talents in ready money.”

“Hurrah!” shouted a fourth, fairly jumping for joy. “Where there is money, says the proverb, the oars move and the wind blows.”

“As for the new buildings,” thoughtfully remarked a fifth in the group, “especially the new temple of Pallas, I’ll consent; but the judges’ pay and the money for plays—”

“What? Won’t you grant the people that?” cried one of the poorer citizens standing near.

“Why, yes,” replied the other, “but I don’t think the proposal will go through. The oligarchs won’t allow it to pass. Money to pay for plays for the people? The numerous friends of Laconia will never allow it. No, indeed.”

“On the contrary,” replied another, “I think the motion for the plays will be easily carried, for the masses of the people on the Pnyx have a majority against the oligarchs. But with regard to the buildings, and especially the new temple of Pallas Athena—”

“What?” several persons eagerly interrupted; “do you think we ought not to build?”

“No,” replied the other. “I only mean—”

“Wait!” some one interrupted, “let us first hear Pericles!”

“Yes, let us first hear Pericles!” echoed around the circle. But Pamphilus, the sausage-maker, turned up his nose, saying:

“Pericles, always Pericles! Must we always listen to him?”

“Why not?” was the reply; “Pericles is wise—Pericles is well-meaning—Pericles is the man to whom

we Athenians owe the fat on the broth—Pericles is the only person here in Athens, of whom his fellow-citizens can say no evil—”

“What?” cried his opponent; “no evil? Don’t all the older people say that his features bear a certain resemblance to those of Pisistratus, the tyrant?”

“That’s true,” observed Pamphilus. “Besides he has—what every-body doesn’t know—a so-called *onion-head*.”

“What? an onion-head?” cried the listeners.

“An onion-head!” replied the other. “Know,” he continued mysteriously, “know that the handsome, stately Pericles has a lump on the top of his head, so that it runs up to a point, not unlike an onion—”

“Nonsense!” cried the rest of the party. “Did anybody ever see this onion-head of Pericles?”

“No one,” replied Pamphilus, “no one. That’s certain. But how could any person see it? In the field Pericles wears his helmet, and even in peace wherever it is suitable, you will see his head covered with this same helmet. Where it won’t do, he tries other ways. For instance, on the Bema he wears the usual myrtle wreath of the orator; and in the street he is generally seen in the broad brimmed Thessalian hat, so no one has ever beheld Pericles’ head distinctly; but for that very reason, the supposition that he has an onion-head is probable; if it were not so, why should he so anxiously conceal it?”

“Of course, of course,” said many of his hearers, nodding assent; “there’s no doubt that Pericles’ head is an onion-head—”

“If that is so,” remarked one of the oligarchist party, who was in the group, casting a sarcastic glance at some

poorly-dressed men, who were listening to the conversation; "if Pericles, the friend of the people, has an onion-head, he ought to guard himself from the love of his best friends and adherents, the onion and garlic eaters—"

Some laughed at the oligarch's jest, but among the men, on whom the scornful side-glance had rested, was the ribbon-dealer from Halimus. He answered it with a flash of his dark eyes, clenched his fist and was on the point of sending back a sharp reply.

But at this moment a man approached, carrying his purchases in the folds draped over his breast.

"Ah, Pheidippides!" cried one; "you've been bargaining for half an hour, you niggard, haven't you?"

"To be sure!" replied Pheidippides, "the quean asked *two obols* for these two little fish."

"And at last you bought them?"

"For *one*," replied Pheidippides smiling, but instantly added. "They're probably good for nothing, or the old woman wouldn't have let me have them so cheap. One is always getting cheated."

His hearers laughed. "Pheidippides, you are a man who understands economy. What do you say to the extravagance of Pericles, who now wants us to spend the allies' treasure in all kinds of salaries and plays, and for a magnificent temple of Pallas on the Acropolis. Have you no objections, Pheidippides?"

"Pallas Athena forbid!" cried Pheidippides. "May the blessing of all the gods rest on the head of our great and wise Pericles. I have no objections to make; on the contrary, I say: 'we must build, we must have the magnificent temple of Athena on the Acropolis, though it should swallow all the treasure of the allies—'"

"What? are you, who are so miserly in your own

house, that you split the caraway seed for daily use, thus generous with the public money," asked several.

"Why," replied Pheidippides, "at home it isn't worth while to be generous and manage lavishly. When are we in the house? When does an Athenian citizen's business allow him to be at home? He must go to the market, to the assembly of the people, the assembly of the members of his family, the assembly of the members of his district, to this or that court of justice, to this or that club, now to the Piræus, now into the country to look after his fields and sheep—when, I ask, is the Athenian citizen at home? He belongs to the public, and the public to him; so my motto is always: 'saving at home, but generous and lavish for the community.' Why should I adorn my own house, it would please me only a short time, and then perhaps be squandered by my son and heir. But what I help build on the Acropolis will last, and that I can bequeath to my remotest descendant."

"Pheidippides is right!" said the men, looking at each other and nodding.

But the member of the oligarchist party, who had formerly ventured the offensive jest, now raised his voice again. "Moderation in everything," said he. "We must sow with the hand and not the bag. If we don't preserve moderation, the community will decline, and the proud structure of Athenian power and grandeur fall into shameful ruin."

"May it strike you on the nose!" cried the angry ribbon-dealer from Halimus, shaking his fist at the oligarch.

The bystanders laughed, but Pheidippides continued: "Look at the richest men in Athens. You doubtless

know how they obtained most of their renown—not by erecting magnificent dwellings for themselves, but by equipping ships for the commonwealth, training choruses for the public plays at their own expense, and doing other things of this kind which the law compelled, but in which they showed praiseworthy zeal in giving more than was required. Is there anything for which they would rather spend their wealth than these objects, although they thereby merely enhance the splendor of the nation, while almost plunging themselves into poverty?”

“Ah,” replied the oligarch, “such is the conduct of the rich. But, unfortunately, people are now paying more regard to splendor and display, than to what is really substantial and useful. The trierarchs often go on board their ships without providing the crews with anything except meal, onions, and cheese, while those who endow and train a tragic chorus at their own expense, feed these singers with all sorts of sweets and dainties for the development and preservation of their voices, and if their chorus is outdone by another must submit to be jeered at and insulted. These customs are making us effeminate. If we would only pay a little more heed to the example of the manly Lacedemonians—”

“A friend of Laconia!” cried several derisively.

“Yes, a friend of Laconia!” said the oligarch. “I repeat, we must follow the example of the Spartans, or our splendor won’t last long, especially if we continue to let the guidance of the commonwealth fall more and more into the hands of the poor, hungry, corruptible class—”

The ribbon-dealer from Halimus, hearing these

words, again clenched his fist at the oligarch. One of his companions, with much difficulty, soothed him.

"I had a strange dream last night," one of the men in the group now began, "and should like to know what it means. I first saw great darkness spread around; then a man came—he wore the features of Pericles—and set up a torch, which grew larger and larger till at last it shone like a scorching sun in the sky, and everything glittered in the broad light of day. But the gigantic sun-torch, by the very intensity of its heat, began to again draw vapors from the earth, which grew denser and gathered into clouds, until at last the torch vanished behind them, and it was as dark as before. It was a strange circle of light and gloom. Does not this dream portend some misfortune?"

"All dreams are not sent by the gods!" replied one of his listeners.

"You are mistaken!" said the oligarch. "Dreams are always significant. I myself was once saved by a warning dream, when I intended to embark on a ship, which was afterwards lost with all on board. The gods did not will that I should perish in such a way—"

"Perhaps it is their will that you should be hanged," cried the ribbon-dealer, no longer repressing his indignation.

The oligarch looked sullenly at the man, as if he meant to call the insolent jester to account.

But, glancing around the circle, he saw only faces smiling approval, and as the pedler approached belligerently, as if longing to attack him, preferred to vanish in the throng, which was beginning to move towards the Pnyx, for the hour of the assembly had arrived.

The pedler from Halimus, still enraged with the

oligarch, joined the crowd. The Sicyonian was near him. "Did you hear," asked the former, joining him, "what that rascal of an oligarch still ventures to do in Athens? Despise the common people! Despise one of us because he is poor—as if that made a man any less an Athenian citizen. True, I'm a ribbon-dealer, and my wife, under pressure of necessity, has been obliged to go out several times as a wet-nurse. But the law expressly forbids, that an Athenian citizen should be reproached for pursuing a trade to which he is compelled by poverty. And, by Pallas, I'm as much an Athenian citizen as anybody else, though I don't live in the street of Tripods, but in a little suburb down by the harbor of Phalerum. Nay, I believe it is better to seek a living with a bundle on one's back, than be like those who would rather starve than work, but don't consider it beneath their dignity to lick other people's plates clean as parasites, or lurk about watching for some man, who intentionally or ignorantly breaks one of the numberless laws of Athens, in order to accuse him and pocket his appointed portion of the fine he is condemned to pay. If they consider it an honor to live as parasites or sycophants, much good may it do them! I think myself their superior; and if anybody wants to jeer at me, let him—I fear nobody. I perform my duties as a citizen as well as anyone, put some bread and onions in my knapsack, and then stand good-naturedly all day on the Pnyx in the service of my native land. I thank the gods for having allowed me to be born a citizen of Athens; and when I walk from Halimus to the city early in the morning, and see the Acropolis glittering before me in the sunlight, while the mighty Athena seems to beckon to me, saying: *You too are one of my sons!* my heart

swells, and I secretly thank the old hero Theseus, for having united all us children of Attica into one commonwealth, whether we live in the city or the country districts. You other Hellenes must admit, that our Athens differs from all the rest of the Greek cities, as widely as they differ from villages. We Athenians are aborigines, and recognized as the purest, most unmixed Hellenic blood. But you can understand that it is no trifling matter to help rule and govern a community like this. I've been fairly racking my brain, during the last few days, to decide how far the proposals made by Pericles are justified. Pericles is wise, very wise, and I entirely agree with him concerning the removal of the treasure from Delos to Athens, applying the money to national uses, and building the new temple of Pallas Athena. But, on the other hand, we citizens can't consent to everything at once, as if it were obligatory—we must let it be seen that we are the masters, that *we* have the deciding voice, we, the people, and that we have a *democracy* in Athens."

The pedler from Halimus, as an Athenian citizen, uttered these words very impressively to the new-comer from Sicyon. Then he entered the shop of his friend Sporgilos, the barber, to have his cheeks and chin shaved, in order to appear with becoming dignity among the other citizens in the popular assembly, leaving his pack with Sporgilos until his return. Meantime a number of the Scythian archers, under the command of a lexiarch, had stretched a rope around the Agora in such a manner, that only the street leading to the hill of Pnyx was left free—an old custom, whose sole object was to remind the Athenians, who liked to linger gossiping in the market-place, what way they were to take.

As the rope was smeared with vermillion, to make a red mark on those who attempted to jump over it, a deserter would fear to expose himself to the laughter of the quizzing throng.

The pedler took his way towards the Pnyx with the rest of the citizens. The Sicyonian remained by his side, curious to learn more from him, for he could accompany him as far as the place of assembly. The hill of the Pnyx was the central one of the three peaks on the western side of the city. A ravine on the north-west divided it from the so-called Hill of the Nymphs, and on the south a deeper gully, through which ran a carriage road, separated it from the Museum. Towards the north and in the opposite direction, the hill sloped in a tolerably gentle declivity towards the plain; but on the eastern slope, towards the Acropolis, a rugged terrace of masonry supported the earth, widened the upper part of the hill, and smoothed its inequalities. Steps cut in the rock, and paths made by art, led to this lofty plateau, formed partly by human hands, and which in more ancient times bore the rock-altar of the supreme God.

The pedler from Halimus and his companion had reached the height. The barriers were open, but at the entrance stood the lexiarchs, six in number, official personages, in whose hands were placed the lists of Athenian citizens, and who saw that no unauthorized person stole into the assembly. Thirty assistants were with them.

The crowd flocked into the wide enclosed space, whose sole covering was the blue sky, but the pedler remained a short time with the Sicyonian, who was obliged to stay outside of the barriers. The latter gazed with curious eyes at the space beyond, now filled with

dense masses of the Athenian populace. He saw the rear of the plateau bounded by a cliff, from which projected a high, dice-shaped stone. This was the stage, from which the orator addresssd the people. A narrow flight of steps led up to it on both sides. In ancient times this place had been a sanctuary, this stone the altar of the supreme Zeus. Opposite the orator's platform were ranged a number of stone benches, on which part of the assembly could sit down.

After the stranger had noticed these things he turned back, letting his glance wander from the hill-top towards the city. He saw before him the whole of Athens, sweeping in a circle around the hallowed rock of the Acropolis, which towered a short distance off, directly opposite to the Pnyx. The mica in its strata of stone, piled one above another, glittered in the sunlight. At the left of the Acropolis, but much lower, rose the Hill of Ares, the sacred abode of the Areopagus, a single gigantic, riven block of stone, around which still hovered the shades of the Eumenides.

The throng around the point where the lexiarchs were stationed constantly grew denser. Here, as in the Agora, the vivacity of the Athenian temperament showed itself. Every moment the lexiarchs were heard shouting: "Forward, Eubulides! Don't stand gossiping here so long before the barriers.—Be quiet, Charondos! don't loiter so in the crowd! Make way for those behind."

The pedler from Halimus moved aside that, unobserved by the strict officials, he might point out to his companion some persons in the throng, on whom he made various comments.

"You see," said he, "the two men yonder with the

long rough beards, pale, gloomy faces, short coarse woollen cloaks and thick staffs? They want to look like athletes, who have conquered at least once in the Olympia. Those are the people we call friends of Laconia, who enthusiastically praise Sparta and would like to have everything here just as it is there—"

Again the pedler nudged his companion. "That man yonder is Phidias—Phidias the sculptor, who made the great statue of Athena on the Acropolis—those who surround him are his followers, his pupils and assistants—they will all vote with Pericles."

The prytanes now came up, and the pedler pointed them out to his companion. But he soon nudged the latter still more vehemently: "Look—there's Pericles; the strategus Pericles!"

"And his companions?" asked the Sicyonian.

"Strategi also!" replied the pedler.

"What are their names?" asked the other.

"The gods know," answered the pedler. "There are ten strategi in Athens, I believe, but we know only Pericles."

"And the venerable men approaching with such dignified bearing?" continued the Sicyonian.

"Those are the nine archons!"

"Are not they the persons, who enjoy the most honor among you of all the magistrates?"

"Honor perhaps," replied the ribbon-dealer, "but we really value the strategi higher—"

"How so?"

"Because we choose them from our *best brains*," replied the pedler with a crafty look. "In the archons we want age, stainless character, and venerable appearance. An archon enjoys great honor, very great honor,

that isn't to be denied; his person is almost held sacred. Yet he fares badly, when his term of office has expired, if we are not perfectly satisfied with him. We condemn him—guess to what? To give to Delphi a statue the size of life, of pure gold—”

“A statue of pure gold the size of life?” cried the Sicyonian in amazement; “surely no one can pay that—”

“That's the very reason,” replied the pedler. “A debtor to the community, who cannot pay, is by our law deprived of his rights as a citizen. So such an archon is deprived of his rights all his life. And with good reason. If he formerly enjoyed great honor, he must now endure the more disgrace.”

“Who is that lame, crippled, ragged man, with the beggar's pouch on his shoulders, pressing yonder with frantic gestures towards the entrance?”

“Do you mean the beggar grinning so maliciously?” replied the pedler. “He is known to all the city as a slave, who, in a law-suit concerning his master, was tortured until he became crippled, and half lost his wits, and now wandering about as a beggar, he is seized with a desire to force his way in wherever Athenian citizens gather, in the market-place, or on the Pnyx. He is always thrust back by the lexiarchs, and then answers with abuse, reviling the whole Athenian nation, for which he is often beaten or even stoned, unless the young stone-cutter Socrates draws him away. He pities *Mad Menon*—as he is called—you can see him now near him.”

The flag, which from the summit of the Pnyx had announced the approaching assembly to the Athenians, was now lowered. This was the sign for the opening

of the council. The pedler from Halimus hastened to enter the enclosure, taking leave with mingled pride and compassion of the Sicyonian, who was obliged to remain outside of the barrier. The voices of the Athenians, who thronged the vast space, seemed like the twittering of a nest full of birds.

A herald now ordered silence. His clear shout rang far over the hill. Stillness ensued. The Sicyonian remained standing where he had been conversing with the pedler, watching as well as was possible, at this distance, the course of events within the densely crowded assembly. His position was a little elevated, so that he could look over the heads of the multitude.

He saw, after perfect quiet was established, a sucking pig, slaughtered as a sacrifice, borne through the throng under the direction of a priest, the space and benches being sprinkled with its blood. Then he beheld a bright fire kindled, and the real burnt sacrifice offered. He saw some one rise from the group of prytanes, and the Athenians listen to the reading of a paper, which doubtless contained the propositions made to the people by Pericles and the preliminary resolutions of the magistrates. Then the herald again rose to ask who desired to speak on the subject, the orators ascended the stage, and, according to old custom, put on myrtle-wreaths and addressed the people. He saw the populace express their approval or disapproval, listen breathlessly, or more uneasily, at first sway gently, like a field of corn stirred by a light breeze, then impetuously, like a storm-shaken mountain forest, till the herald, at a sign from the chief prytane, was forced to command silence. He saw how the strife of opinions amid the throng sometimes threatened to degenerate into a hand to hand

fight, how here a man of the people shook his fist at an oligarch, yonder a friend of Laconia, with loud imprecations, raised his gnarled staff against the common people; he saw the great mass of the people break into exultant applause, while the oligarchs were sullenly silent, then beheld the latter express their satisfaction by looks, gestures and shouts, while the former noisily gave vent to their indignation.

Thus several hours elapsed in an excited whirl of opinions and votes.

The Sicyonian now saw Pericles, who had already addressed the people, but only in a few words, ascend the orator's stage. Again perfect stillness pervaded the throng of Athenians. With quiet dignity the figure of the man, surnamed the Olympian, towered above the crowd. He made no animated gestures. His hand was concealed in his upper garment, but his voice echoed with impressive, marvellous melody over the heads of the listeners. The Sicyonian heard the tone, and even without understanding the words, seemed spellbound by the sounds, which were as caressing as the murmuring west wind, and yet as strong as the distant rolling of thunder in the air.

Suddenly the Sicyonian saw Pericles withdraw his right hand from the upper garment, in which he hitherto had kept it concealed, and extend it straight before him, pointing to the neighboring height of the Acropolis towering directly opposite.

At this gesture all the thousands of Athenians turned their heads, and following the direction of the orator's outstretched hand, gazed at the sacred height, glowing in the bright light of day. The Sicyonian did the same. It seemed as if the consecrated hill glittered more bright-

ly, shimmered with a new, prophetic lustre. It was as if, at the sound of Pericles' words, they saw something, not yet visible to their bodily eyes, rise before those of their minds, as if the mountain wished to adorn itself with a magic crown, that would outlast many imperial ones, see many generations of men pass away, and shine calmly on in its pure splendor to the end of time—

The listening Sicyonian heard the thunder of Pericles' words die away, saw the orator take the wreath from his head, as he descended from the stage amid the shouts of the Athenian populace, saw the presiding prytane call upon the people to vote, saw them do so, by raising their hands, beheld the decision announced and lastly, at a sign from the prytane, the herald proclaim the close of the council.

The crowd streamed back through the open barriers, and flowed in an impetuous torrent down the declivity of the Pnyx. The Sicyonian, meeting his friend from Halimus, asked :

“How did it result?”

“*We have granted everything!*” cried the pedler with sparkling eyes. We voted down the oligarchs and friends of Laconia,” he continued, “and granted the soldiers' pay, the judges' pay, and the money for the plays. Just imagine the joy of the poor people, when, in spite of the oligarchs, we granted ourselves all these fine things. As for the magnificent new temple of Pallas on the Acropolis, with the building in the rear for the public treasure, the great statue of Pallas, and the triple portico, through which the Panathenaic procession will henceforth march around the Acropolis, and whose plan has been sketched by Phidias, there was not one Athenian citizen, of all the crowd gathered within the barriers,

who would not give everything he calls his, if the superb edifice could already stand there completed, as Pericles described and fairly showed it with his finger. Only some of those fellows with long beards and thick Laconian canes—you know—made objections:—there had already been a great deal of building; the new wrestling school and the Odeium were already commenced; we might wait a little for the great marble temple on the Acropolis; the structure would devour immense sums. Then came Pericles:—‘if you Athenians,’ he said, ‘do not wish to erect this superb work according to the plans of Phidias and Ictinus at the public expense, Hippias, Hipponicus, Dionysidorus, Pyrilampes, and many other of the richest men in Athens have vowed to carry on the building with their own means, and these men, not the Athenian nation, will then have the glory of it forever.’ That was enough. You can imagine how we hastened, with loud shouts, to hold up our hands and grant what Pericles and Phidias desired. Then, just as we were in the greatest eagerness to grant consent, Phidias, summoned by Pericles, came forward to explain the cost of the building and statue, and said: ‘made of ivory and gold, my Pallas Athena will cost so much; of marble or bronze only so much.’ Shouts resounded on all sides: ‘ivory and gold! Only don’t be niggardly, Phidias, and go to work at once.’”

Such was the story the Athenian, with eager gestures, told the Sicyonian. All Athens was in a sort of excitement, spread in every direction by those who came down from the Pnyx.

Proud as a king, dreaming of plays, public games, magnificent temples, treasure-houses, ivory and gold statues, rejoicing over all these things as if they were

already completed, and the ornaments of his own house, the ribbon-dealer from Halimus walked through the southern gate towards his home. He told every one he met of the transactions on the Pnyx, and on reaching his house, greeted even his brown-skinned wife, who holding a child in her arms, met him on the threshold, with the words: '*We have granted everything!*'

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROTTO OF PÁN.

FAR and wide in cloudless blue, the horizon of peace extended over Athens. Her fame was constantly increasing, and no rival seemed to desire to assail her power. Urged by a mighty impulse, the Athenians set to work to execute the plans of Pericles and Phidias, as hurriedly as if they were afraid of losing the right moment. Skilful and ambitious art-workers flocked from all parts of Greece. Many sculptors were needed to carve the decorative portions of the buildings on the Acropolis. No small number of colossal gods were to be executed for the pediment of the temple of Pallas, and a long succession of emblematic groups for the metopes and frieze. Besides, the wealthy Athenians vied with each other in ordering from the sculptors statues for offerings, to be erected at the time of the opening of the grand new temple on the Acropolis, and the artists themselves strove to produce their best and most beautiful work for the same time and purpose. Countless laborers and carpenters were occupied in building the great wrestling school and Odeium, others toiled at the

structures on the Acropolis. There was redoubled activity in the quarries of Pentelicus. Carts, drawn by mules and oxen, constantly moved from thence to the city. The declivity of the Acropolis continually resounded with the shouts of the drivers of the beasts of burden, for it cost a great deal of trouble to get the huge blocks of marble up the mountain. The Athenians showed the same activity in mining their noble metals in Laurium, and obtaining the excellent potter's earth in their native soil, as was apparent in quarrying the marble at Pentelicus. What they did not possess, the merchantmen brought across the sea—cypress wood and ebony, and many an ore, dyeing materials and ivory from the distant East. The stone and wood required hewing, the ores melting, the ivory needed to go through the hands of persons, who prepared it for the purposes of art, and even understood how to make it flexible. The embroiderers in gold and silver were fully occupied in making all sorts of gifts and decorations for the temple, the rope-makers were obliged to furnish the builders, carpenters, and teamsters with ropes of unusual strength, the road-makers had to smooth roads for the transportation of these goods; thus there was work everywhere and all were drawn into the seething whirlpool of business. Foreigners were also hired for the hardest manual labor on the buildings, and for this purpose the grave, silent, persevering, patient Egyptian surpassed all others. As in erecting his native pyramids, so he toiled unweariedly as a hireling in a foreign land, steadily piling block on block, with the endurance of a beast of burden. At this period, all Athens was one vast workshop.

But the airy summit of the Acropolis was the real hearth-stone, where the sacrificial flame of the new ef-

fort to please the gods blazed most brightly—at once an ancient sanctuary and a strong citadel of the Athenians, around whose foot houses had gradually been built, uniting the settlement with the city. The height was made a stronghold only by its natural cliffs, and the thick walls which protected its northern and southern sides.

The scene presented at this time on the height was no attractive one. The spacious plateau seemed desolate and dreary. Old rubbish was lying about, with remains of destroyed works, selected for fresh use. Towards the southern declivity the earth was partly excavated, and at the bottom appeared a massive foundation of masonry, principally erected on the remains of an ancient building. Nearly all the rest of the summit was strewn with blocks of marble, which were being hewn into shape. Heaps of earth, stones and sand were piled up, workshops of various kinds adjoined each other in the rear of the building-ground. Everywhere resounded the thud of hammers, the creaking of ropes, the dull thundering noise of moving stones and beams, and the shouts of the overseers directing and urging the army of laborers.

But on the Acropolis, amid this confused and restless haste of *creating* stood a venerable monument of ancient times, like a grey half-ruined tower on the sea-shore, around which dash the stormy waves, eager to undermine and wash it away with their surges. This monument was the temple of the oldest religious worship of the Athenians; the mysterious gloomy sanctuary of the serpent-footed Erechtheus, the Attic ancestral hero, and that of the sea-god Poseidon, Pandrosos, the daughter of Cecrops, and Athena Polias. It had been half destroyed in the Persian war and only partially restored.

Strange were the legends of Erechtheus, which had descended from the earliest days of the Attic country and people. Pallas Athena had confided the new-born serpent-footed child of doubtful origin, to the daughters of King Cecrops, then reigning on the Acropolis, strictly forbidding them to open the chest. These daughters—their names were Pandrosos, Agraulos and Herse—urged by curiosity, did open it, found the little boy, completely enwrapped by the folds of a horrible serpent, and driven mad with horror at the terrible sight, flung themselves over the cliffs of the Acropolis. But the serpent child, Erechtheus, grew up under King Cecrops' guardianship, and became the mighty shield of the Athenians. The temple contained his grave, and the demi-god's tomb was still regarded as a secure protection and shield to the land. The old hero's soul, according to the belief of the Athenian populace, lived on in the form of a serpent, which was always kept in the sanctuary. The creature was considered the mysterious guardian of the temple, and every month honey-cakes were offered to it as a sacrifice.

A sacred spring gushed up within the precincts of the sanctuary; its water was salt, as if it had some subterranean connection with the sea, and the Athenians said that when the south wind blew, the low roar of the waves could be heard in its depths. It was no wonder, for this spring, according to the Athenians, sprang forth at a blow dealt by Poseidon's mighty trident on the rock of the Acropolis, when he was battling with Pallas Athena for the possession of the Attic country. The marks of the god's trident still remain on the rock and any one can see them. But Pallas Athena caused an olive-tree to shoot up opposite to the spring, from which

have descended all the other olive-trees, the pride and boast of the Attic country. Through this tree, the wise goddess Pallas Athena gained the victory over the mighty wielder of the trident, in their rivalry concerning the bestowal of blessings. This ancient olive-tree was also contained within the precincts of the temple. The Persians burned it down, but the next morning, by the power of the gods, it had again shot up yards high. But the most sacred relic in the Erechtheum was the ancient statue of Athena Polias, made of the wood of an olive-tree, carved by no human hands, but fallen from Heaven. Erechtheus himself set it up, and it was to remain unchanged—so taught the priests who ruled in the temple—in that spot forever. A lamp burned perpetually before it in the gloomy hall of the sanctuary, and strange gifts were also treasured there—a statue of Hermes carved from wood, entwined with myrtle boughs that were always green, though the plant was rootless, dating from the time of Cecrops; a chain of singular form, made in ancient times by Dædalus; and trophies from the Persian war, coats of mail and swords of conquered Persian leaders.

In the open air, before the temple, stood an altar consecrated to Zeus. No living creature could be sacrificed there, no libation of wine poured out; nothing but cakes were offered on it to the ruler of the gods. Such was the "House of Erechtheus," mentioned in Homer's song. Irregularly built, on uneven ground, it stood near the northern declivity of the mountain, just opposite to the site where the magnificent new temple of Pallas Athena was being erected, and contained several different rooms devoted to the worship of the divinities previously mentioned.

A sacred rite was just being performed before the entrance of the temple.

The ancient wooden statue of Athena, the guardian of the city, was cleaned and newly dressed from time to time, and this act was performed in the most solemn manner. A religious festival is like any other, and this festival was now taking place. The garments and ornaments had been removed from the statue and a veil spread over it, while the robes were entrusted to persons specially appointed to wash them. During this time a rope was stretched around the temple, that no one might enter uninvited.

The purification finished, the goddess was clothed again, her hair—for the statue had long hair—carefully combed and arranged, and the body once more adorned with wreaths, diadems, necklaces, and ear-rings.

The persons, who had taken part in the sacred ceremony withdrew, and only two men remained standing on the steps before the entrance of the temple, engaged in conversation. One of them was the priest of the Erechtheum, Diopeithes. His expression was gloomy, and he cast sullen glances at the throng of workmen, whose noise and bustle seemed to him a blasphemous disturbance of the sacred ceremony.

The race of Eteobutadæ, from which, from the remotest times, the priest of Erechtheum and the priestess of Athena Polias had descended, was the oldest and for a long period the most distinguished priestly family in all Attica. But more recently, the Eumolpidæ, the priests of Demeter at Eleusis, with whose service the great mysteries were connected, had risen, as chief priests of the mysterious rites of Eleusis, to a still higher rank in the Attic hierarchy, and it was not without much secret

indignation, that the Eteobutadæ endured the slight. But it was not only wrath that darkened the mind of Diopeithes, the priest then presiding over the sanctuary of the Erechtheum.

Casting an indignant glance at the works of the Parthenon, he turned to the man, who stood beside him with the submissive mien of a confidant and assistant, and who was none other than Lampon, the prophet, who had been summoned to the house of Pericles to interpret the miracle of the one-horned ram.

"Peace," he began, "has departed from this sacred height since yonder noisy throng employed by Phidias and Callicrates, pursue their work here. It would not surprise me if the gods themselves shrunk ere long from the tumult of this foolish and impious performance, for the work those people are commencing *is* foolish and unholy and can never please the Olympians. Instead of first restoring the ancient and sacred House of Erechtheus, which has only received the repairs absolutely necessary since the crime committed by the Persians, this Pericles and Phidias begin to rear a magnificent and useless temple, directly opposite the old sanctuary. My glance, which hitherto wandered unimpeded from this spot over the wide landscape, now meets this structure set like a wall before my eyes. Oh! I know these despisers of the gods! They seek to force this venerable temple and its gods into the background, they wish to root out the old stern worship, and with it all true piety; they desire to put in the place of the old temple and ancient gods only those which will allure the eye by empty pomp and idle splendor, but awake no feeling of real devotion in the heart. What is this Parthenon to be? A temple without priests, without service, a showy

piece of display, merely a goal for the Panathenaic procession, and beside it—yet no, not beside it, but within its enclosure—oh! shame! a *treasury*, a place for the preservation of the gold the Athenians gather by fair or foul means. Only as guardian of this gold do they place the goddess in the temple. And *what* a goddess! What is the purpose of this superb statue of gold and ivory? It will be a masterpiece of human hands. The ancient wooden statue, contained by this insignificant temple, was made from no mortal's thirst for fame—its origin was divine, and through the favor of the gods it became the property of the Athenians."

"These are presumptuous times," assented Lampon. "Many no longer revere what is simple, ancient and sacred, and soon the human race will dimly aspire to rise above the gods."

"But Pericles and Phidias, who have persuaded the Athenians into the new course, do not know *one* thing, of which we priests of Erechtheus are aware, and dwelling on this height are in a position to know before other mortals," replied Diopeithes in a low, mysterious tone. "That very spot yonder, where they mean to erect the carved pediment, and main entrance of their new temple, is one of the places that people say, 'belong to the nether world,' the places where no bird ever alights, or if it does, falls dying, as if struck by a poisonous breath. Let the upstarts build on that unhallowed spot; they will receive no blessing, only a curse. It is the heritage of the men of Athens, to act imprudently. Few know why, but we Eteobutadæ do—Poseidon, conquered in the conflict with Pallas Athena, and furious at his repulse, decreed *unwise counsel* to the Athenians forever."

"They are unwise," replied Lampon, "and so are

their leaders, because they listen to the teachings of those, who call themselves philosophers and friends of truth. The Athenian nation follows Pericles, but Pericles himself obeys Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian, who investigates nature, and because he thinks he can ascribe everything to natural causes, considers the gods unnecessary. A short time ago I was summoned to the house of Pericles to interpret a miracle that had occurred there. A ram with only one horn, which grew in the middle of its forehead, had been born on the statesman's country estate. I did what I was asked to do, according to the rules of my art, and Pericles might well have been satisfied with my prediction. But I received little thanks, for Pericles remained perfectly silent, and Anaxagoras, who chanced to be with him, smiled as if my conduct was absurd and my words were foolish."

"I know him," replied Diopeithes, a gloomy fire flashing in his eyes. "I know the Clazomenian well; some time ago, on the road to the Piræus, I entered into a conversation with him about the gods and divine things, and soon perceived that his wisdom was of the pernicious sort. Such men ought not to be tolerated in our community. Or have matters gone so far, that the laws of Athens are powerless against those who deny the gods. No, most of the Athenians still shudder at that name."

Such were Diopeithes' words, then glancing towards the right with his keen eyes, he pointed to some men, who engaged in eager conversation, were coming up the only path leading over the western side of the mountain to the summit of the Acropolis. "It seems to me," said the priest, "that I see yonder the unwise counsellor of the Athenians, the friend and patron of

Anaxagoras. By his side, if my eyes do not deceive me, is one of the new-fashioned play-writers, who fancy they have vanquished the venerable Aeschylus. But who is the third person, the delicate supple youth, walking on the other side of Pericles?"

"Probably the young cithara-player from Miletus, to whom Pericles, I hear, has taken a great fancy, and who is now seen with him everywhere."

"A young cithara-player from Miletus?" said Diopeithes, scanning the graceful figure of the Milesian youth, "hitherto I have only known that Pericles was an admirer and lover of the other sex; I now see that he understands how to appreciate beauty everywhere. This youth, by the gods, is worthy to serve as cup-bearer not only to the so-called Olympian, Pericles, but the supreme Ruler of Olympus, Zeus himself. I only marvel that the dignified Pericles has no scruple about showing himself with his chosen favorites, before the eyes of the Athenians."

While the priest of Erechtheus was scanning the youth walking beside Pericles, with looks of mingled disapproval and longing, the trio came nearer, and the youthful figure Lampon had pointed out to Diopeithes as a cithara-player from Miletus, appeared still more charming. The tragic poet, who also accompanied Pericles, often cast a beaming glance at the lovely vision, and addressed himself by preference to the Milesian. This poet himself was a handsome stately man, whose pure brow seemed steeped in a bright, ethereal light.

Callicrates, the admirable master entrusted with the actual execution of what Phidias and Ictinus had designed in seclusion, now stepped out of the throng of

laborers to greet the new-comers. This man plainly showed that his business was to walk constantly to and fro in the scorching sun, amid the blocks of stone and the crowds of perspiring workmen on the summit of the Acropolis. His face was sunburnt, its hue scarcely distinguishable from the dark beard that framed it. The piercing, sparkling eyes, no less dark in hue, seemed as it were to have fairly absorbed the sunlight. His garments differed very slightly from the dress of those who surrounded him. The piece of cloth he called his chiton, which had become very doubtful in color, hung negligently about his bronzed limbs. Even as he now passed to and fro amid the throng of workmen on the Acropolis, he had previously walked for many a year about the long central wall, which he had recently finished, to the delight of Pericles.

The latter asked Callicrates several questions in reference to the progress of the work, and Callicrates pointed with satisfaction to the now completed foundation, made of huge blocks of stone. "You see," said he, "the bottom is finished, with the three huge marble steps that surround it. Look how it extends along nearly the whole southern side of the mountain. The spaces between the pillars are already marked out, as well as the outlines of the inner walls, the room for the statue of the goddess, the rear building for the treasure. Everything will of course first be hewn in the rough; for the more delicate work will not be added till the whole building is fitted together, and you can form no idea of it from its present appearance. You must have patience, for Ictinus is a loiterer and Phidias too—"

"I can easily imagine," said Pericles, "that Ictinus would never do enough himself—"

"And Phidias too," replied Callicrates almost angrily. "They sit whispering together for days with their written pages and tablets before them, calculating and measuring, discussing the proper intervals, curves, and inclinations of the pillars, and the proportions of the cornice and capitals. Then they go down to the temple of Theseus and measure the columns and entablature, and even then are not satisfied, because they find the entablature too heavy, the spaces between the pillars a little too wide, and say we must do better here. Then they calculate again, and perhaps quarrel a little, and make sketches to try how much larger the pillars at the corner should be made than the others, and how much less the distance must be between the corner pillars and those adjoining, than the space that divides the rest, and how much must be borrowed here from the Doric and yonder the Ionic order, and how many lines smaller and larger this entablature or that cornice or capital or frieze must be made, that the whole may harmonize most beautifully and gracefully, in a manner never seen before."

"Who would not envy an Ictinus his trained artist-eye!" cried Pericles.

"It's a falcon's eye!" said Callicrates. "You can't imagine how wonderfully increased and developed is this man's perception. He always carries a rule in his hand, but has little need of it, for he can measure and calculate at sight. The innate surveying power of his eye is so amazing, that he accurately distinguishes effects, of which unskilled persons have scarcely an idea, scarcely a vague impression. He sees, so to speak, with feeling eyes, and feels with seeing fingers. And it's just the same with Phidias. He is in the habit of say-

ing, and you have doubtless heard the words from his lips: 'Give me a lion's claw, and I'll restore the whole animal.' Thus keen and well-trained is Phidias' observation of things and appreciation of everything we call form, shape, and harmony."

"Why should not the Hellene's eye become as sensitive as his ear?" said the poet. "We poets and musicians"—he glanced at the young cithara-player as he spoke—"feel the most trifling subtleties and differences of rhyme, and hear half tones lost on the ears of laymen."

"It is very praiseworthy of Ictinus and Phidias," continued Callicrates smiling, "to plan everything so thoroughly and then put it into lines and figures on the papyrus. But just consider that all this delicately-devised work, which these men invent and sketch on the papyrus, must be *executed*—executed in massive, refractory material. There is the tablet on which Ictinus has marked for me the measures and calculations, as he desires to have them—and these I must now realize in stone, on a colossal scale, and yet exactly retaining all the elegancies of the design, as if I had carved them with a delicate knife out of ebony."

"It is easy to understand the labor it must require, to fix all the delicate proportions and straight lines of this sketch in the gigantic characters of masonry," said the poet.

"Straight lines, do you call them?" cried Callicrates, with an almost scornful laugh. "Straight lines! Would to the gods they were! Any bungler could accomplish straight lines. But there are no such things in the proportions of Phidias and Ictinus. Do you know what Ictinus says? To *appear* straight, the lines in

large proportions must never really *be* so. Look at the foundations yonder, and the steps leading to its upper surface. You probably suppose, that this surface really runs as straight as it appears to your eye? You are mistaken. The line rises towards the centre, in a slight curve, imperceptible to the eye, yet intended to produce a certain effect upon it. Later you will find this same slight, imperceptible curve in the entablature, though in a smaller degree, nay Ictinus desires to have it carried out everywhere, in the whole external architecture of the temple, and as from pediment to foundation there must be nothing really *horizontal*, so too he will tolerate nothing absolutely perpendicular, and the lines slightly curved outward are equally inclined within. Without this play of slight curves, calculated upon the laws of vision and the refractions of light, Ictinus says that the whole building would appear destitute of aspiration, and instead of seeming to soar upward freely and easily, would look as if it were sinking into the ground. Value as you choose these and similar art-secrets of the two masters, but consider—to mention only one thing—how I am to contrive that, in spite of these slight curves outward, and imperceptible inclinations inward, the various blocks of stone and capitals of the columns, each differently calculated and carved according to these delicate proportions, are yet to be joined exactly, neatly, and firmly?”

“You will accomplish it, worthy Callicrates,” said Pericles eagerly; “I know you! Let us leave Phidias and Ictinus to measure and calculate with their keen eyes; there is really a secret, divinely-inspired vision, which these men follow in their proportions and calculations. The gods have placed it in their minds, to per-

ceive by what ways and means they can enable us to enjoy the spectacle, of which they have had as it were a mental foretaste."

"So long as one stone here remains upon another," said the poet, "the sight that divinely-inspired men, like these two, have first beheld with the eyes of their souls, and then grasped and fixed in numbers and proportions, will master the heart and senses of the observer."

"But not the heart and senses of yonder watcher," rejoined Callicrates smiling, after gazing keenly at the priest of Erechtheus and his companion, who still stood, looking and listening, at the entrance of the Erechtheum.

"He constantly watches our work with furious eyes," continued Callicrates, "but I have no scruple about returning the glance. We irritate each other, and there is an open feud between my laborers and his temple-servants."

"We ought not to wonder if the priest of Erechtheus is angry," said Pericles. "Instead of restoring his ancient sanctuary, we are building a new one before his eyes. But who would venture to alter the venerable mystery of that gloomy temple?"

"Yes," said Callicrates, "better let the owls continue to build their nests there. They perch under the old roof day and night. The men yonder wish to know nothing about Phidias' new statues of the gods. They want no new divinities, but wash and comb the old ones, put on fresh finery, and think they might go on so forever. These people would rather see Pallas Athena still represented with the owl's face."

"There come Phidias and Ictinus," said the poet,

looking the other way. "We will now hear what they themselves—"

"You won't hear much," replied Callicrates. "Phidias is taciturn, as you know, and Ictinus grows angry with any one who tries to make him talk about his artistic endeavors. Both men are loquacious only to each other, but to no one else in the world."

Meantime Phidias and Ictinus approached. The latter was an insignificant little man, with a somewhat bowed figure. His features were flabby, his face yellow, and his eyes dull, as if from much watching and thought. Yet in his gait there was a restless haste, which betokened excitability and a mobile soul.

Phidias shook hands with Pericles and the poet, and cast a somewhat peculiar glance at the handsome cithara-player with the youthful, rounded limbs. He seemed to recognize him, and yet not to desire to do so. Ictinus wore the appearance of a man who rarely desires to meet others, and seemed disposed to continue his walk with Phidias.

But the poet wished to test the truth of what Callicrates had said, and therefore turned to the busy, hurrying man with the question: "Master Ictinus, will not you as an expert, decide a question which occupied Pericles, myself, and this young cithara-player a short time ago. We were talking of the motives which may probably induce you architects not to let the architrave rest directly upon the shafts of the columns, but interpose a somewhat broader piece, either in the form of the Doric capital or Ionic spiral? Some maintained it was done to give the appearance of having the weight of the entablature press the bulk of the pillars asunder—crush them out broader on the top as it were—"

Ictinus laughed. "So the columns are made of clay, dough or butter?" he cried sarcastically. "Fine columns those—columns of clay, that allow themselves to be crushed broader, ha—ha, ha—fine columns!"

"Do you jeer at the interpreter?" cried the poet. "Then tell us yourself why you do so?"

"Because the contrary would be ugly, hideous, insufferable."

Ictinus uttered these words curtly, cast a hasty glance from his grey eyes at the questioner, and slipped away.

The men laughed.

"I see," said Pericles, turning to Phidias, "that the work goes on bravely. That is delightful. We must toil quickly and with zeal, avail ourselves of the favorable times, which may perhaps never return. The outbreak of a great war would stop everything, and we might soon lack means to complete what we had begun."

"Already the huge groups for the pediment, as well as the carvings for the frieze and metopes, are being eagerly executed in the workshops from sketches and clay models," answered Phidias.

"Don't you intend to engage the assistance of Polygnotus," asked Pericles, "that here as well as in the Theseum, brush and chisel may both take part in the execution of the designs on the metopes? I remember you do not think most favorably of the sister art of the brush, which certainly limps a little clumsily behind the giant strides of the chisel."

"When a youth, I myself tried the brush," replied Phidias, "but it did not satisfy me. I wanted to produce what I secretly beheld, in full, round, pure outlines, and that I could do only with the chisel."

"Very well," said Pericles; "then let only the purest

art have a place in the new temple of Pallas, that it may be a monument of the best we can do. We will seek to make Polygnotus amends on some other occasion. Afterwards we will try what can be done for the ancient sanctuary of yon angry priest, and also for the half-completed temple of Wingless Victory, planted so boldly on the highest ledge of rock! I would fain, when I quit this world, leave nothing for any Athenian to desire. To know that so many are still dissatisfied with me is a painful thought. Do you smile? True, the grave, stern Phidias desires only to satisfy himself—”

“That is just the hardest thing!” interrupted Phidias.

“Do you fear no enemies?” continued Pericles. “Beware, we have no lack of them. You too are envied, and what you create does not please all.”

“*Pallas Athena never suffers me to tremble,*” replied Phidias in the words of Homer, pointing to the huge bronze statue of the goddess, towering sublimely into the pure, clear air amid the confusion of old and new rubbish on the Acropolis, and then turned away to seek Ictinus.

Pericles, the tragic poet, and the youth from Miletus continued their walk across the summit of the hill.

The poet, himself a master in the use of stringed instruments, was engaged in pleasant conversation with the young musician. The youth expressed himself with so much subtlety and penetration, that the other at last said in astonishment:

“I knew the Milesians were considered very agreeable, but did not know they were so wise.”

“And I,” replied the youth, “always supposed the tragic poets of Athens to be wise, but did not imagine

they could also be so agreeable. I drew my inference of the poets prematurely from their works. How happens it that your tragic poetry has hitherto taken so little account of the gentler emotions of the human heart? Everything is magnificent, sublime, frequently awe-inspiring, but you do not give the tenderest, yet mightiest passion *love*, the place it deserves. Anacreon and Sappho, the former gay, and the latter melancholy, both say this of you ; why have the tragic poets alone hitherto disdained, while aspiring to the grand and superhuman, to touch the notes of this tender, human emotion."

"My young friend," said the poet smiling, "the winged god could have found no one more worthy to espouse his cause than you. A few days ago the idea passed through my mind of a tragedy, in which room might be given to the divinity, whose advocate you have made yourself. I don't know whether the fleeting thought would have returned ; but it is fortunate that I am reminded of it in this way. I now really intend to write that tragedy, so greatly have your words, and still more your sparkling eyes, kindled my enthusiasm in behalf of the cause you represent."

"Admirable !" replied the youth ; "I would have the most fragrant garlands ready to crown you on the day your tragedy won the victory."

"A wreath of red roses !" exclaimed the poet, "because I intend to praise all-conquering Eros."

"Certainly. Look, the grateful winged god seems to wish me to gather the roses for the garland at once." So saying, the supple, active youth swung himself up on a projecting rock, in whose cleft grew a huge bush, perhaps a century old, covered with blossoming roses.

"Take care, my young friend," said the poet, "you

know not on what an unlucky spot you stand! From the top of that rock the Athenian king threw himself into the sea, because his noble son, returning from his conflict with the monster, neglected on sighting Athens, to have white sails hoisted as a sign of life and victory. The foot can touch no spot on this hallowed height, where sparks from the past do not flash from the earth beneath the tread, and ancient legends whisper to the pilgrim."

"Yet while the foot is trampling on the dust of the past," said Pericles, "the glance can wander freely from this height, and revel in all the beauty and freshness of the present. You, my Milesian friend, who are so bold and active, follow us across the rock to the broad stone platform, into which the mighty wall of the Acropolis here expands."

The youth laughed, hurried on in advance, and the three were soon standing upon the lofty outlook.

"Listen," said Pericles, "to what the beautiful curve of this Attic coast, the radiant gulf, the islands, lifting their mountain peaks from the blue sea into the air, may have to tell you. Yonder, from the waves of the Saronic Gulf rises Aegina, whose riven cliffs concealed the wild 'ant-men' of ancient times; but to-day the temple of the Panhellenic Zeus, assembling our people to one of their most beautiful festivals, towers on the loftiest mountain of the island in woodland solitude. Nearer, on the right, Salamis, the cradle of heroes, blooms amid the same waves. But need their latest descendants blush before the shades of those immortal warriors, who sailed thence for Ilium? Did we not fight the most famous of all naval battles in yonder glittering strait, which now looks so peaceful? Northward, where Cithæron, Pentelicus, and

Parnes lie like ramparts before Attica, stretching from the east to where Hymettus extends a hand on the south, the legends of our ancestors relate tales of lions, that lurked in the wooded ravines. But our fathers strangled the lions and eat their hearts roasted in the fire, that they might bequeath leonine strength and courage to their descendants. Perhaps it was through the lion's courage thus inherited, that directly behind those heights, on the plains of Marathon, the most brilliant of all victories on land was added to the grandest victory on the sea. The lions and wolves of those ravines are slaughtered, the barbarians driven away forever from that wall of Attica, we peacefully quarry the magnificent Pentelican marble on the scene of the ancient lion hunts, and gather the honey of the famous bees of Hymettus. Yonder, behind Acrocorinthus, the vast mountain chain of Cyllene stands steeped in silvery mist, and if the veil of haze could be torn from the western horizon, the battlements of Corinth and the gleaming blue waters of the straits would doubtless be visible. But let us not forget the dignified greeting the Peloponnesus sends across Aegina and Salamis. Do you see that deeply-indented coast, with the rugged heights of Argolis, and behind them the mountains of Arcadia? Whenever I gaze across the monuments and scenes of Athenian renown, towards those mountains of the Peloponnesus, a strange impulse always seizes upon me and I feel as if I ought to grasp the hilt of a sword—it seems as if gloomy Lacedæmon stretched himself over the heights and glanced menacingly hither—”

“The eyes of statesmen and generals always wander thus into the distance,” interrupted the poet. “Should we not, instead of gazing at the far-off peaks of the Pelo-

ponnesus, first enjoy what is lying close before our eyes? Youth, don't suffer yourself to be allured towards the Peloponnesus and its threatening mountains. Behold the bright picture of the undulating, sun-illuminated interior, where countless boundary stones of the Attic districts stand in the fields, and everywhere glimmer the white villas of the Athenian, who, never weary of journeying, goes daily, if possible, from the city to inspect his fruit-trees and grain fields, and see how the slaves tend his cattle, lambs, and goats. How gracefully the roads wind in all directions through the villas, fields, olive-groves, public altars of the gods and stone monuments. Here they run to the Piræus, yonder to Rhamnus and Marathon. But the finest of all is the road, bordered by silver poplars, olive and fig-trees, leading westward between countless gleaming white sanctuaries, to Eleusis, the holy city of mysteries. How radiant the city itself looks below us, stretching from the Ilissus to the Cephissus, crystal clear, but certainly short-lived little streams; they rise in the neighboring mountains and don't even reach the sea, but content themselves with sprinkling the flower-gardens of the Athenians in rippling waves or spray, or squandering their young lives by dancing in a thousand fountains. Gardens planted by human hands flourish on the shores of the Ilissus; but a garden of nature, a lovely oasis of shade in the sunny land of Attica, are the valleys where the bright waves of the Cephissus glitter from amid the green foliage of the olive-trees. I proudly praise this region, for it is my native district, the province of Colonus. Your warlike friend Pericles would tell you, that in this district the finest steeds are raised, and it was for the magnificent wild foals of Colonus that the sea-

god, in ancient times, invented reins; I say that in the valley of Cephissus no rude winds ever blow, the fig and grape flourish, fed by the purest dew, the narcissus, violet and yellow crocus bloom, and the twining ivy—”

The poet's features glowed with animation, as gazing into the youth's sparkling eyes, he praised the charms of his birthplace. At last he seized his hand, exclaiming: “Come yourself once into our beautiful province, or, still better, accompany me there, and spend the day at my country-house on the bank of the Cephissus; I'll show you my citharas and lyres, and, if agreeable to you, we will make trial of each other's skill in the use of stringed instruments and song, after the manner of the Arcadian shepherds.”

The young musician smiled, and Pericles, after a short pause, answered: “Some day I will myself act as a guide, and conduct Aspasios to your country house. You will need some one to act as umpire during your contest in music and singing.”

“Is the youth called Aspasios?” cried the poet; “the name reminds me of a beautiful Milesian, of whom I have heard lately.”

The cithara-player blushed.

This flush perplexed the poet, who was still holding the hand he had clasped to bid the youth farewell, and at the same time he became aware of a feeling, which he had doubtless had before, though unconsciously.

He suddenly felt distinctly that the young Milesian's hand was very delicate, warm, and soft. A moment after, he was even positive that it was too dainty, warm, and soft to belong to a man's arm, were he ever so youthful.

One half of the beautiful secret he read in crimson

characters on the musician's cheeks, the other half he held, so to speak, in his hand—

He was not mistaken. The hand he clasped was the fair Aspasia's.

Pericles and the Milesian had met again during the month which had elapsed since their interview in Phidias' house; first at the dwelling of the good-natured reveller, Hipponicus, who was a friend of Pericles, and afterwards very frequently, until at last they would gladly have been inseparable. Aspasia sometimes put on masculine attire, and accompanied her friend under the mask of "the cithara-player from Miletus." She had gone with him in this manner to the Acropolis, and the tragic poet joined them on the way. A strange emotion had seized upon this most open and susceptible of all Greek souls. The poet had found himself ensnared by some charm, that was a mystery even to his own mind. The enigma was now solved. In his confusion he let the delicate hand fall, but quickly grasped it again, and turning with a significant smile to his friend Pericles, said:

"I see Apollo, the god of prophets and poets, still favors me. He has spared me the long journey to Delphi, and not even waited for my nightly slumber to appear before me in a dream with revelations, but suddenly bestowed upon me the gift of unerringly reading the *hand*, and especially determining from it *sex*, no matter how anxious the person may be to conceal it—"

"You were always a favorite of the gods," said Pericles, "the Olympians have no secrets from you—"

"And they do well," replied the poet. "I reckon among them the Olympian Pericles—"

"Whatever your chiromantic art may have betrayed

to you concerning the sex of the cithara-player," said Pericles, "it is certain that the Milesian has a right to wear masculine garb and assume a masculine name. It is woman's nature to be always passive and receptive. This musician, on the contrary, has a thoroughly active and fruitful one, and you cannot approach without having it influence you and leave a germ in your soul."

"I can attest that," said the poet, "for with a few chance words uttered carelessly, as if in sport, he has just fanned a poetic spark into bright flames. Marvellous is the power of wise thoughts spoken by beautiful lips! How tempting it would be to expose oneself longer to such desirable influences! But the sun is sinking behind the heights of Acrocorinthus, and a nightingale, which I verily believe flew from Colonus to remind me to return home, is singing in yonder bush. It is a tolerably long distance, from the highest outlook of the Acropolis to yonder villa I see gleaming amid the olive-trees, on the slope of the little hill girded by the waves of the Cephissus. So I will take leave of you, and spite of the transformations that have occurred, which are more charming than all those our myths relate, I repeat my words: 'Come to the province of Colonus!' Flee thither, when the companionship of men grows wearisome, and spend a day in that beautiful solitude."

"We will remember your words!" replied Pericles. "Meantime, let the Muse follow you to your solitude. In this rivalry of all the arts, tragic poetry must also aspire to the highest goal. You have conducted it from the harsh severity of your predecessors, to gentleness and pure humanity. Let your new work be worthy of the author of 'Electra,' that we may soon enjoy prais-

ing it as the mildest and ripest fruit of the genius of Sophocles."

"Only let the spirit of this cithara-player hover over me," replied the poet; "though I have never heard a note from his instrument, he has already bewitched me. It seems he has chosen the hearts of statesmen and poets, for the strings on which to play his melodies—"

So saying, the man with the clear brow and bright, sparkling, kindly eyes, pressed his friend's hand, bowed to the disguised Milesian, turned and walked slowly down the Acropolis, but not without occasionally casting a glance behind.

"Fear nothing from this sharer of our secret!" said Pericles to Aspasia.

"I was just about to say the same thing to you," replied Aspasia smiling.

"Did you see through this noble poet-soul so quickly?" asked Pericles.

"It is as bright and clear to the inmost depths, as the waves of the Cephissus," replied Aspasia.

"But let us go down now," she continued, "I feel as if I had absorbed all the heat of the summer afternoon, and my lips thirst for some refreshing drink."

"Come!" said Pericles; "we need only turn a few paces to the right, outside the wall, and we shall have before us the Grotto of Pan, with its much-praised spring, which will afford your lips the desired refreshment."

They descended a number of steps hewn in the rock, and reached the grotto with its spring, that bubbled from the earth before it.

It was the fountain of Clepsydra, whose waters sometimes entirely vanished, then suddenly appeared again.

Aspasia dipped some water in the hollow of her hand and drank, then filled her palm again and with sportive grace offered the clear, refreshing fluid to Pericles.

The statesman smiled and quaffed it.

"No Persian king," said he, "ever drank from so precious a cup. Only it is so small, I was almost afraid of swallowing it with the draught."

Aspasia laughed, and was about to answer the jest, but started in terror, for at that very moment she suddenly perceived a face peering out upon her with a sort of good-natured, boorish grin, from the back of the dusky grotto. Approaching nearer, she found a somewhat rudely carved statue of the god Pan, to whom it was sacred.

"Fear nothing!" said Pericles; "the shepherd god has a kindly nature."

"But sometimes a touch of malice," she replied; "the shepherds' stories about him are very different."

"At least he treated our courier, Pheidippides, very kindly in the mountain region of Argolis and Arcadia, where he dwells. The youth was running to Sparta, to summon the Lacedemonians to join the war against the Persians. Pan was pleased because, out of love for his native land, he rushed so breathlessly across the Argolian mountains, and obtained a good opinion of the Athenians, about whom he had not formerly troubled himself much. He came himself to aid us at Marathon."

"Pan may be as good-natured as he chooses," said Aspasia, "but this grotto is too pleasant for the peasant and shepherd god."

"You are right," replied Pericles, "even more so

than you imagine, if the old legend is true that this very grotto was the scene of the most important bridal ever solemnized in the Hellenic world. Here, in the pleasant dusk of the grotto, Apollo, the God of Light, is said to have wooed Creusa, the rosy daughter of Erechtheus, and the token of their love was *Ion*, the ancestor of our Ionic race."

"What?" cried Aspasia, in a half jesting, half earnest tone, "is this the cradle of the noblest Greek race, that which dwells in the provinces of Attica and on the strand of my home? And the virgins of Athens do not hang the walls of this grotto, day after day, with garlands of roses and lilies? Instead of the radiant god Apollo the rude Arcadian, a stranger from the gloomy, hostile mountains of the Peloponnesus, stands here with his broad, grinning face?"

"Why do you inveigh so warmly against the god of the forest and mountain solitudes?" replied Pericles smiling. "I know of none under whose protection a loving pair could meet more familiarly, than that of the giver of idyllic peace and joy—"

"Well," interrupted Aspasia, "I am grateful to him for one thing at least, the cool shade he bestows upon me in his grotto."

So saying, she removed the Thessalian hat from her head, and placed it on the brow of the shepherd god. Her beautiful, golden-brown locks fell over her shoulders.

"Oh, if I could only offer the cithara-player's whole costume, like this head-covering, to honest Pan!" she continued. It really burdens me. How long must I submit to this constraint? Oh, you men of Athens, when will you permit women to be women? Admit,

Pericles, that you Athenians are not the most estimable of the sons of Ion, who owed his existence to this grotto. You have absorbed too much of the Doric character. You ought to bow before the descendants of the emigrants of your own race, who have developed on the coasts of Aisa a purer, freer, more fiery—”

“*Do we not do so?*” said Pericles, with a significant smile, placing himself beside Aspasia, who had sat down to rest on a moss-covered stone in the grotto. “*Do we not?*” he repeated, drawing her head, crowned with perfumed waving locks, down on his breast.

“Pan is malicious!” replied Aspasia, “he promised refreshment in his grotto, but seems to be secretly increasing the sultriness of the evening with his breath—”

“Yes,” said Pericles, “the breezes laden with the perfume of thyme and wild roses waft an almost intoxicating fragrance.”

While the two companions were conversing, the blue sky had changed to glowing crimson, and Hymettus was completely steeped in rosy light. The sun had slowly sunk behind the mountains of Arcadia, and a faint flash of lightning quivered from time to time through the sultry air, out of the vaporous clouds floating above the slopes of Brilessus.

“Aspasia!” cried Pericles, “the message you, as a Greek woman, bring to the Greeks from bright Ionia, is flashing, like that summer lightning, full of blessings, into my soul, and through every mind in Attica! It must be *realized*; in the narrowest circles by you and myself, in the widest by the whole Athenian nation. We all feel a new strength, a new fire, and shall see Hellenic life soar upward to its highest goal.”

With these words Pericles imprinted a burning kiss

on Aspasia's lips. It was the same ardor, the same mighty impulse, the same bloom and beauty of life, which animated the hands of the warriors of Marathon, the chisel of Phidias, the stylus of Sophocles, the thunder of Pericles' oratory on the Pnyx, and the impassioned kiss upon the lips of the fairest of Hellenic women.

When a pair like this, in whom is developed the purest, most luxuriant, and noblest flower of human existence, kiss each other, it is the festival and completion of the highest life, and a thrill of joy secretly quivers through the heart of the world from pole to pole—as the lightning flashed from the thunder-clouds above the slopes of Brilessus.

Souls meet like clouds charged with electricity.

But the clouds discharge their contents—souls cherish their ardor.

Pericles' heart was full as he walked down from the Acropolis with Aspasia, by the glittering light of the stars. He drew the beautiful woman gently to his side, and glancing back at the gigantic statue of Phidias' goddess, illumined by the moonbeams, said:

"Oh, Pallas Athena, lay aside your brazen helmet and let the nightingales from the valleys of the Cephissus build their nests in it."

CHAPTER V.

PYRILAMPES' PEACOCKS.

AMONG the wealthy and prominent citizens of Athens, at the time the events narrated here occurred, were two men, who strove to vie with each other not

only in magnificent gifts to the nation, as was the custom, but also in lavish household display, hitherto unknown.

One was Hipponicus, a man of noble birth, in whose hospitable house Aspasia lived.

The other was Pylampes, an upstart, a money-changer from the Piræus, who had grown rich.

Hipponicus traced his lineage back to no less a personage than Triptolemus, the favorite of Demeter, the founder of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the teacher of agriculture and all kinds of civilization. Doubtless the family owed to their descent from the Eleusinian hero, the possession of the hereditary office of Daduchus, one of the priestly dignitaries in the Mysteries of Eleusis.

Hipponicus was also invested with this honor, but it troubled the gay man of the world very little. He was only obliged to go to Eleusis once a year for a short time, at the celebration of the great Mysteries.

It was a remarkable peculiarity in the family of this man, that its heads always bore by turns the names of Callias and Hipponicus. Each Callias called his first born son Hipponicus, and each Hipponicus named his Callias. The histories of all these various Calliases and Hipponicuses were memorable, but the manner in which they obtained their wealth was especially singular. The Hipponicus, who lived in the time of Lycurgus and was a personal friend of that law-giver, was accused of having laid the foundation of the prosperity of his family by the misuse of a confidential communication from this famous man. In the days of Pisistratus, a Hipponicus alone had the courage to purchase the estates of the exiled tyrant. During the Persian wars many were impoverished, but the families of the Calliases and Hip-

ponicuses grew richer. It was to a Hipponicus, that a certain Eretrian, named Diomnestus, entrusted the treasure wrested from a hostile general at the first attack of the Asiatics. At the second, as is well known, the Persians carried off all the Eretrians as prisoners, among them Diomnestus, whose treasure remained in Hipponicus' hands. It was again a Callias, whom a Persian, to buy his life at Marathon, secretly led to a place where his countrymen had buried a great deal of money. Callias took the precaution to kill the Persian, after he had shown him the hole, that he might not betray the secret to any one else before Callias found time to remove the treasure.

Such were the traditions of the hereditary talent for acquiring wealth possessed by this family. Of course its scions also obtained considerable distinction in the community.

Many a Callias and Hipponicus served his fellow-citizens as an ambassador to the Persian kings, or in missions to negotiate a peace; several of them also had statues erected in their honor at the public expense.

Our Hipponicus, Aspasia's host, was a worthy representative of his ancestors. He had a kindly nature, and was very popular with the people, sometimes sacrificed a whole hecatomb to the goddess Pallas Athena, entertained at public festivals by whole districts, and at the great feast of Dionysus arranged in the Cerameicus a drinking-bout for all who might choose to come, and provided cushions stuffed with ivy, on which the revelers could recline. Once, when he went to Corinth to visit a friend, but heard on the way that the man was on the point of having his property seized by his creditors, he sent a messenger forward with the money

needed to satisfy them, because it would have been unpleasant to him to find his friend in a melancholy mood on his arrival. His house in Athens, as has been already mentioned, was very unlike the dwellings of other Athenians.

Only the rich exchanger, Pylampes, attempted to equal him. The latter owned a house in the Piræus, which he had had furnished precisely like Hipponicus' residence, and tried to emulate Hipponicus in everything. If Hipponicus obtained a little dog of the Melitan breed, famed for its delicate proportions, Pylampes procured a still smaller one. If Hipponicus added to the number of his dogs a new Laconian, Molossian, or Cretan hound, whose size all admired, Pylampes did not rest until he possessed a still larger one. Hipponicus had a giant for his porter; as Pylampes could not get a larger man, he adorned the entrance of his house with a droll little dwarf, who attracted attention. Hipponicus' oldest son, who of course bore the name of Callias, found it difficult to remember the names of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, so Hipponicus had the boy's playmates, his household slaves, and other persons whom the child often met, called by the names of these letters. Pylampes also had a son, whose cognomen was Demos, and as the little fellow was particularly fond of playing with puppies, he kept twenty-four in the house, each of which bore the name of a letter of the alphabet on a tiny label round its neck. Hipponicus was famous for his breed of magnificent horses; as Pylampes could not surpass him in this direction, he tried to throw Hipponicus' horses into the shade by a number of rare and curious apes. Hipponicus always raised numerous cocks and

quails to have them fight with each other, a spectacle in which the Athenians took great delight. Recently, however, he had devoted himself especially to the rearing of Sicilian doves, which were very popular in Athens, and soon no such beautiful and admirable specimens as those owned by Hipponicus could be found anywhere. This triumph robbed Pylampes of sleep. He pondered a long time to devise some means of surpassing Hipponicus' doves, and at last received from Samos a pair of the magnificent birds of Hera, with a hundred eyes in their tails, which at that time were scarcely known in Athens by name. Pylampes had the feathered strangers carefully tended, and soon a number of the beautiful creatures were strutting proudly in his spacious poultry-yard, nay even on the flat roof of his house, to the great delight of the passers-by.

By the aid of these Samian birds, Pylampes drove Hipponicus and his doves from the field. The curious Athenians flocked in throngs to gaze at the peacocks, and for a long time talked of nothing else.

Hipponicus' lucky rival did not rest until he had obtained Pericles' promise to come and look at his peacocks. The latter went to his house accompanied by Aspasia, who again concealed herself under the disguise of the Milesian cithara-player.

Any Athenian, who desired at that time to make his fair friend a particularly beautiful present, bought and sent her one of Pylampes' peacocks. Aspasia expressed so much admiration of the magnificent birds, and Pericles fancied he read so distinctly in her eyes the desire to have such a beautiful creature for an ornament to the peristyle of her dwelling, that he could not help drawing Pylampes aside and secretly commission-

ing him to send one of the young peacocks to Aspasia, who lived next door to Hipponicus. He said nothing to Aspasia herself, wishing to surprise her with the gift.

The morning after this visit of Pericles and the disguised Milesian, Hipponicus unexpectedly entered the apartment of the fair woman who was enjoying his hospitality. He was a somewhat corpulent man, with a red, bloated face. His eyes sparkled good-naturedly, and a smile was always hovering around his somewhat thick lips. With this same smile, though it now had a slight touch of sarcasm, so far as such a feeling was possible to Hipponicus, he said to Aspasia:

"My fair guest, I hear you are very well pleased in the city of the Athenians—"

"The merit is yours," replied Aspasia.

"Not entirely!" returned Hipponicus, "you have from the beginning enjoyed most delightful intercourse with Phidias' fellow-artists, and more recently with my friend, the great Pericles. I hear that for convenience you sometimes accompany him in the disguise of a cithara-player, and if I am rightly informed, Hipponicus' doves no longer please you, but you prefer to go to the Piræus with Pericles, and admire Ppyrilampes' peacocks."

"The peacocks are very beautiful," said Aspasia unconcernedly, "and you ought to go and see them yourself."

"I passed Ppyrilampes' house a short time ago," answered Hipponicus, "and heard the birds *scream*. That was enough for me. Well, it's every one's own affair to seek his pleasure where he finds it. A pleasure enjoyed at home grows wearisome. I see it pays better to *amuse*, than to *entertain* a person—"

While uttering these words, Hipponicus looked keenly at Aspasia, hoping she would reply.

As she was silent, he continued :

“You know that I released you from unpleasant complications at Megara ; I brought you here to Athens ; I have hospitably entertained you. I have done a great deal for you. And now tell me what thanks I have received for it ? Do you hear, Aspasia ? What thanks have I received ?”

“Whoever asks for thanks in such a way,” replied Aspasia, “desires *payment*, not gratitude. You, too, wish to be *paid*, I see, for what you have done for me. Your benefits seem to have a fixed price, but you neglected to stipulate for this price in advance and now are angry, like any huckster woman in the market, because it is too high for the customer.”

“Don’t distort the matter, Aspasia,” said Hipponicus smiling ; “you know I was the customer, ready to buy your favor with everything that pleased you.”

“So *I* am the wares !” exclaimed Aspasia. “Be it so. I am wares, if you please, and have a price—”

“And that price ?” asked Hipponicus.

“You will never pay, with all your wealth,” she answered quickly

Hipponicus started.

“No fine phrases !” said he, his features regaining their good-natured expression. “*You are no longer to be had*. That is all. Some one else has bought you. At what price—is his affair. Since it is the great Pericles, I shall bear neither him nor you ill-will. I grudge him no possession ; he once did me a great favor, which I shall never forget, won from me a wearisome wife, the

beautiful, but quarrelsome Telesippe. May the gods reward him."

With this remark, which he always made whenever the conversation turned upon Pericles, Hipponicus rose and departed.

Aspasia's first thought, after he had gone, was that it no longer became her to claim his hospitality.

She called her slave, and gave orders to have her effects put on a couple of mules and conveyed to a Milesian friend, a matron, who had lived some years in Athens. She had been an intimate friend of Aspasia's mother, and loved her blooming young countrywoman with almost maternal tenderness.

After Aspasia had sent a message to Hipponicus, expressing her thanks for the hospitality he had shown and her determination to leave his house, she put on the cithara-player's disguise, and accompanied by a slave, set out to seek Pericles in his own dwelling.

She had never ventured on such a step until to-day, even in disguise, but was now urged on by her impatience to have an interview with her friend without delay, to consider what she should do after her departure from Hipponicus' house.

A short time after Aspasia had gone, Hipponicus was told by his servants that a slave had come from Pyrilampes, bringing a young peacock, intended for the Milesian who lived in the adjoining house.

Hipponicus hated nothing in the world so much as Pyrilampes' peacocks, and if he had yielded to the first fleeting impulse of his heart, would have instantly ordered the bird's neck to be twisted.

But he contented himself with saying :

"The Milesian has gone, and I don't know where

she moved. Carry the peacock to Pericles' house. No doubt it was he who bought it."

Meantime Aspasia had reached the Agora on her way to Pericles.

While hastily gliding through the crowd of strangers, Alcamenes suddenly met her.

The sculptor stopped, looked into her face with his bright eyes, and said smiling:

"Whither away, fair cithara-player? Doubtless to Pericles? May the new friends, with their claims on you and your favor, be more fortunate than the old ones."

"To whom did I ever grant any claim upon me?" asked Aspasia.

"Among others, to me!" replied Alcamenes.

"To you?" said Aspasia. "I gave you what you wanted, what was necessary to the *sculptor*. Neither more nor less!"

"A woman must give *all* or *nothing*!" answered Alcamenes.

"Then forget that I have given anything!" cried Aspasia, and vanished in the throng.

The few words had been quickly exchanged. Alcamenes laughed bitterly. Aspasia hastily continued her walk—

Telesippe was occupied that morning in a pious duty.

She hoped to obtain compensation for what, in her opinion, Pericles neglected in the management of the household, from the favor of the god Zeus Ctesius, the guardian and increaser of property, who was honored with domestic worship by all devout Athenians. No one understood holy ancestral customs so well as Telesippe. She wound woollen threads around her brow and right

shoulder, took a new earthen vessel with a lid, wrapped white wool about its handles, filled it with a mixture of all kinds of fruits, pure water, and oil, and set the gift in the store-room in honor of the aforesaid god.

She had just completed her pious task, when she saw the porter admit a slave, who brought in his arms a huge foreign bird, with long tail-feathers.

The man said the bird belonged to Pericles, put it down, and went away.

Telesippe was astonished, not knowing exactly what to think of the matter.

Had Pericles purchased the bird in the market, and was it to be plucked and roasted?

Yet Pericles usually troubled himself very little about domestic affairs.

She determined to await the return of her absent husband, and ordered the bird to be placed for the present in the little poultry-yard of the house.

A woman, attended by a slave, now glided in at the outer door, and as Telesippe went forward, her friend Elpinice's well-known face emerged from the folds of the thick himation.

Elpinice's features wore an unusually grave expression. Her manner was agitated, her movements were hasty, her eyes wandered restlessly, and her lips trembled as if with impatience to say something, unburden her mind of some important secret.

"Telesippe," she said, "send away all witnesses, or retire with me into your most private room."

Pericles' wife was not entirely unaccustomed to see her friend enter in an excited mood. The latter still had many acquaintances, and formed as it were the centre, from which the feminine gossip of Athens spread

in all directions. She knew a great deal, and threw the tinder of exciting news into the stillness of many a woman's apartment. When the two were alone and undisturbed in the most secluded room in the house, Cimon's sister began with a shade of solemnity :

"Telesippe, what do you think of your husband's faith?"

Telesippe did not instantly know what to answer.

"What do you think of your husband's regard for our sex in general?" continued Elpinice.

"Oh," replied Telesippe, "the man's head is so full of public affairs——"

"That you imagine he no longer thinks of women?" interrupted Cimon's sister, her lips curling in a smile of mingled compassion and mockery. "Of course!" she continued watchfully, "you as his wedded wife, his lawful companion, must know better than any one else."

"Of course," answered Telesippe unsuspectingly.

Elpinice took her hand, again smiled compassionately, and said :

"Telesippe, is your husband's nature unknown to you? Think a little. Remember the beautiful Chryssilla—the object of the poet Ion's love, to whom your husband, as all the world knows, paid court a long time——"

"But that is long since over!" replied Telesippe.

"Possibly!" said Cimon's sister. "But has no suspicion ever dawned upon you recently? Has nothing in your husband's conduct perplexed you more than usual? Has no presentiment of evil filled your soul?"

Telesippe shook her head.

"My poor friend!" cried Elpinice. "Then it will

come upon you without preparation, and you must hear everything at once."

"Speak!" said the wife.

"Has the name of *Aspasia* not yet reached your ears?" asked Elpinice.

"It is wholly unknown to me."

"Then listen," said Cimon's sister. "Aspasia is the name of a young Milesian, who, the gods only know through what wanderings and adventures, drifted to Megara, and was brought from thence to Athens by your former husband, Hipponicus. I think you are not ignorant of the character and worth of these Milesians, especially the Ionians, the women of the coasts on the other side of the sea? They are Bacchantes, who spread over Greece, and with burning torches kindle the hearts of men. Aspasia is the most dangerous, the most crafty, the slyest, the boldest of all! *Into this woman's snares your husband has fallen!*"

"What are you saying!" cried the startled wife.

"Where does he meet this woman?"

"In Hipponicus' house!" replied Elpinice. "There she lives, and there these hetærae have their meetings. Orgies are held there, orgies, Telesippe! Horrible things are whispered about the orgies in Hipponicus' house! And your husband is in the midst of them! But that isn't the worst. He is wasting his property on the Milesian courtesan! He gives her slaves, household furniture, carpets, doves, talking starlings, all kinds of presents. Everything has been known all over the city since yesterday. Hitherto they have kept it as quiet as possible. It spread like wild-fire, for yesterday Pericles capped the climax of his shameless conduct. Yesterday he bought from Pyrilampes a foreign bird, a

peacock, bought it *for the Milesian, Aspasia!* Everybody is talking about this peacock. The bird was taken to Hipponicus' house this morning, by one of Pylampes' slaves. I, myself, on my way here, talked with people who saw the slave carrying the peacock in his arms. But just think! These same people told me that the peacock was not *received* at Hipponicus' house; the Milesian no longer lives there. Do you see the connection? She has moved to some other house. And who has bought or hired this dwelling? Your husband, Pericles! Why do you stare so thoughtfully into my face?"

"I am thinking about the foreign bird of which you told me," said Telesippe. "A few minutes before you came, a strange bird was brought here by a slave, with the message that Pericles had bought it."

"Where is the bird?" cried Elpinice. Telesippe led her friend to the poultry-yard, where the young peacock lay struggling piteously on the ground, for the thong had not been removed from its feet.

"It is the peacock!" said Elpinice; "it corresponds exactly with the description I have heard. The whole affair is perfectly clear. The bird wasn't received at Hipponicus' house; the slave would not or could not search further for the Milesian, and brought it directly here to the purchaser. This is a dispensation of the gods, Telesippe. Offer a sacrifice to Hera, the guardian and avenger of holy ties."

"Miserable bird!" cried Telesippe, casting an angry glance at the peacock. "You shall not have fallen into my hands in vain."

"Kill it!" cried Cimon's sister; "kill, roast it and prepare a Thyestes banquet for your faithless husband."

“That I will!” replied Telesippe, “and Pericles cannot even reproach me for it. Our poultry-yard is too small for such a bird, so if he bought it I could only suppose it was intended to be plucked, roasted and eaten. Pericles must keep silence, for he can find no objection to such an apology. He must keep silence, though secretly bursting with anger, when I place the roasted bird before him. Then, after he has angrily swallowed the accursed food, I’ll open my lips and hold the picture of his public disgrace before his eyes.”

“You will be acting wisely!” said Elpinice, smiling and rubbing her hands. “Now,” she continued, “you see the nature of the public business that detains your husband from his lawful, wedded wife.”

“His friends have corrupted him,” said Telesippe. “His heart is easily inflamed, always open to every impression. Association with those, who deny the gods, has made him impious. His interest in the household service of the gods is very lukewarm, and he does and tolerates many things of this sort solely for my sake. You remember that he recently lay ill with fever for several days. You advised me to hang an amulet around his neck, a ring with various magical signs, or a bit of parchment with efficacious proverbs sewed into leather. I obtained one, and hung it round the patient’s neck. He was half asleep and did not notice it. Soon after one of his friends came in, who perceived the amulet on Pericles’ breast, removed it and threw it away. Pericles awoke, and his friend—a slave who was in the room told me—said to him: ‘The women hung an amulet around your neck; I am an enlightened man, and have taken the thing off.’ ‘That is all very well,’

replied Pericles, 'but I should have considered you still more enlightened if you had left it.' "

"That was surely one of the new-fashioned sculptors," said Elpinice. "I never liked Pericles—how could I like the rival of my noble, peerless brother—but he has become actually *hateful* to me, since he has allowed himself to be a mere tool and plaything in the hands of Phidias, Ictinus, Callicrates, and the rest of those, who now make such a tumult with their ambitious labors, and crowd all genuine merit into the background. Do you know, that while these men are busying themselves with chisel and trowel on the Acropolis, the noble Polygnotus, the admirable master my brother Cimon prized so highly, is forced to remain idle."

Elpinice poured forth similar complaints for some time, but at last rose to go. Telesippe accompanied her into the peristyle, and there the two friends, according to the practice of women, who in parting find it difficult to say the last word, lingered, eagerly talking about the great affair of the day.

Suddenly the outer door was opened, and a remarkably handsome youth entered. The two ladies, in accordance with the rigid etiquette of Attica, should have retired at the sight of a stranger, but they seemed spell-bound. Besides, was not the new-comer merely a beardless youth?

Ere Telesippe could recover her presence of mind, the latter, turning to her with mingled modesty and grace, asked if Pericles was at home and willing to receive the visit of a friend.

"My husband has gone out," replied Telesippe.

"I am glad to be permitted to greet his wife, the mistress of the house!" said the youth. "I am Pasi-

komposos, the son of Erekestides," he continued, intentionally emphasizing the harsh names, "from"—here he paused, not daring to say Miletus, for one glance at the two women into whose hands he had fallen, had taught him that he should make no favorable impression here by mentioning that gay city. He would at any rate excite least suspicion, if he came from austere Sparta.

"I am the son of Erekestides of Sparta," he continued. "My grandfather, Astrampsychus, was united by ties of hospitality, with the grandfather of Pericles."

Elpinice was overjoyed to hear, that the youth came from Sparta.

"Welcome, stranger!" she cried, "if you are from the land of good old customs! But who was your mother, that you, a scion of unpolished Sparta, possess such a wealth of curling locks, such slender, pliant limbs?"

"I am a degenerate descendant!" replied the youth. "At home in Sparta, people always took me for a woman; yet I have never trembled before any one, who wished to try his strength with me. Many a man have I overthrown. But it was all useless, people still mistook me for a woman. At last I grew weary of it, and, to escape jeering tongues, determined to go to a foreign country and not return till my beard had grown. Meantime, I intend to devote myself to the fine arts that flourish in Athens."

"I will recommend you to the noble master Polygnotus," said Elpinice; "I hope you are a painter, not one of the stone-cutters already so numerous and saucy in this country."

"I have not learned to carve stone, but I believe I understand something about colors, perhaps as much as

any of my nation, though I need not practise the art at present, since, thanks to the gods, I have property enough for my support."

"How do you like Athens and its inhabitants?" continued Elpinice.

"The inhabitants would undoubtedly charm me, if they should all prove as worthy of reverence and love, as those the gods have permitted me to meet in this house so soon after my arrival."

"Youth!" cried Elpinice rapturously, "you do honor to your native country! Would that the young men of Athens were equally modest and courteous. Happy Sparta! Happy mothers, wives, and maidens of Lacedæmon!"

"Is it true," asked Telesippe, "that the Spartan women are the fairest in all Hellas? I have often heard so."

The question did not seem to impress the youth favorably. His nostrils quivered and his lips curled, as he said contemptuously.

"If a robust figure is synonymous with feminine beauty, the Spartan women are the fairest. But if delicacy and nobleness of form decide the matter,"—here he paused, let his eyes wander over Elpinice's face and figure, then, with a winning smile, added: "the prize of beauty may be justly given to the Athenians."

"Spartan," said Elpinice, "you speak like the great master Polygnotus, when he came from Thasos to Athens with my brother Cimon, and begged permission to borrow my features for the face of Priam's fairest daughter, in the picture with which he adorned the hall. I sat to him for a fortnight, and he painted every feature."

"You are Elpinice, Cimon's sister?" cried the youth

with an eager gesture of surprise. "Let me greet you! My grandfather, Astrampsychus, talked of you and your brother Cimon, the friend of Laconia, when he dandled me as a child on his knees! You stand before me exactly as he described you. Now, too, I remember the fairest of Priam's daughters in Polygnotus' picture. I saw it yesterday, and know not whether to congratulate the picture because it so closely resembles you, or you because you are so like the picture."

Cimon's sister stood in a very dignified attitude, but was obliged to wipe away the tears that sprang to her eyes. Her heart was ensnared. For thirty years no Athenian youth had addressed her in the language used by this Spartan. She could have embraced all Laconia, and did not even venture to clasp this one youth, in obedience to the impulse of her heart. But she rewarded him with a tender glance.

"Amycle," said Telesippe, turning to a woman who appeared in the peristyle on some household errand, "you can greet one of your countrymen—this youth comes from Sparta." Then addressing the stranger, she added :

"This woman was the nurse of little Alcibiades, Cleinias' orphan son, whom my husband adopted. The strong, healthy Laconian women are everywhere sought as nurses. We have become attached to Amycle, and she is now acting as our housekeeper."

The youth answered the laconic greeting, addressed to him by the stout, ruddy Spartan in her broad native dialect, with a scornful smile, and the nurse scanned with somewhat suspicious glances the delicate, yet well-rounded limbs of her pretended countryman.

"These Laconian women grow into stout heavy

figures," said Telesippe, glancing after the retiring house-keeper.

"If it were not for their bosoms," replied the youth, "they would be mistaken for porters. Now, so far as they can be judged from the appearance of this wet-nurse, you can imagine the Spartan maidens, who run, wrestle, leap, throw the spear and discus, and vie with the youths in pugilistic combats. They are sturdy and bold, wear short petticoats, reaching barely to the knee and slit up on the side—"

Meantime Alcibiades, unnoticed by the women, had slipped into the peristyle, watched the handsome foreign youth, and listened to the last words.

"But how are the Spartan *boys* reared?" he asked, suddenly emerging from behind a column, and fixing his magnificent dark eyes upon the stranger.

The latter was startled by the unexpected appearance of the graceful lad.

"That is little Alcibiades, Cleinias' son!" said Telesippe.

"Alcibiades," she continued, turning to the boy, "don't disgrace your tutors by your rudeness. This is a Spartan youth."

The stranger bent over the boy to kiss him on the forehead.

"The Spartan boys go barefooted," he replied, "sleep on straw, reeds, or rushes, are never allowed to eat till they are perfectly satisfied, are flogged once a year at the altar of Artemis until the blood flows, to harden them against pain, receive instruction in all kinds of gymnastic exercises, the use of arms, and the art of stealing without being detected; but, on the other hand, need not learn the alphabet, and are expressly forbidden

to bathe and anoint themselves oftener than once or twice a year—”

“Fie!” cried Alcibiades.

“Besides,” continued the stranger, “they are always arranged in companies, and the younger ones have older lads for friends, from whom they try to learn everything useful, whose approval they seek to gain, and to whom they are devoted body and soul.”

“If I were a Spartan boy and obliged to choose such a friend, I’d take you,” said the little fellow, with sparkling eyes.

The youth laughed and again stooped to kiss the child.

At this moment, Elpinice, who had been standing quietly, close by his side, suddenly betrayed strange emotion.

A shiver seem to run through her limbs, she hastily drew Telesippe aside, and whispered:

“Telesippe, this youth—”

“Well?” asked the latter in the same tone.

“Oh, Zeus and Apollo!” sighed Cimon’s sister under her breath.

“What is it?” asked Telesippe eagerly.

Elpinice put her lips to her friend’s ear, and whispered:

“Telesippe, I saw just now—”

“Well, what did you see?” asked the wife anxiously.

“When the stranger bent over the boy, the edge of his chiton blew up a little, and I saw—” Again excitement stifled her words.

“What did you see?” repeated Telesippe.

“A *woman*!” gasped Elpinice.

“A woman?”

"A woman! It's the Milesian. Send the boy away and leave the rest to me."

Telesippe ordered Alcibiades to go back to his playfellows. The lad refused; he wanted to stay with his "friend." Telesippe was obliged to call Amycle, to take the refractory child away.

After this was done, Elpinice cast a significant glance at her friend, then drew herself up proudly, approached the stranger and looked keenly into his face.

Pasikompos at first tried to return the gaze, but Elpinice's eyes seemed to seize and hold his, as a bailiff grasps a captured criminal. Involuntarily the culprit endeavored to evade the spell, and now, having emerged from the duel of the eyes as a conqueror, Elpinice broke the oppressive silence, and in a cutting tone began:

"Are you fond of roast peacock, Spartan? Pericles will have one on his table to-day. Would you not like to be his guest?"

"Yes," Telesippe chimed in, the expression of her face almost surpassing the crushing contempt of Elpinice's. "It is one of Pyrilampes' peacocks. He sold it yesterday to Pericles, who intended to give it to an Ionian coquette, but now prefers to have it roasted."

"Is it true," cried Elpinice on the other side, "that your companions by the Eurotas declared you were a woman? Indeed! Even here in Athens there are also people who maintain you are no man, but—a *hetæra* from Miletus."

"Miserable wretch!" cried Telesippe with uncontrollable fury; "are you not content to delude men outside of the house? Must you even steal into the sanctuary of the home? Have you no fear of the household gods of this dwelling, who look with angry eyes

upon the disturber and profaner of sacred family ties? Stand perfumed and bedecked before the door of your own house, and drag in the passer-by. What! Do you still dare to look me in the face? Are you not going yet?"

"Call Amycle here," said Elpinice to her furious friend, "that her *genuine* Laconian fists may thrust this *false* 'countryman,' this dainty doll out of doors."

"But first," cried Telesippe, who after her sluggish nature was once roused, always grew more and more excited, "first I'll scratch her eyes out with these fingers—tear her borrowed garments from her limbs!"

So the two women vied with each other in raving at the disguised and unmasked Milesian.

The latter patiently endured the first and most violent flood of abuse, until both, apparently bewildered by her quiet composure, paused for a moment.

Then she began:

"Have you now discharged your sharpest, most poisoned arrows? I have suffered the hail-stones of your wrath to pass quietly over my head, for I exposed myself to this peril, ventured into the domain of these angry household gods, and though you revile me for the deception of my dress, I have enough of the masculine nature to reconcile myself to what is natural and inevitable. But you too, Telesippe, mistress of the house, and you, venerable Elpinice, will understand and endure it, if I make some reply to so much talking, though in a tone which will have nothing in common with yours. Why then, Mistress Telesippe, wedded wife of the great Pericles, do you so harshly insult and accuse me? Tell me, of what have I robbed you? Your household gods? Your children? Your fair fame? Your pride of virtue?

Your property? Your trinkets? Your pots of rouge and ointment? I have taken none of these. There is but one trifle, which I may seem to have wrested from you, that which to you was least of all these things, which you yourself neglected, never really possessed, never strove to gain or keep—your husband's love! If it were really true that he loved me, not you, would it be *my* fault? No. *It would be yours.* Did I come here to teach the Athenians to love their wives? It would be seem me much better and be far easier, to teach Athenian women what they must do to be beloved by their husbands. You Athenian housekeepers, withering in the seclusion of the women's apartment, do not understand the art of subjugating the hearts of men, and are angry with us Ionians, because we *do* comprehend it. Is it a crime? No! It is a crime *not* to understand it. What is the meaning of being loved? It signifies *pleasing*! If you wish to be loved, charm. No tie, no vow, no appeal to divine or human law will aid you to do this; only the motto: know how to please. And when does woman please? First of all, when she *wishes* to do so. *How* must she seek to please? With *every* charm that lures. She will not long enchant, if she merely pleases the senses, bewitches the imagination, interests the mind, or touches the heart—she must understand how to unite all these things in her own person, in one word to be *lovable*. But to complete her victory and awaken the love of another, she must be more careful to conceal than to betray her own. A premature display of affection from a woman chills an awakening love, repels a declining one. She begins by making the man proud, ends by wearying him, and the husband's weariness is the certain grave of matrimonial happiness, feminine sway. He may caress

or blame, coo or swear, but never, *never* be allowed to yawn. You, Telesippe, did too little and too much: too little, for you gave your husband only your faithfulness; too much, because you offered what you gave like liquor in a goblet! The wife must neither be like the liquor in a goblet, nor the furniture in the house; nor a slave, nor even merely a wife, for Hymen is the mortal foe of Eros. She must make her husband woo her every day, and understand the wondrous art of always preserving her girlish charm. If you can practise this art, do so. If not, renounce what is won through its power, and without envy, permit others to reap its fruits."

Pericles' wife looked haughtily at Aspasia, her lips curling in a contemptuous smile.

"Keep the lore of your coquettish arts for yourself," she answered, "you may need them, and forbear to try to teach me how a husband's admiration and esteem are won, me whom the archon Basileus sought to make his wife! What do you, the strange adventuress, expect to gain by your arts? You can lure my husband from me to a secret love intrigue, but you will remain an alien to his house, his hearth; even if he casts me off, you cannot become his lawful wife, bear him legitimate heirs, for you are a foreigner, you are no Athenian! Whether my husband woos me with love-sighs or not does not matter, I rule here beside his hearth-stone; I am the mistress of the house, while you are an intruder. I bid you 'go' and you must obey."

"*I will obey and go,*" replied Aspasia. "We have *divided fairly!*" she added with marked emphasis. "His house and *hearth* are yours, his *heart* is mine! Let each maintain her rights. Farewell, Telesippe."

With these words Aspasia departed.

Telesippe was once more alone with Elpinice, who applauded her friend's pride, praised the answer she had given the stranger.

After another long conversation, they separated, and Pericles' wife went to attend to her domestic affairs.

Little Alcibiades talked all day long about his "Spartan friend," to the great vexation of honest Amycle, who shook her head, saying :

"That young fellow never swam through the Eurotas."

Telesippe forbade both to mention the stranger in Pericles' presence.

The day passed, and the hour for the evening meal approached.

Pericles returned home and went to the table with his family.

He eat the offered viands, answered the questions of little Alcibiades and the other two boys, and sometimes addressed a word to Telesippe, who, however, remained absorbed in a half-gloomy, half-scornful silence.

Pericles liked to see cheerful people around him. His wife's morose, silent manner made him uncomfortable.

Another dish was now offered. It was the roast peacock.

Pericles cast a strange glance at the bird.

"What is this?" he asked.

"The peacock brought to the house this morning by your orders," replied Telesippe.

"Pericles made no reply. After a pause, during which he was trying to understand the connection of the matter, he said in a somewhat constrained tone :

"Who told you I wanted to have the peacock roasted?"

"What else could be done?" asked Telesippe. "Our poultry-yard isn't large enough for such an immense bird, so I could only suppose you had bought it at the market, to be prepared for to-day's meal. Why not? It is nice, and admirably roasted. Just try a bit."

So saying, she placed a well-browned piece on her husband's plate.

Pericles, whom people called the Olympian; Pericles, the victorious general, the mighty orator, the guider of the destiny of Athens, the man who was accustomed to gaze with dignified composure at the turbulent crowds of Athenians, as well as at the advancing hosts of the enemy on the battle-field—lowered his eyes before the piece of peacock his wedded wife, Telesippe, laid on his plate.

But he soon controlled himself, rose from the table, saying that his appetite was satisfied, and was about to retire to his own room.

Just at this moment, little Alcibiades asked:

"Have the swans in the Eurotas as handsome plumage as this peacock?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued:

"Amycle is an old fool, when she declares that my Spartan friend never swam through the Eurotas."

At this mention of a Spartan friend, Pericles glanced inquiringly, first at the boy and then at Telesippe.

"Of what Spartan friend are you speaking?" he asked at last.

Neither the boy nor Telesippe answered.

Pericles left the apartment, followed by his wife. At the threshold of the inner room, she said sharply, though in a low tone.

"Forbid Milesian adventuresses to seek you here in

your home, that they may not delude the boys also. Give them your *heart*, Pericles, if you choose, but they shall not profane your house and hearth. Follow them wherever you please, but here in this house, beside this hearth, I shall assert my rights. Here *I* am mistress, I *alone*."

Pericles was strangely moved by the tone of these words. It was not the cry of a wife's wounded heart, but the frigid, offended pride of the mistress of the house.

He coldly returned the speaker's icy glance and answered quietly:

"*Be it as you say, Telesippe.*"

The same day a slave brought a written message to Pericles.

The latter read the following lines in Aspasia's hand.

"I have left Hipponicus' house. There is much to tell you. Visit me if you can, in the home of the Milesian, Agariste."

Pericles answered as follows:

"Come to-morrow to the country-house of the poet Sophocles on the banks of the Cephissus. You will find me there. Come in disguise, or be carried in a litter without a mask."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE BANK OF THE CEPHISSUS.

THE pleasant, shaded valley of the Cephissus was speedily reached by leaving the ancient city of Athens in a northerly direction, turning slightly to the left of

the Cerameicus, crossing the gardens and plane-tree avenues of the "Academy," and continuing the walk northward, along a sunny highway in the open country.

A luxuriant, whispering olive-grove grew at the left of the entrance, stretching like a green wall along the side of the road, intermingled with bushes, whose blue flowers were relieved by the tender green of the narrow leaves. Garlands of ivy drooped from the trees, and yews grew up the slope of the hill, concealing it until nothing but green was visible.

On the other side of the road, the clear murmuring waves of the Cephissus came rippling out of the valley over sparkling white pebbles, here and there vanishing in pink laurel and agnus cæstus bushes.

A short distance beyond the Cephissus, appeared the lovely hill of Colonus, rich in numerous legends.

After entering the valley and walking a short distance between the olive-grove and the stream, a charming villa appeared on the opposite bank of the Cephissus, glittering in the sunshine, surrounded by ancient cypress, plane and pine-trees, and a garden that extended almost to the edge of the stream. But it was not only on this side, that the grounds stretched to the bank of the little stream, for the latter in continuing its course towards the entrance of the valley, made a wide curve to the right, and in so doing washed the fruit and flower-gardens that surrounded the house in that direction, only here the waves flowed between taller bushes, gleaming in the sunbeams and echoing with the songs of nightingales.

In the centre of the wide space, between the sloping bank of the Cephissus and the dwelling, stood a little summer-house overgrown with roses. In the corners of the garden, laurel, myrtle and rose-bushes mingled, form

ing secluded arbors. Even the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate were not lacking. Double rows of olive, fig, and other fruit-trees, leading from arbor to arbor, encircled the garden.

Grapes were ripening on the rising ground towards the hill of Colonus. The house itself was covered with climbing vines, which also twined luxuriantly around the trees, while the ivy vied with them in growth, its large black umbels, somewhat resembling grapes, hung from the walls and trees, and its dense foliage bordered the dewy meadow.

Small beds of flowers were placed between the blossoming hedges and open spaces of turf. Owing to the lateness of the season and the Athenians' love for garlands, there were but few blossoms of the narcissus, the yellow crocus, the iris or violet, but roses glowed everywhere in countless numbers, never tossed by rude winds, and refreshed every morning by the purest dew from heaven.

It seems an easy matter to give the names of the objects to be seen here; but it is utterly impossible to describe the bright and joyous atmosphere of peace diffused over the green, tree-bordered valley, bedewed by the waters of the Cephissus and echoing with the songs of the nightingales. It was so near the busy city, yet appeared to be miles away. It seemed as if the rustic god Pan must emerge from the shady woodland solitude, or a naiad rise from her bath in the Cephissus. Surely satyrs must be revelling further in the leafy depths of the grove, and hamadryads could be heard laughing merrily as they mingled in the dance, or reclined on green leaves to rest. Sometimes a shiver ran through the tree-tops, which trembled against the pure blue of

the Greek sky, like a thrill of bliss emanating from the footsteps of Dionysus, the god of joy.

Here dwelt Sophocles, the favorite of the Muses. This was the house he had pointed out to Pericles and Aspasia from the top of the Acropolis. This spot was his birthplace, and here he now lived. Under the white monuments, overgrown with ivy and flowers, which peered forth here and there from the foliage of the garden and thickets, his ancestors slept.

He was seated in an arbor of roses, fanned by the morning breezes, holding on his knee a small wax tablet, on which he sometimes traced some verses with a sharp stylus, frequently smoothing the surface again with its handle to efface what he had written, if the first inspiration of the Muse did not fully satisfy him.

Glancing towards the road, he saw a stately man walking through the valley with a light, rapid step.

"Who is the early riser," he thought, "advancing almost as rapidly as Hermes, the messenger of the gods?"

The new-comer approached, the poet recognized his dearest friend, and full of joyous excitement went to the entrance of the garden to meet him. Pericles clasped his hand. "I will accept your invitation," said he, "and have escaped from the noise and bustle of the city, and all public business, to be your guest to-day. The cithara-player from Miletus—you doubtless remember him—will come and spend the day with us, if you permit. I have much to say to him, and know of no place where I could do so undisturbed."

"So the handsome cithara-player from Miletus will come?" cried Sophocles, joyously. "I thought some very inspiring cause must bring you here, when I saw

you walking so swiftly and eagerly along the road. There was not much left of the quiet dignity of the orator on the Pnyx. I scarcely recognized you, as you tossed your head and swung to and fro from your hips, almost reminding me of Homer's noble steed, that broke the halter in its stall, and with uplifted head and flying mane rushed to the pasture of—"

"Hush!" interrupted Pericles, closing his friend's mouth with his hand. "It was the spicy breezes of the valley of Cephissus, that produced such an exhilarating effect upon me in the freshness of morning."

"Why not also—the desire to see the beautiful Milesian?" said Sophocles; "is she not the most charming of women?"

"She is delicate as a Lydian, dignified as an Athenian, strong as a Laconian!" said Pericles.

"You no longer need envy Ion the fair, lily-cheeked Chrysilla," observed Sophocles, with a mischievous smile.

"Never mind Chrysilla!" cried Pericles. "Aspasia is peerless. One does not know whether she most resembles a Muse or a Grace."

"Perhaps she will prove a Fate to you," said Sophocles, "she can weave both good and evil into the thread of your life."

"Why not a Lamia and Empusa too?" cried Pericles. "And if she were—I have plenty of blood in my veins, and a sword by my side, which, like the hero Ulysses', can be torn from its sheath at the right moment against any—"

"I come to you like a weary, hunted animal," he continued, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "I have torn myself from the countless toils and anxieties

of my innumerable offices and dignities, to live one day in the companionship of beautiful leisure and her dearest child, love."

"You do wisely in seeking leisure to love," replied Sophocles. "In the heat of summer people should either not love at all, or do nothing else."

"I believe you are yourself sinning against that saying," observed Pericles; "the wax tablets in your hand show that you are industriously adding verse to verse. But it is said that doesn't prevent you from sheltering the beautiful Ephesian, Philainion, in yonder secluded building, hidden by myrtles and roses."

"Is poetry labor?" asked Sophocles; "I did not know it. If the burning brow makes the poet, poetry is probably a musical exhalation of all the beautiful light, all the divine fire, we drink in with our mortal senses from the heavenly ether. Light transforms itself into sound. So I would fain not miss love during the summer days, for it is then most fiery, most sweet, and most full of the God. Least of all would I miss it while I compose, for then one passion blends so beautifully with the other: glowing with Apollo's flames, you seek refreshment in the blissful atmosphere of love, returning to the Muse with a soul attuned to harmony. Eros and the Muse at last change parts—the Muse fans the ardent glow of love, and the loved one's eyes or bosom endows you with the most beautiful poetic thoughts."

"I believe we can never be so weary; that love does not afford refreshment; all who glow with the longing for action know that."

Such was the conversation between these two enthusiastic men, now in the very prime of life.

A litter stopped before the house, and Aspasia de-

scended from it, clad in women's garments. Sophocles received her, and led her to meet Pericles in the densely-shaded enclosure of the fragrant garden.

Concealed from watchful eyes, she threw back her veil, let the himation fall from her head and shoulders, and stood before them clad in the bright-hued, richly-bordered chiton worn by women, her rippling golden-brown hair arranged in waving lines upon the temples. Her sole ornament was a broad purple fillet, passing from the upper part of the head around the wealth of curling locks to the back. In her hand she carried a small, daintily-formed parasol, and in the belt that confined her robe around her waist, was thrust a no less graceful, leaf-shaped fan.

Sophocles now saw Aspasia in woman's attire for the first time, and an exclamation of admiration escaped his lips. The Milesian seemed like an almost too dazzling marvel in the idyl of the valley of Cephissus. She appeared alien to this rural solitude, and brought with her an intoxicating aroma of youth and beauty, which seemed to press into the background all the spicy odors of the groves, the breath of all the blossoms in the garden.

"Content yourself, Aspasia, with what nature has done for this spot," said Sophocles, as he conducted her through a walk overarched with vines. "You will have no occasion to admire Athenian horticulture. I well know that you Asiatic Hellenes understand far better how to lay out pleasure-gardens with labyrinths, hidden nooks and grottos, than we on this side of the sea. You have the Persians' extensive, magnificently laid out paradises for a model. We Athenians believe that beautiful nature, like a beautiful woman, is lovely even unadorned."

"Let Aspasia walk in this enclosure a short time," said Pericles, "and you'll soon be no longer satisfied with nature unadorned. She will speedily enchant and transform you and your spouse. That is her nature. Wherever she steps, something springs up under her feet. She knows how to plant a thorn in the hearts of human beings, and if she lets fall a few words about your garden, you will not rest until you create something that can vie with the fruit-orchards of the Hesperides, the garden of Phœbus on the farthest confines of the sea, the Cyrenian one of Zeus and Aphrodite, that of Midas with its hundred-leaved roses, or which can at least compare with the horticultural skill of the Homeric Phæacian prince Alcinous at Scheria."

"I am well aware, that her nature conjures up unrest in the minds of men," replied Sophocles. "Have pity, fair enchantress, and leave me and my garden here unchanged. I have been so contented and happy. If Phœbus shone in the vault of heaven, I rejoiced that my olives, figs, and pomegranates were ripening; if Zeus sent rain, I thanked him for making my meadows green. I satisfied myself with what was to be found here: flowers in Spring, shade in Summer, abundance of fruit in Autumn, refreshing breezes and silence blessed by the Muse in Winter. But above all, mighty Aspasia, do not, by some magic formula, transform what by habit has become dearest to me and what is always most desired by lovers and poets: the pleasant seclusion of these laurel bushes, these myrtle and rose-arbors."

"Ought laurel-shaded solitude to be most advantageous to the poet?" replied Aspasia. "Ought he not rather, in order to fully ripen his powers, to emerge from the quiet shade into the full light of the world and life?"

"We suppose," replied Sophocles, "that it is the sun and only the sun, which ripens the grapes, until we discover that the largest, most luxuriant, and deepest-hued clusters hang concealed under the shade of the thickest leaves. If you doubt that this solitude is useful to the poet, you will at least confess it is welcome to lovers. Here you can enjoy each other's society all day, if you choose, disturbed only by twittering birds or rippling waves. No slave ever enters this garden unbidden. But if you desire to make acquaintance with the loveliest nook, most blessed by the Muses and Graces, come!"

Pericles and Aspasia followed the poet, who led them to the spot, where, as has already been mentioned, the Cephissus, making a curve, bordered the grounds on the other side. Here the ground sloped towards the stream, which flowed in a somewhat deeper channel. Yet the land did not fall steeply down to the water, but left between the river and the rising ground a charming level space, just wide enough to permit two persons, pressing closely side by side, to walk along the bank beneath a leafy roof, through which danced flickering sunbeams.

The poet led his guests to this charming path, where the splash and ripple of the waves sounded most musical, the birds trilled and warbled most sweetly, and the lights and shadows played like sportive sprites on the waves and between the boughs. Here and there was a turfey bank, where one might recline, rest, and dreamily enjoy the refreshing coolness of the shade. There was also a grotto, half concealed without by flowering vines, and invitingly supplied inside with seats and cushions for a resort during the warmest hours of the day.

Aspasia was delighted with this lovely resting-place,

and willingly accepted her friend's invitation to sit down. Pericles and the poet followed her example. They gazed into the clear waves of the stream, which here fell into a natural rocky basin. Bright-hued dragon-flies hovered and danced over the blossoms on the shore, as if intoxicated by the sunshine, and a beautiful pair of harmless water-snakes, believing themselves unseen, noiselessly made their graceful, rapid convolutions in the crystal flood. But when their observers betrayed themselves by some slight noise, they swiftly glided under the dense growth of plants that drooped from the banks over the stream.

"A wedded pair," said Sophocles—"I often watch them here. They are inseparable."

"It is difficult," Pericles began after a short pause, during which all had unconsciously given themselves up to the spell of nature—"it is difficult to transport ourselves in imagination from this peaceful world, to the persons and things we have escaped, left far behind us. And yet, Aspasia, the object of our excursion to-day would be only half attained, if we did not remember the persons and things we fled from. On the contrary, we must occupy ourselves with them first of all and before everything else, for you have not only much to tell me concerning the events of the last few days, but I myself have many things to explain, which have doubtless been mysterious to you. The dragon-flies are hovering gracefully over the waves, and the nimble serpents are describing their circles in the current; yet we must not heed them, for I must speak of very different creatures, miserable birds that yesterday became important to you and me, those accursed peacocks of Pyrilampes. Through Hipponicus' treachery, one of them, intended for a gift

to you, was brought to my house and fell into the hands of its mistress, Telesippe."

"And what was the stranger's fate?" asked Aspasia.

"Oh, don't question me about its destiny or mine on that day," cried Pericles smiling. "Imagine the man before whom, tradition relates, his own children were placed, daintily served for a meal! I can now for the first time realize his horror and surprise, since I have myself experienced the less shocking, but scarcely less bewildering incident of seeing the magnificent bird, which I supposed to be just spreading his feathers before the delighted Aspasia, who beheld in it an Argus, sent by her lover to watch her in his stead with the hundred eyes of love—seeing this bird dead, plucked, and transformed to a shapeless brown mass, on my plate."

Sophocles laughed merrily at the tale. "You sinned yourself," he replied, "by employing the bird consecrated to Hera, goddess of marriage, in the service of her rival, the golden Aphrodite—"

"The anger of the gods descended on *my* head far more heavily than on you and your peacock," replied Aspasia. "Know, that disguised, I sought you that very morning in your house, that I too, like the peacock, fell into Telesippe's hands, and if not slaughtered like the bird, found a scarcely less cruel reception. By the gods, Telesippe only wished I had a hundred eyes like the peacock, that she might scratch them all out. Your furious wife was accompanied by an elderly, ridiculous woman, named Elpinice. Both these matrons felt an ardent emotion of love for the young cithara-player, and flew into a furious passion when they discovered he was a woman. I was assailed by these two harpies, loaded with insults, driven from the house. 'I stand as mistress

by this hearth,' said Telesippe, 'but you are a vagabond, an adventuress. I bid you begone!' She added that she would give up your heart, but was not disposed to lose your hearth. I willingly grant her that, oh! Pericles, but do you intend to acknowledge the right of the woman, who rules your hearth, to assail with savage threats and insults her who possesses your heart?"

"What can I do?" replied Pericles. "The Athenian women have few rights, but we must respect those they do possess. They extend only to the threshold of the house—"

"So it seems," Aspasia interrupted, "that you men of Athens are not masters in the house, but only *outside* of it. How strange! You make the wife a slave, and then declare yourselves servants of these slaves."

"That is marriage!" said Pericles, shrugging his shoulders.

"If this is marriage," retorted Aspasia, "it might be better if there were no such thing in the world."

"Love binds the happy tie that unites hearts," said Pericles; "but a woman becomes a wife and mistress of the house, through the *law*."

"Through the law?" answered Aspasia. "I always thought it was maternity alone which made a beloved woman a *wife*, and that marriage began, so to speak, with the birth of a child."

"Not according to our Athenian civil law."

"Then change your civil law, for it is worthless," cried Aspasia.

"Sophocles, favorite of the gods," exclaimed Pericles, turning to his friend, "help me recall this angry beauty to calm discretion, that her little white hand may not tear down the whole fabric of the Athenian government."

"How could I suppose our high-minded Aspasia would ever lose the noblest possession of human beings, discretion? She knows well enough to teach us the lesson, should we forget it, that life without pleasure is no life, but to enjoy existence to the utmost, we must beware of rousing the anger of gloomy Ate, goddess of delusion and blind, passionate impulse; that we must never fight against anything without first wisely testing our strength; that happy ease is impossible without self-control; that we ought to love our fellow-creatures, for they are the companions of our pleasures, and honor the gods, for they are not mere empty names, but mark the limits of our power, and stand, ruling with potent sway, on the border line between our wilfulness and fate, between freedom and eternal necessity; that we—"

"Enough!" Aspasia interrupted laughing, "or I fear we shall not find our way back from the clear atmosphere of lofty thought, into which your wise and beautiful words have borne us, to the petty, but tangible matters with which our conversation commenced. But if it is allowable to apply general remarks to special cases, it seems to me, Sophocles, you intended to say that foreign birds and foreign women must submit to be plucked and torn in Athens, and timidly yielding, ought not to struggle against the laws of the country, which deprives them of all rights."

"It is easy for our friend here," added Pericles, "to make wise rules for human conduct, especially that of married men, and equally easy to follow them. His life flows on without contest; for he is unwedded, and no Telesippe threateningly confronts his Aspasia with a firebrand snatched from the hearth."

"That's the way intercessors and all who meddle in

lovers' affairs, even if invited to do so, invariably fare," replied Sophocles smiling. "I am now derided and almost reproached, because while counselling discretion, I was myself so imprudent as to try to advise lovers. By way of amends, I will now punish myself by instantly leaving you to your own wisdom, and bid you farewell for a short time, that you may settle your affairs. I am going to take care that you don't spend the whole day here without the refreshment of food and drink; and if, while you are discussing the subject of your interview, I linger for a time in yonder laurel grove, know that no Aspasia awaits me there, but, with tablets on my knee and stylus in my hand, I am listening to the lamentations of the noble daughter of Œdipus."

"So you have remembered the poetic idea mentioned on the Acropolis?" asked Aspasia.

"Half the work is already finished," replied Sophocles, "and a slave sits day after day with a reed pen in his hand, transcribing the completed lines from the waxen tablets to the papyrus."

"Won't you afford us the pleasure of hearing them in advance of others?" said Pericles.

"Your time is too precious!" replied the poet, and withdrew.

After Pericles and Aspasia were left alone, they returned to the subject of conversation, which had arisen in their friend's presence.

But, as usual in lovers' talks, they frequently wandered from the main topic, and did not strive for rigid logical sequence, because too much feeling mingled with their speculations, and they permitted themselves to make numerous digressions. Meantime they listened to the songs of the birds, inhaled the spicy odors from

the meadows, and now and then plucked a tempting grape from a drooping cluster, or a red-cheeked juicy fruit. Aspasia bit an apple and handed it to Pericles, who received it with a radiant smile, for he was not ignorant of the meaning a bitten apple bore in the sign language of love. Nor were opportunities for questioning love oracles neglected. Aspasia twined a garland, gave it to Pericles, and laughed when some leaves fell from it, for this omen signified ardent love in the heart of the wearer. Pericles gathered flowers, whose calixes possessed the property of bursting with a sharp snap, when pressed between the fingers, and did not disdain to draw from the loudness of the report an oracle in regard to the depth of love in Aspasia's heart.

But however rapidly Pericles' love made the blossoms in the garland wither, and its leaves fall, and Aspasia's did honor to the oracles of the bursting flowers, both tried to return to sensible conversation. Many questions were asked, but few decided. They discussed how Aspasia, with Pericles' help, could best arrange her new household to enable them to continue their intercourse with as little interruption as possible, and, since lovers like nothing better than to talk of the history of their first meeting, this pair reverted to their interview in Phidias' house. Pericles mentioned what had since occurred in consequence of it, spoke of the great works that had been commenced, and how he was at that time compelled to defend himself from the reproaches of his friends, but at last all departed satisfied except Sophroniscus' son, the truth-seeker, who desired a thorough discussion of the question whether the fostering of the beautiful rendered the fostering of morality unnecessary.

This question had been allowed to drop, and was afterwards entirely forgotten. But since Aspasia, on being reminded of it, instantly expressed with great decision her favorite assertion, that the cultivation of the beautiful was as justifiable, or even more so, than the advancement of morality, and a peacock was as valuable as a duck, though the latter might be more easily fattened—and Pericles did not know whether he could admit so much, the lovers were interrupted by Sophocles just at the right time.

The latter came to invite them to lunch, and led the way to a little summer-house in the middle of the garden. The interior was charmingly decorated, almost luxuriously arranged for a comfortable resting-place, and at this moment was transformed into a cosy dining-room. Cushions were arranged so that the company could recline in pairs, supporting the upper portion of the body on the left arm, and before these cushions stood small tables, bearing various dishes.

Pericles and Aspasia, obeying their host's invitation, reclined on the pillows and prepared to eat the refreshments, which consisted of poultry, cakes, cheese, figs, almonds, nuts, grapes, and delicious wine from the islands.

"I hope, Sophocles," said Aspasia jestingly, "that you are not setting nightingales before us; though in a city where they don't hesitate to cook peacocks, nightingales might also chance to fall into the frying-pan."

"Don't abuse the whole Athenian nation on account of one culprit," pleaded Sophocles.

"A woman capable of killing a peacock, plucking off its magnificent plumage and throwing it into a pan, deserves to be scourged out of Hellas," cried Aspasia with

a fresh outburst of indignation. "If the wrath of the Greek gods falls on any one, it must surely overwhelm *her*; for she has sinned against the most sacred thing on earth, the *beautiful*."

"If we must believe our wise and beautiful Aspasia," observed Pericles, turning to his host, "beauty is the supreme law of life and, penetrating the soul as well as the body, the sum and substance of all the virtues."

"The idea seems to me very charming," replied the poet, "though I don't quite know what Anaxagoras, Phidias' well-known stone-cutter, and the other philosophers would think of it. But even among these men, there is not one who will dispute the mighty power of beauty and the emotion, *love*, it awakens in the hearts of men. This very morning, agreeably to your wish, Aspasia, I introduced into my work, to show the unconquerable power of love, a scene in which I make Hæmon, King Creon's son, voluntarily descend into Hades to follow his beloved Antigone—"

"That is too much, Sophocles," replied Aspasia, to the great perplexity of her host, who had expected to win her thanks. "The poet's stylus must not show so gloomy a side of love. Love is cheerful, and ought to renounce itself sooner than its gaiety. It should not lead a human soul to Hades. It should ally men with life, not death. Gloomy, fanatical passion ought not to be designated by the name of love among the Hellenes. It is disease, it is slavery."

"You are right," replied Sophocles. "The rule you express is obvious; you, Pericles, and I myself will always pay homage only to beautiful, gay, untrammelled love. If you wish, we will offer a sacrifice to the gods this very day, imploring them never to fan this pure

flame in our bosoms into a raging, devastating glow. But in poetry and sculpture, the mind urges the writer and sculptor to put a sharp, penetrating edge on what he desires to express. I wished to show that Eros was a mighty god; but I earnestly desire that he may never again turn the whole of his power in such a manner against a Hellene. Above all, may he make the hearts of the beautiful, gentle and yielding; for what, except beauty, is to blame for all the evil and trouble love endures in the world? In truth, beauty is a fatal, decisive, momentous power in the lives of mortals. She sits, if I may so express it, in the council of the highest powers."

"*Beauty sits in the council of the highest powers!*" repeated Aspasia. "That remark, in my opinion, deserves to be ranked among the sayings of the philosophers of Hellas."

"If it affords you pleasure," replied the poet, "I will repeat it aloud throughout all Hellas, and interweave it as a chorus into my tragedy. When could I finish this choral song to Eros under a better omen, than while your foot still presses the soil of this garden? You must not leave here until I have written the hymn and heard your opinion."

"You could not offer us a more gracious gift," replied Pericles.

"Pardon me, if I now present nothing with which a collation is usually spiced," Sophocles began. "I don't even introduce a dancer or flute-player, for to-day, it seems to me, my guests are enough in themselves; and besides, who would venture to play the cithara before the beautiful 'cithara-player from Miletus,' and thus vie with such an artist?"

"You yourself!" cried Pericles, "you owe us the

contest, for you promised something of the kind on the Acropolis. Bring your stringed instrument, and another one for Aspasia; then begin to vie with each other in singing and playing, like the Sicilian shepherds, in the presence of my impartial umpireship—for that you will permit me to be umpire is a matter of course, since you will have no other listener."

"The pleasure of hearing Aspasia sing and play will not be too dearly purchased at the cost of a defeat," replied Sophocles.

He left them, soon returned with two beautifully-ornamented instruments, and asked Aspasia to choose one.

The fair woman drew her fingers over the strings, and a lovely rippling sound instantly rose from the instrument, like sparks from a forge.

The poet and the Milesian beauty, warmed by the fire of the island wine, began to sing, to the accompaniment of their instruments, love-songs by Anacreon and Sappho, winged distiches, and new verses of their own, rapidly composed.

"What are life and pleasure without Cypria's smiles?
Gladly would I die, when mirth and joy have gone,
When my heart no more rejoices in love's winsome wiles.
Flowers of youth, how swiftly time's scythe mows ye down!"

Aspasia eagerly responded:

"Ay, full short is the time that's allotted a mortal;
But Bacchus, the dance, love, wreathed garlands invite!
These, these only are life—'t is a joyous high festival!
We know not to-morrow, seize to-day in its flight!"

The poet, fixing his sparkling eyes on Aspasia, sang:

"Sweet, by Pan, the Arcadian, the song that thou singest!
Sweet the notes of the lute that blend with thy lay!
Could I flee? No, Aspasia, for hidden in thy breast,
Eros' self is the siren who charms me to-day!"

With a bewitching smile on her rosy lips, Aspasia replied :

"Gaily Neæra sported with her friend. About
Her waist, fair Cypris flung a flowered zone
Enwrought with golden letters: 'Love me, but grieve not.'
So ran the words, 'if other rule I own!'"

"How long will you still delay, oh! Pericles," said the poet, "to award Aspasia the wreath of victory?"

"Give it to the poet, Pericles," said Aspasia, "but first impose *one* condition: he must sing us some lines addressed to the fair Philainion."

"Do you hear what Aspasia desires?" said Pericles to the poet, "you must celebrate the charms of the beautiful Ephesian, Philainion, who is now, it is rumored, the companion of your happiest hours, and whom we strangers, to your secret torment, have perhaps driven from this charming spot."

"The condition is not without secret malice and cruelty," replied Sophocles, smiling: but I will not leave it unfulfilled."

And he sang :

"Philainion's dark-skinned, Philainion's small,
But the poppy's bloom is not more dainty,
Philainion's prattle hath stronger thrall,
Than Cypris' girdle. I'll love but thee,
Philainion, fair one, until as a rival,
Aphrodite doth give fairer beauty to me!"

"Are you satisfied, Aspasia?" asked Pericles, and when the latter smilingly nodded assent, he turned to his host and offered him the prize of victory, saying:

"Receive the wreath, hospitable singer."

"I should not be that," replied Sophocles, "if I did not conclude by praising the charms of the fairest of women :

"Cypria's beauty hast thou, and the lips of Peitho,
The Hours vernal bloom, Calliope's sweet tone,
The balancing of Themis, the Pallas' wisdom,
The Graces' charm with earnest Muses blended."

"That is shaming us," said Aspasia, "and imposing a greater debt of gratitude than we can ever discharge."

So ended the contest. Sophocles and his Milesian guest then discussed many things concerning music, and Aspasia talked so learnedly about the Doric, Phrygian, Lydian, and other styles, the delicate distinctions between them, and the advantages one possessed over another, that Pericles was amazed and at last exclaimed:

"Tell me, Aspasia, what is the name of the man who can boast of having first trained you in these difficult arts?"

"You will learn," replied Aspasia, "when I tell you the story of my early youth."

"Why did you never do so?" replied Pericles. "How long will you defer it? Tell me to-day. The opportunity is favorable, and Sophocles is so intimate a friend, and so discreet, that you need not fear to make him a hearer of your story."

"No," said Sophocles, "charming as I imagine the story of Aspasia's childhood to be, I cannot help fearing, that if you are compelled to share the pleasure of hearing it with another, the tale will not last half so long as if you listen to it alone. Besides, I remember that I have vowed not to let you go, until I have entirely conciliated Aspasia, by writing a chorus in honor of Eros, so I must speedily seek my solitude and leave you to one not less desirable to you. By sheltering a pair of lovers, like yourselves, in my asylum, on the self-same day that I compose a song in praise of Eros for my tragedy, I expect to obtain so much favor from the god

of Love, that it wouldn't surprise me if I succeeded in writing my best song as a proof of the divinity's gratitude."

With these words the poet took his leave, Aspasia calling jestingly after him, to say he must not return without bringing the charming Philainion.

The lovers were again left to themselves in the pleasant, secluded, fragrant garden.

Still excited by the animated conversation, music, and singing, yet overcome by a sort of gentle weariness, they spent the time in walking and resting, lulled into the sweet dreamy state which takes possession of the mind, especially in the forest, fields, or shady garden, during the noontide hours, when Pan is sleeping, and his sprites pursue their mischievous pranks uncontrolled in the lonely valleys.

The oily fruit of the olive glittered in the mid-day sun. No lark hovered about, the tiny lizards lay sleeping in the hedges. Only the crickets began to chirp softly and musically here and there.

The wanderer's nature at such moments is so thrilled, excited, steeped in sunshine and perfume, that when he lies down to rest on the shady turf, under rustling trees, he scarcely knows whether he is trembling with a sense of delicious fatigue, or the still unexhausted abundance of animal spirits.

The two lovers at last paused again in the ivy-covered nook, where the waves of the Cephissus plashed under sun-flecked branches, and in the sultry noontide stillness the unsuspecting pair of water-snakes described their circles through the crystal flood.

Rousing himself from the half slumber of a dreamy, blissful siesta, Pericles repeated his entreaty that Aspasia

would crown the confidential intercourse of the day, by relating the long promised tale of the incidents of her early youth.

But there is one peculiarity about a narrator, whose lips are delicate, pouting, and sweet as Attic virgin honey. Pericles confessed that he knew not whether he was most eager for his friend's kisses, or her story. At last she began :

"You know I am not old enough to delight you with a long, adventurous, and varied tale. But you have a right to inquire about my origin, and ask what my fate was ere it became connected with yours.

"Philammon was the name of the man to whom I owed my knowledge of music and other arts, indeed everything for which one human being can be indebted to another, though that, as I believe, is not much, for the character of human beings, especially women, is principally determined by the soil on which we grow up, the native air we breathe, the things around us, and above all, fate and the star under which we are born.

"Good Philammon! I don't think I shall ever again live with any man so peacefully; for he made no claims on me, nor I on him. He was eighty years old, and I ten. To be sure, he seemed twenty years younger than his age, and I one-fourth older than mine.

"After the death of my father, Axiochus, and my mother, he, as a paternal friend and guardian, received me into his house. He was the most learned, wise, eloquent, and at the same time gayest old man in gay Miletus; perhaps the most amiable, since Anacreon lived on this earth. I know not whether there is any friendship more beautiful, than that between a youthful old

man and a precocious little girl. The fairest contrasts of life meet each other. I was passionately in love with Philammon's long white beard, his clear eyes, from which all the knowledge of the world seemed to shine upon me, his lyres and citharas, his books, the bronze and marble statues in his house, the beautiful flowers in his garden. He, too, seemed to take no little delight in me; from the hour I was brought into his house, he always wore on his lips a smile, whose beauty I have never seen equalled, and which not even death could entirely efface. For five years I lived amid the perfume of the roses, with which the godlike old man entwined his goblets, drank in the wisdom that shone in his eyes and flowed from his eloquent lips, played on his lyres and citharas, unfolded with glowing cheeks his rolls of MSS., gazed at his bronze and marble statues, and tended the flowers in his garden. The world of poetry, music and spring again became fresh to him, because he enjoyed it with a child. He said that he was eighty years old, but understood many of his books for the first time, now that a child read them aloud to him.

"When he died, the Milesians called me the most beautiful maiden on the Ionic coast, and I saw myself for the first time in a mirror. The life of the wealthy city, where the Hellenic mind is early ripened by the sun of Asia, began to press upon me with its surging waves.

"But I was discontented.

"I had been gay among Philammon's books and statues; in the rushing whirlpool of pleasure, surrounded by homage, I became grave, thoughtful, obstinate, capricious. I missed something.

"The men of Miletus seemed foppish. They sought my favor, but I despised them.

"After Philammon's death I stood alone in the world, a young, poor, inexperienced, orphaned girl.

"Then a Persian satrap saw me, and instantly formed the plan of taking the much-praised Ionic maiden to Persepolis, to introduce her to the great king. My foolish, girlish heart kindled. I thought of Rhodopis, who wedded the Egyptian king; of my countrywoman, Thargelia, who won the sovereign of Thessaly for a husband. The Persian king himself, the most powerful monarch on earth, hovered before my mind as the incarnation of everything lofty, noble, amiable and beautiful in man. As a child in Philammon's house I had been precocious, now, as a young maiden, I became foolish. On reaching Persepolis, I was magnificently attired and then conducted to the superb palace. Amid this splendor sat the Persian king, no less gorgeously adorned, but with the face of an ordinary man. He stared at me with the dull eyes of a despot, and at last sleepily stretched out his hand as if to examine a piece of merchandise. This enraged me; indignant tears filled my eyes. It pleased the Persian, who smiled faintly. He even spared me from that moment, saying that the pride of the Greeks pleased him better than the slavish submission of other women. After a few weeks, the despot's heart kindled with love, but I was seized with dread and sank into a state of melancholy. The life around me seemed strange, monotonous, dull. These people did not allow themselves to be influenced, but lived inertly in their magnificent rooms, filled with enervating perfumes. The gorgeous splendor of the East was alien and alarming to me, the spell with which it at first enthralled my imagination quickly vanished. I shivered at the sight of the foreign tem-

ples and idols, and longed to return to the Gods of Hellas.

“After a short time I fled, and uttered a sigh of relief when I again trod Ionic soil and saw the Greek sea, promising a new and fairer happiness, dash upon the shore. Accompanied by one female slave, I sought in the harbor of Miletus a ship that would convey me to Hellas, and found a merchant who was willing to take me to Megara. Thence I could quickly reach proud Athens, for which my soul had long yearned. On arriving at Megara with my slave, I stood alone and helpless. The elderly ship-owner, who had brought me from Miletus in his vessel, invited me to his house and promised to send me in a few days to Athens. I accepted, but he delayed the arrangements for my departure, and I at last perceived it was his intention to detain me. But I soon saw that the son’s heart glowed with love as well as the father’s, and kept prisoner in the house, was tormented by a double wooing. The fools thought it was for them I had escaped unharmed from the Persian king. As my reserve still continued, and I did everything in my power to break the chains woven around me, the anger of both burst into a blaze. The ship-owner’s wife had always looked with suspicious eyes on the young stranger, and now while the two men raged at me and quarrelled fiercely with each other on my account, she was seized with savage jealousy, so that I saw myself surrounded by furies and threatened by all these people. The idea of rousing the Megarians against me as a foreign deluder, a disturber of the peace, occurred to the woman, while the two men, enraged to the utmost by my reserve, and the impossibility of keeping me a prisoner longer, upheld her, from a thirst for

vengeance. Their efforts were not unavailing. I was in Megara, among people of Doric race, people who, surrounded by Ionians, separated from their own kindred in the Peloponnesus, so near threatening Athens, only showed their Doric nature the more plainly, thought themselves compelled to follow Spartan customs more slavishly. They wish to appear stern and manly, but are doubly uncontrollable when passion seizes them, for their minds are rude, their natures base. Their violent emotions are impervious to the soothing influence diffused over others by the atmosphere of grace.

"At my earnest entreaty, my hosts at last pretended to let me go quietly. A mule stood ready to carry my baggage, a litter waited for me and my slave. But when I went out of the house, I found an infuriated crowd assembled in the street, and was received with words of scorn and abuse. The news that I was a Milesian had been enough to make the Megarians hate me and pursue me with savage fury. I know not what animated me with such pride, such courage, when I beheld this Doric mob grimacing, shrieking, uttering threats around me. With head erect I walked through the throng, the trembling slave following. The foremost, who had shrunk back a little, pressed by those behind, again crowded upon me; I was entangled, pushed, and when I indignantly uttered an angry protest, some insolently seized me by the arms and garments.

"At this moment, a travelling-carriage, drawn by horses, came along the road. In it sat a man, apparently wealthy and distinguished, for he was surrounded by slaves.

"When he perceived me amid the menacing crowd,

some of whom were already seizing me, he stopped, ordered his slaves to lift me and my slave into the spacious equipage, and in a few moments I saw myself borne away by the stranger's horses from the never to be forgotten ignominy that threatened me, and from accursed Megara."

"Now I understand, Aspasia," observed Pericles, "why, contrary to your usual moderation, you always show so much hostility whenever the Dorians and Doric nature are mentioned."

"I don't deny it," she replied, "since that day, I have vowed eternal hostility and vengeance against all Dorians."

"The man who rescued you was doubtless Hipponicus?" asked Pericles.

"Yes, it was he."

"You have learned to know the Ionic nature in its most luxurious development at Miletus, and the rude excesses of the Dorian temperament at Megara. On the soil of Athens, I hope you find yourself in that beautiful and happy medium, which contains the reconciliation and harmony of the most opposite traits."

"It was a good omen to me," replied Aspasia, "that after treading the soil of Athens, chance brought me in contact with the place whence come the brightest sparks of the new Athenian spirit—Phidias' studio!"

"And there," cried Pericles, "there you found the men you missed at the Persian court, active, susceptible minds that you could *influence*—there you found the fiery Alcamenes—"

"And the thoughtful, unimpassioned, yet promising son of Sophroniscus," replied Aspasia. "To both I strove to offer what their natures seemed to need. I

showed the sculptor that he need not learn solely from his master Phidias, and partially succeeded in changing to genuine humility the false modesty of the truth-seeker, who torments everybody with his searching questions. But the man whom I did not shrink from offering merely this or that, but *everything*, my *entire self*, was still absent. At last I found him. Since then I have come *still nearer* the forge from which rise the most original sparks of the new Hellenic intellect and life."

"And where was this?" asked Pericles.

"In the heart of the husband of the peacock-killer, Telesippe!" replied Aspasia, smiling and resting her sunny head on her companion's breast.

The latter bent to kiss her and replied :

"Many of those life-sparks of the Hellenic mind would perhaps have slept unawakened in this breast, Aspasia, if you had never leaned your fair head on it."

Thus passed the day spent by the happy pair in Sophocles' garden.

Evening began to approach, the shrubs exhaled a stronger fragrance, the nightingales began to sing amid the branches, and the cicadas, as if seeking to rival them, raised their clear voices in the grass ; glow-worms glittered amid the dusk of the thickets, and Hesperus sparkled in the sky.

The poet now appeared to invite his guests to the evening meal, and again led them to the pretty, cheerful summer-house.

"You gave me a command as I was leaving you," said Sophocles, turning to Aspasia, "and who would neglect to obey your every wish?"

He pointed towards the back of the summer-house, from which Philainion came forward, smiling.

Pericles and Aspasia were pleasantly surprised. Philainion was small, but possessed a figure enchanting in its symmetry ; every movement was full of grace. She had the blackest of eyes, and the blackest hair curled over a somewhat low forehead.

Aspasia gracefully thanked her host for his obedience, and kissed Philainion. All merrily reclined on couches, ready for the meal. Numerous sweetmeats were offered, and again the fiery Chian wine flowed freely amid gay, witty words and laughter.

Sophocles then read to his guests his promised song in honor of Eros, the immortal chorus of:

" Mighty power, all powers above !"

Intoxicated with enthusiasm, Aspasia and the poet began to sing the song at the same moment, to the music of stringed-instruments. The melody seemed to flow from their lips of its own volition—they invented it together.

Philainion, seized by the same rapture, joined her voice to theirs, and inspired by the music as well as the fiery Chian, soon began to accompany the melody with the movements of a most charming and expressive dance.

Who could describe the happiness of these gifted mortals ?

They were as gay as the Olympic Gods.

As Pericles and Aspasia walked through the garden at a late hour on their way home, the roses exhaled an intoxicating perfume, and the flaming scarlet blossoms of the carnation glittered mysteriously in the gloom.

Never did the nightingales on the bank of the Cephissus sing louder than that night.

"Do you know what they are singing?" said Pericles to Aspasia, who walked smiling by his side. "Sophocles' chorus in honor of Eros; they are all chanting:

"Mighty power, all powers above!
Great, unconquerable love.
Thou, who liest in dimple sleek,
On the tender virgin's cheek—

And

"Thus Venus wills it from above,
And great, unconquerable Love.

And

"All thy maddening influence know,
Gods above and men below.
All thy powers resistless prove
Great, unconquerable Love!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAST OF THE DISCUS.

SINCE the magnificent building, devoted by Pericles to musical performances, had been dedicated and opened with a contest between musicians, the Athenians flocked to the southern foot of the Acropolis, to admire the peculiar edifice and its wedge-shaped roof, built of the masts of captured Persian ships.

But the completion of the Lyceum soon followed that of the Odeum, and the crowd now flocked out of the eastern gate towards the Ilissus to see the handsome new gymnasium, which had no equal.

Although still new, the walls and pillars were already scrawled here and there with flattering inscriptions praising some handsome boy. Not only the sculptors,

to whom the graceful figures of the youths, displayed naked here in numerous bodily exercises, afforded a welcome school of symmetry and beauty, but idle admirers of the beautiful came hither to enjoy the sight of the perfect development of youthful grace. The enthusiastic gaze of these connoisseurs was rivalled by the eyes of affectionate, ambitious fathers, who watched with proud satisfaction the feats and contests of their offspring, encouraging them by many an eager gesture, many a loud shout. There were also lovers of gymnastics, to whom the sight of them was a pleasure in and of itself, and whose aged limbs seemed rejuvenated by the zeal, motions, and exercises of the youths. Nay, the delight of many enthusiastic lovers of this sport rose to such a height, that they were not content to spend whole days in the Lyceum and Palæstra, as idle spectators; but when the longing seized upon them, threw themselves among the youths and shared their exercises, or challenged one of their contemporaries to a friendly wrestling on the sand of the gymnasium. "Holloa, Charisios," some one would cry, "shan't we try another little match, as we have so often done in our happy days? What young Hercules we were—how different from the boys now!" Then the two men, remembering the bright days of their youth, would clench and wrestle with each other, according to the unforgotten rules of the art, amid a group of encouraging spectators.

But the place was not used solely for gymnastic exercises, it was also a vast assembly-room. Nay, so largely was it devoted to this purpose, that the real apartments for gymnastic exercises all opened from the southern side of the peristyle, behind the double portico, while the other three halls, as well as the tree-shaded

grounds adjoining the wrestling-school, were intended exclusively for the social intercourse of the Athenians. Here came the most famous men with their admirers, friends, and pupils. Here people could talk with less interruption, than in the noisy Agora. The words posterity eagerly reads in dusty tomes, here fell in living streams from the lips of the sages. Any one in the crowd, who desired to do so, could join the master and the few pupils who at first walked beside him, listening to his discourse. It was only a few days since the halls of the Lyceum had opened their portals, and already the rustle of the bold pinions of Hellenic thought could be heard.

In the old man with the clear eyes might be recognized Anaxagoras, the friend of Pericles. Many an Athenian had already learned from him to inquire the causes of the course of nature, and place the eternal laws of natural events above the caprices of the Olympic Gods. But there were also many, who still inclined to see in him an uncanny sort of magician.

"Isn't that the philosopher from Clazomenæ?" asked an Athenian, addressing one of the pupils and listeners, in the group which surrounded the sage. "Isn't he the man, who is said to have sat at the Olympic games with a sheepskin cloak fastened around his body, while the sun was shining in the clear sky, and told those who laughed at him, that a storm would burst in less than an hour, which to the astonishment of everybody, actually did occur. Whence did the man get such a supposition, if he is not more learned in supernatural things and the art of divining, than other people?"

"Ask him," replied the pupil.

The Athenian followed his advice, and addressing

himself directly to Anaxagoras, repeated the question. "Are you the man, who went to Olympia in a sheep-skin cloak, and predicted a thunder-storm when the sky was clear and the sun shining?"

"Certainly," answered Anaxagoras smiling. "And you might have done the same, without the use of any magic arts, if like me you had been taught by an Arcadian shepherd about *the cap of Erymanthus*."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Athenian.

"Erymanthus," replied Anaxagoras, "is a lofty mountain, which stands at the point where the borders of Arcadia, Achaia and Elis meet, and if, during a time of great heat, while the wind blows from the north-east, the summit of this peak is seen from Olympia to be covered with the thinnest cap of clouds, in less than an hour a storm will rise, bringing cool air and floods of rain over the Pisatan meadows."

When the bystanders' conversation afterwards turned upon the origin and causes of thunder-storms, Anaxagoras declared that the lightning proceeded from a certain kind of friction among the clouds. He then passed to other natural phenomena, making new and unusual assertions; for instance, he declared that the sun consisted of a glowing mass of metal, and was larger than the Peloponnesus. The moon, he maintained, was inhabited and had hills and valleys.

While the philosopher thus walked with his hearers, and excited groups gathered elsewhere around the politicians or news-mongers, two persons sat on the smoothly-polished marble bench in an empty corner of the most northern hall of the Lyceum, apparently eagerly discussing some important affair.

One was a remarkably handsome youth, the other a

young man whose type of countenance was singularly unlike his companion's.

There was scarcely a person among those who passed, who did not pause or at least look back, to glance a second time at the youth's remarkable beauty. Some even returned, or lingered near, watching the youth and waiting for the moment when he would bare his whole form to take part in the gymnastic exercises, for which purpose he had probably come.

But those who cherished this expectation were disappointed, for the bewitching youth was Pericles' lovely friend, who had to-day resolved to again avail herself of a masculine disguise, to inspect one of Pericles' favorite creations, the now completed Lyceum. This time she had chosen her old friend Socrates for a companion; for she scarcely dared show herself publicly with Pericles in this costume—too many persons had already penetrated the cithara-player's secret. Socrates gladly undertook the charge Pericles was forced to deny himself.

He had gone to the Lyceum with her early in the morning, to show her the interior of the wrestling-ring before the youths and boys began their gymnastic exercises. He eagerly did his part by accompanying Aspasia into the central room of the gymnasium, the vast court-yard surrounded by porticos, behind which extended spacious halls, and did not even forget the baths nor the groves of young trees, which stretched along the meadow lands of the Ilissus, an addition to the gymnasium welcome to those who were fond of walking.

To choose for a companion the "truth-seeker," the "friend of wisdom," the meditative pupil of Phidias,

without falling a victim to the loquacious man's secret designs, was impossible. Thus, speaking in his thoughtful manner, he had remarked how ingeniously Pericles had completed the Odeum by the Lyceum, and in so doing perhaps intended to say that music and gymnastics must always be connected, and united produced the harmonious activity of body and soul, and that the Greek not only desired to foster and enjoy the beautiful in bronze and marble, but to realize it in his own mental and physical nature.

After satisfactorily performing the office of guide, he understood how to detain Aspasia, and involve her still longer in conversation. Seating himself with her on the marble bench, in one of the most secluded and least crowded halls, he again reverted to the favorite topic, never neglected when he could secure the beautiful Milesian's society. Unluckily, while striving to obtain the long-desired explanation of the idea and nature of love, Aspasia's answers resulted in making Socrates believe himself compelled to reply :

"What you describe, Aspasia, is not love for *others*—all that is merely love of self."

He wished to know the real meaning of the words, when; for instance, people said: "Pericles loves Aspasia," or "Aspasia loves Pericles." But no matter what fine turns his companion might give the subject, Socrates turned and twisted still more skilfully, and continually drew from her words, no matter what she might say, the interpretation that whoever seemed to love another person, in reality loved only self and personal enjoyment. The thought of an emotion which should be *really* love for another, not solely of oneself, constantly hovered before his mind, and with his usual

whimsicality he pretended that he could not even find the slightest trace of such a feeling in Aspasia's statements. He discovered nothing but egotism—a *dual egotism*.

The truth-seeker and the beautiful woman had already discussed this subject some time, when they saw Anaxagoras and several companions come slowly up the hall.

"The gods doubtless send this man to relieve us from our perplexity," said Socrates.

"Don't you think youth ought to be ashamed to question age about love?" replied Aspasia smiling.

Anaxagoras, advancing slowly up the hall and sometimes pausing a moment, was just explaining to his followers that the beginning of all things consisted of tiny particles exactly resembling each other; for as gold is composed of gold-dust, the entire universe was made of the smallest atoms, which received the first impulse towards harmony and form, through the reason that ruled everything. This reason, which he called the *nus*, or spirit, existed not only in conscious human beings, but pervaded even the apparently darkest depths of the life of nature, and *everything was full of souls*.

As the philosopher and his companions approached the spot where Socrates sat conversing with Aspasia, the former, without waiting for a greeting from the younger man, with whom he stood on very friendly terms, turned towards him with a pleasant smile.

Socrates rose from his seat, saying :

"How I envy the friends who can accompany you all day long, Anaxagoras, and quench their thirst for knowledge at any moment. We, who rarely meet you, must bear our unsolved doubts for many days, torment-

ing ourselves and the friends no less eager for information, with endeavors that lead to no result. I have been vexing Axiochus' son for an hour, in the attempt to learn from him the meaning of *love*, for he understands such matters. But he apparently intentionally withholds his knowledge, and with mischievous malice only tells me things which make me even less wise than before. Have pity, Anaxagoras, and tell me: *what is love?*"

"In the beginning," replied the philosopher, misunderstanding the question, and taking the subject on its speculative side, "the original elements and germs of things were mingled in blind confusion. All was chaos, darkness, Erebus. There was neither sky, nor earth, nor air, till black winged night, wedded by the wind, produced the primeval egg, from which yearning love, or winged Eros, as the poets say, came into the world, through whose power the strife and dissension of matter ceased, and everything mingled lovingly together, until water, earth, sky, human beings and gods, emerged in separate forms from the womb of fruitful nature, as the children of love."

"Then Eros was the first principle," said Socrates, following the philosopher for a moment into the realms of speculation; "but I have also heard you call the *nus* the first and highest element. Are nus and Eros, all-ruling reason and all-producing love, the same?"

"It is possible that they are," replied Anaxagoras, "and both strive to reach the same goal—the former *consciously*, the latter *blindly*."

"Then," cried Socrates, "that would at once explain what is meant when people speak of the blindness of love, the bandaged eyes of Eros. If I understood you

correctly, Anaxagoras, Eros is nothing but the *nus with bandaged eyes*."

"Understand it so, if you choose," said Anaxagoras smiling.

"But," continued Socrates, "how you have diverted me and my young companion from our original subject, by leading us to the upper heights of wisdom. We had in mind a very different kind of love, from that to which you have just alluded in your remarks about the strife of matter, Erebus, and the primeval egg. We were inquiring—and perhaps this question too may not seem valueless—what was the real nature and purpose of that feeling, by whose might one human being professes to love another, especially a man a woman, or a woman a man."

"A yearning of this kind," replied Anaxagoras, "which attracts a man not towards the sex in general, but one woman in particular, or a woman towards one particular man, is a sort of disease of the soul, and as such pitiable. For not only does such a love plunge him who is disappointed in obtaining the object on which his heart is set, into the most terrible despair and grief; but even if he has a hope that it will be returned, brings him into a state of dependence on the woman he loves, which he cannot help recognizing as unworthy and disgraceful, and should be especially avoided by the wise man, who, if he desires to maintain calmness and contentment of mind, must never suffer himself to cling to anything with ardent devotion, because every object to which we allow ourselves to be bound in this manner by habit, may be snatched away, and its loss cause unendurable torment. Such a sickly love confuses the mind; fills it with continual anxiety and jealousy, makes the

boldest timid, the strongest feeble, the best indifferent alike to honor and disgrace, and the most economical lavish. Moreover, it kindles the fiercest discord among men, and brings misfortune on whole nations, as for a woman's sake Ilium was destroyed, and Greece for a decennium suffered every conceivable misfortune, and the loss of her best sons."

Anaxagoras had scarcely finished, when Pericles came up the hall, engaged in conversation with a companion. He saw Anaxagoras talking with Socrates, recognized Aspasia, and cast a surprised, inquiring glance at her, which she answered by an unembarrassed smile.

Pericles paused, and as he had heard the last words, asked those who greeted him, on what subject they had been listening with such profound attention to the philosopher's instructions.

"Let this youth explain it to you," replied Socrates, with a sly smile; "for it is his fault, that Anaxagoras was compelled to stop here and express his views of what, in my opinion, is one of the most difficult points of human knowledge."

"The wise Clazomenian's address was caused by Socrates' question—what is the nature of love," said Aspasia.

"And what did the wise Clazomenian answer?" asked Pericles.

"If I have followed his thought and not merely his words," replied Aspasia, "love, however ardent it may be, must always remain associated with the gay and cheerful pleasures of life, and never degenerate into sickly, mournful fanaticism, tyranny, nor *jealousy*."

"He said," interrupted Socrates with a significant smile, "that if a man should see the youth who was

dear to him, or the fair woman he loved, by the side of another man, whether handsome or ugly, he must not therefore consider it necessary to contract his Olympic brows, or collect a Greek fleet at Aulis to blot out nations and efface cities, in his wild thirst for revenge."

Pericles smiled. The Silenus figure of the truth-seeker seemed to him almost ridiculous, beside the radiant beauty of the disguised Aspasia. True, he had at first been surprised to meet her here, and his Olympic brows had really contracted a little at the sight; but he now felt almost ashamed of this emotion. He did not doubt his fair friend's intention of retiring from the wrestling-school, as became her sex, before the gymnastic exercises began, yet thought it advisable to remind her, by a secret hint, that this time was drawing near and she must not linger. He therefore remarked that the exercises would soon begin, adding that it was an affair of honor for him to be here, as his two little sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, and his ward, Alcibiades, after passing through a small preparatory school in the Palæstra, were to take part for the first time in the public gymnastic exercises of the boys in the wrestling-school. Little Alcibiades could be kept away no longer, he scoffed at the Palæstra and longed to cope with the lads of his own age in the public field of honor, the Lyceum.

Anaxagoras and his companions heard this news with eager interest and joined Pericles, to witness the contests of little Alcibiades, of whom, young as he was, the Athenians already began to talk.

Aspasia also rose with Socrates, as if to follow, but privately requested the truth-seeker to guide her out of the building.

But Phidias' thoughtful young pupil, after escaping

from the throng with the disguised beauty, walked by her side as if in a dream, and without knowing or intending it, instead of leading her out of the Lyceum, conducted her to one of the most secluded halls, far from the spot where the boys and youths were practising their gymnastic exercises.

His mind was entirely absorbed in reflecting upon what Anaxagoras had said about the passion of love. The sage's words had penetrated deep into his soul.

Aspasia at last asked the cause of his thoughtful silence.

It was long ere he replied ; then, as if waking from a dream, he asked his companion to sit down with him on a marble bench in the empty hall, and began :

" Do you know, Aspasia, when *my demon* first made itself known to me ?"

" What do you call your demon ?"

" A creature midway between divine and human nature. He is no phantom, no delusion of the brain ; for I sometimes hear his voice within me as distinctly as anything can be heard. But unfortunately he disdains to secretly reveal the depths of wisdom ; so far as knowledge is concerned, he seems no stronger and wiser than myself. He contents himself with briefly telling me in certain cases, without giving any reasons, what I must and must not do. I heard his voice for the first time in my life, Aspasia, when I first saw you."

Aspasia felt strangely moved at hearing the young sculptor talk so gravely of his demon, as if speaking of a real person and the most natural thing in the world.

" And what did he command at that moment ?" she asked smiling.

" When I saw you and instantly thought of question-

ing you about the nature of love, I heard him say in a low, distinct tone: 'Do not.' But I thought: what does this stranger mean? Why should he trouble himself about my affairs? I did not obey, but questioned you, questioned you *often*, and always about the nature of love. Now I have resolved to follow him in everything he may forbid or command; for I have convinced myself that he has excellent judgment, is my friend, and worthy of all confidence."

"You are a dreamer," said Aspasia, "though you intend to search for the clear ideas of things. You are too much devoted to studying your own nature, son of Sophroniscus. Look around and see the pure, quiet, healthful life, full of cheerful beauty, that surrounds you. Sacrifice to the Graces, oh! Socrates, sacrifice to the Graces! And don't forget that you are a *Greek*."

"A Greek?" replied Socrates, smiling. "Am I not too ugly to be a Greek? My snub-nose does not belong to the pure lineaments of my race. I shall make a virtue of necessity, and seek an ideal of life compatible with unloveliness."

Aspasia looked at Socrates with an expression of mingled perplexity and compassion.

Unfortunate son of Sophroniscus! He moved amid the happy, cheerful throng, the only discontented person in the crowd. People were beginning to number him among the philosophers, but no one had ever heard him assert anything. He only *questioned*. He walked among his fellow-men as a huge, living, almost uncanny interrogation point. Was he the embodied necessity of a new revelation, a new thought, a new time?

As reality, even in its richest development, did not wholly answer his questions, he took refuge in the

domain of pure thought. He pursued "clear ideas." But nothing is more closely allied to meditation than its apparent opposite, enthusiasm. So he spoke of his *demon*.

He was perfectly serious in doing so. The Greek's eye was accustomed to gaze clearly and frankly at *outward* objects. Socrates turned his *within*. He heard himself think, discovered his inward life, and was so much startled that it seemed to him some diabolical power, which he called his demon.

Much was said of his "irony." Ah, the sarcasm with which he revealed the ignorance of others, was but a faint reflection of that whose sting he turned against himself, the vain struggle for knowledge going on in his own breast. It was sorrowful earnest, when he declared of himself that he was aware he knew nothing.

Yet the thought-germs of the future were fermenting in his mind.

He sought, as Aspasia had just heard him say, an ideal of life that should be compatible with unloveliness.

He sought, divined, a graver ideal than that of omnipotent beauty, which cast a halo of glory over his age.

Such was the character of the youthful thinker. And yet—he was a Greek. Unlovely of aspect and meditative by nature, he was nevertheless inspired by the grace of the Hellenic intellect. He was no gloomy fanatic, and could never become one. Aspasia's spirit had also influenced him; he could never wholly fall a prey to the gloomy powers. His nature must become gradually more and more attuned to gentle cheerfulness, though only the cheerfulness of the philosopher, who calmly drank the goblet of poison, when his hour had come.

But now youth and a secret youthful love, of which he was himself scarcely conscious, were seething in his veins. He was not yet the man, the old philosopher, of which the ancient books tell us—he was still the young stone-cutter in Phidias' studio.

He secretly loved the beautiful Aspasia, loved her, yet knew that he had the snub-nose of a barbarian, the face of a Silenus, and she could never love him in return.

He knew this, but he was still young and only half realized the force of the fire that secretly blazed in his veins.

"I know," he continued, "I seem to you to creep like a worm on the flowers of Hellenic life, secretly gnawing and sullyng them with the spleen of sceptical thoughts, and you would like to snap me off with the tips of your rosy fingers. But, Aspasia, I would far rather be handsome than wise. Only tell me what I am to do, to become so."

"Always be gentle and bright," replied Aspasia, "and strive to sacrifice to the Graces."

"Shine upon me with the radiance of your eyes!" cried the usually quiet truth-seeker, overpowered by the emotion of his heart. "Then," he continued, "I shall always be gentle and bright."

He uttered these words with passionate feeling, bending nearer to Aspasia, as if he wished to absorb the cheering light of her gaze, and putting his Silenus countenance so near her lovely face, that his pouting lips almost touched the beauty's.

"Sacrifice to the Graces!" cried Aspasia, starting up and walking rapidly away.

At the same moment a naked boy came running

breathlessly up the hall, and perceiving Socrates, rushed to him and wrapped his mantle around his bare limbs.

The truth-seeker knew not whether to fix his eyes on Aspasia's retreating figure, or the boy who had fled to him for protection. He looked like a man from whose hand a dove had escaped, while a swallow flies into his breast.

The boy, wrapped in the cloak, nestled closely to him, and still gasping for breath, besought him to conceal and protect him.

"Whose son are you, and what is the cause of your flight?" asked Socrates.

"I am Cleinias' son, Alcibiades, the ward of Pericles," answered the boy.

The incidents that caused the little fellow to fly to Socrates, naked and trembling, occurred in the following manner.

While the latter was absorbed in his conversation with Aspasia, the gymnastic exercises of the youths and boys had commenced in the halls of the Lyceum devoted to this purpose.

Pericles and his companions, with many other persons stood in the room set apart for the lads.

It was a most charming spectacle to see these bright, beautiful, slender boys, strengthened by their preliminary training in the Palæstra, divested of the purple chlamis, wrestling on the sand.

Alcibiades was conspicuous among them all. Though one of the youngest lads, his footing was firm, and there was a touch of boldness and defiance in his bearing, softened, however, by the charm of his beauty. The sculptors pressed forward to admire the play of the still undeveloped muscles, the budding symmetry, the

masculine harmony of form reduced to a juvenile scale.

Besides Alcibiades, his two playmates Xanthippus and Paralus, the sons of Pericles, and little Callias, son of the wealthy Hipponicus, with whom Alcibiades had already formed a friendship, were among the boys. Ppyrilampes' little son, named Demos, was also present.

The ardent, vivacious lads could scarcely wait for the commencement of the exercises, which began with races, under the direction of pædotribæ.

These men instructed their pupils how to economize their breath and strength in running, how to move their limbs equally, how to stride as far as possible with uplifted feet, in order to pass over the greatest amount of space with the smallest number of steps. They also taught the boys certain regular movements of the arms, which, corresponding with the motion of the feet, were calculated, in their opinion, to increase the speed.

But little Alcibiades would not heed this instruction—he declared the motions of the arms he was taught to make, awkward, and disputed about the matter with the pædotribæ. One of the inspectors and directors of the exercises soothingly interposed, patted the boy's cheeks, and praised his eagerness to preserve the beauty of gesture and attitude so pleasing to the eye, but pointed out to him in justification of these movements, the example of the Mauritanian ostrich, which assisted its running by the motion of the little wings it used like sails.

The naked boys rushed towards the goal with a joyous shout, that grew louder the nearer they approached it. The race was repeated several times—Alcibiades was always first.

The exercises in running, were followed by those of leaping.

The pædotribæ put weights in the boys' hands and taught them to use them in such a way, that far from checking the lightness of the spring, they helped the movement of the body forward. These weights also displeased refractory little Alcibiades, and he was on the point of throwing one at the head of one of the persons who had charge of maintaining good-behavior among the lads, and somewhat sharply reproved him for his unruly conduct. Anger and shame seized upon Pericles, as standing with his friends among the spectators, he became an eye-witness of the boy's rebelliousness. But he soon smiled again, as, amid the plaudits of the crowd, Cleinias' son took precedence of all his companions in leaping as well as running.

The boys were now anointed with oil by the aliptæ appointed for this purpose, to prepare them for wrestling. Alcibiades was pleased; yet when sand was strewn over the oil to render the limbs less slippery, he eagerly resisted. But here people did not submit to the lad's caprices, as they had done in the Palæstra; the stricter rules of the gymnasium were at stake and the child was forced to yield.

The boys advanced to wrestle in pairs.

The pædotribæ instructed them how to advance the right foot a little by a slight bend of the knee, how to manage their arms in attack and defence, how to hold the neck and head erect, draw in the lower portion of the body, but round and arch the breast. The mode of throwing the opponent by skill rather than by strength, twining the hands and feet around the fallen foe, so that he was forced to lie motionless and renounce

all hope of rising, together with various other artifices, was also impressed upon the minds of the youthful wrestlers. But both teachers and inspectors of the exercises directed their attention principally to grace and dignity of movement. The rules they gave were not intended solely for the development of strength and skill, but also for the display of every grace of form, and the free, beautiful, easy bearing by which the Athenian was distinguished from the Barbarian, and even from many Greeks.

Alcibiades wrestled with the oldest of the boys, and threw him on the sand by a trick for which he was not indebted to the pædotribæ, but had invented himself on the spur of the moment's need.

Scrapers were now given to the lads that they might rub the oily sand from their limbs, and when this was done, each received a disk and a small pole instead of a spear, both intended for use in the exercise of casting. The boys' disk was not made of bronze, as usual, but carved from hard wood. Throwing the disk was by no means an easy matter, when correctly done. Alcibiades, like the other boys, was told how to adopt the right poise of the body, seize the discobolus in the best position, after rubbing it with earth to obtain a better grasp, correctly adapt the degree of strength to be expended to the weight, make the muscles of the arms elastic, swing the disk in a semicircle and then hurl it straight into the distance—but he despised these rules, and when one after another stepped forward to make his cast, and the distance each reached was distinctly marked on the ground, Cleinias' son, when his turn came, threw his disk as he chose. Nevertheless, it flew far beyond the others.

A strong lad, who possessed special dexterity in hurling the disk, then stepped forward to try his fortune. Cautiously, duly observing all the rules of the *pædotribæ*, he threw his disk, and though he did not surpass Alcibiades, did not fall behind him. The two disks lay at an equal distance from the others.

Alcibiades turned pale. For the first time he was compelled to share the honors of victory with another. He stood silent, trembling with excitement, casting furious glances at his rival. But the latter ventured to assert that his disk, if the distance was exactly measured, lay a little beyond that thrown by Alcibiades!

At this remark the latter, seized with indescribable fury, raised his right hand, and with all his strength hurled the disk he held at his opponent's head. It reached its goal only too well; the boy fell, bleeding and senseless.

A great tumult ensued. The almost fatally injured lad was borne away. Alcibiades turned pale and trembled a moment at the sight; but when the relatives and friends of his wounded rival pressed upon him with threats and reproaches, instantly regained his composure and defiance.

Then he saw the angry Pericles advancing, accompanied by the dignified gymnasiarch, and perceiving that he was to be seized, led away, perhaps punished in some disgraceful manner, suddenly turned, burst through the circle of spectators where it was thinnest, and fled with the agility that had helped him to victory in the races.

He was followed, but soon vanished from the eyes of his pursuers.

In the most secluded portion of the Lyceum he met

Socrates, rushed to him, as has been already mentioned, and beseeching his protection, hid himself in the folds of his mantle.

"So you are Cleinias' son?" said Socrates in a gentle, quiet tone, after the boy, in reply to his questions, had related the story of his escape. "Do you pay no heed to praise or blame, have you no regard for the opinions and wishes of the admirable and distinguished men from whom you descend, or who are allied by ties of blood?"

"I don't want to be always doing what other people wish," said the boy defiantly. "I want to do what I like and desire myself, and what I intend—"

"You are perfectly right," replied Socrates, still calmly; "a man ought to be permitted to do what he himself wishes and has intended. But what did you really desire and propose, when you came with the other boys to the Lyceum?"

"To be first in everything!" cried little Alcibiades eagerly. "To be first, to distinguish myself, and bear off the greatest honors. *That* is what I intended."

"Then you have not done what you really desired and proposed," observed Socrates, with the same calmness. "You wished to distinguish yourself, to leave the Lyceum covered with glory; but you have actually been driven away in disgrace and shame, and perhaps will receive a punishment when you are restored to your friends. Why did you not go straight to the goal you wished to attain, instead of losing your time in minor matters, which diverted you from your object? You did not come here to cut a hole in your companion's head with a disk, but as you say, to gain praise and honor. Your error was, that you forgot for a moment what you really intended, and devoted yourself to

secondary things, which resulted in your being obliged to fly from the gymnasium in disgrace and shame, instead of leaving it covered with honor."

This was the first time that the law of proper conduct had been set before the eyes of Alcibiades, not as something arbitrary and threatening, but as a power living in himself and connected with his own will.

Besides, the words of Socrates and the tone in which they were uttered, inspired the boy with confidence. He looked gravely and silently into his companion's face, gazed into his pleasant brown eyes, and his trust was unconsciously transformed into a sympathy he had never felt for any man.

Those who had been searching for Alcibiades, among them Pericles and the gymnasiarch, now approached.

The boy again began to tremble.

"Fear nothing," said Socrates; "with the aid of the gods I will try to appease all these fierce foes and pursuers."

The advancing group recognized Socrates, and nestling to his side, wrapped in the folds of his himation, the boy they sought. It seemed as if they beheld the young Achilles in the company of his tutor, the clumsy, good-natured centaur.

When Pericles and the gymnasiarch, with the others, came directly towards Socrates, the latter said:

"I know whom you seek; but he is under my protection, as you see, and I will not give him up, but defend him, as is my duty, to the best of my ability. He came to the Lyceum, he tells me, to distinguish himself, but did not fully succeed, only because from forgetfulness he meddled with matters which did not belong to his object, that is threw a disk at a play-

fellow's head, which brought him disgrace instead of the honor he sought. Concerning my intercession for the lad, consider that a similar misfortune or crime, as you choose to call it, has happened by the hands of gods and heroes; for, as you know, Apollo killed his favorite Hyacinthus, and the hero Perseus his grandfather Acrisius, by the cast of a disk. It is probable that this dark-haired, fiery-eyed lad might resemble the gods and heroes in *other* respects, if he would."

Pericles' wrath subsided at the sight of the boy, from whose face every shade of defiance had vanished. He addressed a few friendly words to the intercessor, which at the same time served to relieve the culprit, who still expected punishment, and ordered the pedagogue to dress the child and take him home.

Socrates joined Pericles and the gymnasiarch, and the men conversed for some time about the singular blending of noble and unworthy qualities, united in the character of Cleinias' son.

The latter himself did not leave the hall with the pedagogue, until he had cast a loving glance from his dark, sparkling eyes at his protector and intercessor.

Thus was formed the strong bond of affection existing between Socrates, called the ugly, and the handsomest of all the sons of Greece, the youthful Alcibiades, on the day that a dove flew out of the truth-seeker's hand, and at the same moment a swallow found refuge in his bosom.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES.

No one enters so thoroughly into his work as the sculptor. Phidias' only walk was between the Acropolis and his studio. Even in his dreams he saw nothing but his statues of the gods, his groups, his frieze; and as his restless mind was active in his sleeping as well as his waking hours, he often, to his great surprise, found his plans matured and developed when he awoke. Many of his designs had originally suggested themselves in a dream, and he could say that the gods appeared to him in slumber, as they did to Homer's heroes. The whole world was valuable to him, only so far as it was connected with his art-aspirations. He renounced the pleasures of life, and remained alone and unwedded.

His soul was filled with the archetypes of all things, and his clear eye mirrored in pure outline every created object.

There was a motley confusion of persons and things in Phidias' studio. Designs were constantly being invented, tested, rejected, modelled afresh in clay; measures and proportions were considered. Besides the preparatory work in clay, many a piece of sculpture was being hewn from the block by the stone-cutters, to be afterwards entrusted to better skilled hands for its perfect development. The workshop might be called a heap of rubbish, but it was rubbish of origin, not destruction. It was chaos, yet not the chaos of ruin, but that from which proceeds creation. Fragments lay scattered every-

where, not as parts of what had once been a whole, but as portions on the way to form one. Over this chaos hovered the spirit of Phidias. His mind directed everything, and kept the fiery Alcamenes and stern Agoracritus united in a common labor.

This pair were his two powerful arms. Nay, the former was an eloquent tongue. What Phidias suggested in monosyllabic, perhaps mysterious words, Alcamenes interpreted, repeated, inculcated.

He also kept watch over the young pupils and assistants, whose work was entrusted to his care, reproving, admonishing, encouraging, with the impetuosity natural to him, while examining the various portions of the pediment, frieze and metopes.

"What are you doing, Dracyllus? The curve of the breast is too flat to produce the right effect at a distance, the abdomen too little marked, not sufficiently distinguished from the groin. The principal muscles are too little raised, the lesser ones too much!

"Charicles, you make the skin here too tight, and here too loose over the muscles. It's not sufficiently visible here. Even in the rigid bronze or marble, the skin ought always to look as if it could be grasped and lifted a little between the fingers.

"Lycius, your god can scarcely be distinguished from the folds of his garments. Are you one of the sculptors, whose Heracles can only be recognized by his club?

"Your nymph of the spring, Crinagoras, seems to intend to rely upon her urn to mark her character, instead of having it appear from the soft, almost liquid outlines of her limbs."

He now came to one of the groups on the frieze of the Parthenon—youths curbing rearing steeds. "On

what animal, Lycius, did you see that broad head, these blunt ears? The whole is too stiff, not sufficiently free, too old-fashioned. Did you go to school with the Æginetans? Argeladas would no longer have approved such bungling work!" Such were Alcamenes' exclamations, particularly condemning this or that point, and as he grew angry seeming by no means disinclined to shatter the pupil's carvings, a thing he was quite capable of doing, when passion overpowered him.

Agoracritus stepped forward and, as often happened, defended the fiercely reviled work against the impetuous Alcamenes. The hot blood crimsoned the latter's face, and he made a hasty reply.

Just at that moment, Phidias approached with two companions, who were by no means strangers in his house.

How could Pericles and Aspasia have denied themselves the pleasure of sometimes casting a glance at the quiet creation and progress of these vast designs?

They found the master in the midst of throngs of pupils and assistants, among clay models, half-hewn statues and blocks of marble; found him more silent, stern, thoughtful and reserved than ever before.

When Alcamenes saw Aspasia, he strove to appear gay and careless, to conceal the indignation he could not yet wholly stifle, and to which he had allowed himself to give expression during the hasty meeting in the Agora. The sullen Agoracritus made no effort to hide the secret rage he still cherished in his heart against Aspasia. He turned away and wasted no words on the distinguished visitors.

As the latter had overheard some portion of the dispute, the conversation soon reverted to the same sub-

ject, and Aspasia did not hide the fact, that she entirely agreed with Alcamenes in his desire to see every trace of old-fashioned tradition effaced from art. While looking at the sketches and clay models for the colossal groups on the pediment, the frieze, and the metopes, she found many of the most beautiful a little hard and rigid, and even the richest development of the art seemed to her to advance too slowly. These opinions she expressed without reserve.

"The beautiful Aspasia," said Phidias with a grave smile, "would like to have everything we carve as delicate, luxurious, and charming as herself. But do not forget, that in these tasks we sculptors have to represent no mere human, commonplace prettiness, but almost supernatural beauty."

"Perhaps Phidias is right in not allowing himself to be entirely deprived of what Aspasia calls the harsh, stiff, old-fashioned style," said Pericles. "Who knows whether the highest ideal of beauty may not dwell on the narrow line, that separates chaste, virginal loveliness from luxurious, fully developed charms? The highest and last stage of development is often the first of decline; so the point which delights and refreshes the mind with the purest, loftiest magic, should lie a little on the side of the summit and not directly upon it."

"If I urged you ever so strongly towards the charming, delicate, and luxurious," replied Aspasia, "and you encouraged your pupils to strive towards the same goal, I think even then it would be long ere the correct limit was passed. Your assistants seem to me so far from making their work too delicate and graceful, that even if they exerted all their powers, they would

scarcely attain the goal. I do not say you are slow, but the road is long."

"When I look at Phidias' statues," said Pericles evasively, as if he feared the sculptor might be wounded—"or hear the songs of Homer, I think them sublime in their charm, and charming in their sublimity. They are sublime, as every one knows, they are charming, as no one can deny, and we may call them beautiful, because they are both at the same time."

"I agree to that," said Socrates, looking up from his work of hewing the rough outlines of a statue in a marble block. "I have been reflecting a long time upon the real nature of beauty; Pericles' words have shone like a ray of light into my soul. So the beautiful is graceful sublimity and sublime grace. When Pericles and Aspasia again discuss together the right limits of the progress of development in the arts, they will find it easy to say that the beautiful, to remain the beautiful, must never be merely charming and never merely sublime, but both united. The gods grant that I may remember this lesson at every stroke of the chisel, especially while I am executing the gift I intend to make Phidias' goddess, on the day of the opening of her magnificent temple on the Acropolis."

"What?" cried Aspasia, "does the thoughtful stone-cutter intend to try his skill as the creative sculptor?"

"Of course!" replied Socrates. "True, Phidias and Alcamenes have assigned none of the carved work on the new Parthenon to my independent execution, and when I begged permission to try this greater task, was sharply refused by Alcamenes, with the smiling contempt of which he is master. By Zeus! I have learned from Phidias how to carve the perfect egg form of the

face, to make the head small but delicately shaped, the line of the brow and nose almost straight, curve the eyebrows in a delicate arch, chisel the eyes large, round, and deep, and the sides of the nostrils in a gradual slope, round the chin, and arrange the hair and beard in graceful masses. I will not forever hew blocks of marble into mere rough outlines, and as an obedient workman, help embody the thoughts of others. I will prepare a gift modelled after my own design, and try with practised hands to represent in stone, a clear, pure idea of my own."

"But what is the clear idea, which as you say, you wish to embody in stone?" asked Aspasia.

"You shall hear," replied Socrates; "but it is not seemly to talk of a pupil's efforts, before you have seen as much of the master's work, the divine Pallas Athena, as can be viewed at present."

Pericles and Aspasia earnestly entreated Phidias to let them see what he had already created, but the sculptor replied:

"You can see nothing at this moment but fragments, for the clay model has been broken in pieces, as the necessities of the work in gold and ivory required."

But, as Pericles and Aspasia protested that they would be satisfied with even a sight of the fragments, Phidias, accompanied by Socrates and Alcamenes, led them into one of the spacious court-yards, and there pointed out a wooden framework, over which the figure was to be shaped of gold and ivory, as flesh and skin rests on the skeleton of bones. Besides the workmen engaged in separating the clay model of the magnificent work into fragments, were others employed in sawing elephants' tusks—of great size and beauty

which the Greeks imported from India—into thin plates, each one of which was to be exactly fitted in its place over the wooden skeleton, according to the design of the clay model.

The visitors scanned the huge, separate portions of the colossal statue. Even these fragments afforded food for thought, and fortunately the head of the goddess was still uninjured. This they could examine to their heart's content, and give themselves up to the spell of the master's lofty thought, revealed in the sublime, pensive features of this new *Pallas Athena* of peace.

They mirrored *intellectual power*, the light of pure intelligence rising from the depths.

"The beautiful, pensive face of this goddess makes her appear indeed the divinity, who sprung from the head of her father, Zeus," said Pericles.

"But," interposed Socrates, ever in search of ideas, eagerly seizing upon the remark, "in the head, as all well know, dwells *thought*. So what is Pallas, springing from her father's brain, save the living, embodied thought of Zeus? Oh, happy Phidias, blessed by the gods, to be thus called to represent what is *highest—thought!* I, poor bungler, strove all my life to attain the realm of pure thought, and would fain have guided it from Zeus' brain to mine, like a leaping spark, yet could never grasp it. This Phidias here takes a bit of clay, a lump of earth, kneads it, and beneath his hands grows a statue that dazzles my eyes when I behold it, forces me to exclaim: '*This is thought!*—the thought of Zeus!' Yet Phidias is right, when he names the thought placed before us, Pallas Athena, the glorious guardian divinity of Greece. We have proof of that, when we compare what philosophers say of thought, and poets of Pallas.

Apart from her oft mentioned origin in the brain of Zeus, the poets declare that Pallas Athena is a virgin, also that she partakes of both masculine and feminine nature, quite unlike the goddess of Love, who has nothing to do with thought, but devotes herself exclusively to delightful emotions and the unconscious creative works of love. Who will deny that thought is virginal, and at once masculine and feminine? Thought is calm, like starlight, and remains sufficient for itself on its pure, clear height; only its counterpart, feeling, is full of ardor and enters into all the deeds of love. What is the horrible Gorgon head, which poets and sculptors place on the shield of the goddess Pallas Athena, save the terrors of conquered *darkness*, which victorious thought bears as a trophy? So there is no doubt that Phidias intended to represent *thought*, though we may still be permitted, if we choose, to call the head before us that of the goddess Pallas Athena."

Grave Phidias smiled faintly, and Alcamenes, also smiling, interrupted Socrates by patting him on the shoulder, but praised his words.

Aspasia said:

"If Phidias, as you assert, Socrates, wished to embody in this statue the might of lucid thought, he scarcely ventured, while creating it, to ponder over this idea."

"The same thing doubtless happens to other fathers," replied Socrates.

"It certainly doesn't happen so with *you*," cried Alcamenes with a mischievous smile.

"No," replied Socrates, "but why should you jeer at me for it? It is certainly better to think than not to think. The gods may bestow their best gifts on their

favorites in dreams. We other mortals must try to help ourselves with our waking senses. No doubt, Aspasia, you have wondered why I so often questioned you about the idea and nature of love. Yet I could not help it. As Phidias has embodied the victorious light of thought in the statue of Pallas Athena, I would fain embody love in a statue of Eros. You surely will not assert that Eros is a contemptible deity; nay, some call him the first and oldest of all, and if love, as it appears, is, above all things, an aspiration, a strife, an endeavor, I can say that this god is really mine. To learn still more exact particulars about him, I have, as you know, moved much among men, inquiring—"

"That's true," interrupted Alcamenes smiling, "you have been seen far more frequently at the Agora and other public places, than in Phidias' workrooms. This fellow really seems to be driven about by some special anxiety. First he chops at his marble blocks for half a day like a madman, then drops his tools and stares thoughtfully for an hour into vacancy. Then he starts up, dashes off, and doesn't come back for half a day. You mean to carve an Eros? Tell us *when*? Do you know, my dear fellow, that Phidias calls you his most negligent pupil?"

"I know it," replied Socrates; "but remember that you too often throw down the chisel and rush off, with or without a pretext, and like me, it is said, follow *love*, though certainly without inquiring much about its idea and nature."

"You are right," cried Alcamenes laughing, "I don't inquire about its idea. But who tells you I follow love, when I leave here?"

"You don't always go away yourself," replied Soc-

rates, "sometimes you merely send one of the men who carry mortar, or even mad Menon, if he happens to be lounging about here, with a little note to the beautiful Corinthian, Theodota."

Again Alcamenes smiled, and Socrates continued :

"My friend Anaxagoras has called the passion of love a disease—I only want to know whether it is an ordinary sickness, to be treated with medicine, or a divine one, like the poet's rapture or the ravings of the Delphic priestess. I know the god of Love must have wings and a boy's figure; but how I am to represent him in other respects, grave or gay, looking upward or downward—I should really like to know, Aspasia, how you would undertake to represent him, if you were one of us pupils, here in Phidias' studio?"

"I should not attempt to represent it," replied Aspasia. "Love is an emotion, and a feeling is formless. Why seek to represent what has no form? Instead of love, present what awakens love, the charming, the *beautiful*. That has a shape, is tangible, visible, perceptible by all the senses. Nor need you ponder over it and question other people, but simply copy the most beautiful and graceful object you behold."

Socrates spent several minutes in silent thought, and then replied :

"Nothing can be truer than what you have just said, Aspasia. I will let Eros go, and try to carve the *Graces*; for you probably intend to point them out to me again, as you have often done, as the real goddesses of loveliness and beauty. Aphrodite is beautiful, but she is not only the goddess of beauty, but of love—in her nature beauty is already mingled with love, while in the *Graces*, it is still apart, and so to speak, sufficient

unto itself. So I will carve the Graces, and offer them as a gift to Phidias' goddess on the Acropolis. But as I formerly pursued love, I must now follow beauty. Where shall I find the most beautiful and graceful person, to 'simply copy,' as Aspasia just said."

"If you want to see the most graceful creature ever beheld, my dear Socrates," said Alcamenes smiling, "I can give you a piece of advice. Try to see the beautiful Corinthian, whom you just mentioned, dance."

"The Corinthian Theodota?" asked Socrates; "I have often heard the charm of her dancing praised. But who is to procure us the pleasure of seeing and admiring the Corinthian, except yourself, Alcamenes, her best panegyrist, friend, and companion?"

"Why not?" replied Alcamenes, with merry arrogance. "Whoever desires to enjoy the sight of the most perfect grace a woman's form is capable of displaying in the dance, should see Theodota, and I will ungrudgingly serve as guide to any one who wishes to have this pleasure."

These words were not devoid of secret malice towards Aspasia. He intentionally praised the grace and charm of another woman, in the presence of Pericles' friend and Pericles himself.

The beautiful dancer Theodota had been induced to come from Corinth to Athens by Alcamenes. The cause of this action was a singular one.

On perceiving that he must give up Aspasia, of whom he had thought himself secure, the young sculptor was seized with secret indignation against the Milesian. Yet his temperament was too light, gay, and careless to allow grief to gnaw at his heart on account of this loss; his sole endeavor was to seize some real happiness, some

genuine love in place of that of which he had been robbed.

A very wealthy Corinthian had given him an order for a small marble statue. Alcamenes finished the work and sent it to Corinth. The owner was delighted with its rare perfection and grace, and wrote to Alcamenes that he might ask any payment he desired for the little masterpiece; whatever his request, it should be fulfilled.

Upon this the young sculptor, with his usual arrogance, wrote the Corinthian the following reply:

"It is well known that your wealthy and luxurious Corinth has long possessed the fairest 'friends,' to be found in Hellas. As you offer me any reward for my little statue, I beg you to send the most famous beauty in Corinth to remain a month in Athens at your expense, informing her that during this month she is to serve me exclusively as a model."

The rich Corinthian laughed when he read these lines, and a few days after, the beautiful hetæra, the dancer Theodota, arrived in Athens.

Alcamenes was satisfied, and for a month enjoyed the society of the far-famed beauty at his wealthy patron's expense.

When the month had passed and the fair Theodota's engagement was fulfilled, she felt little inclination to return to Corinth: she had become fond of Athens and determined to stay there.

Alcamenes remained her constant friend, and praised her to all who would listen to him as the fairest woman in Hellas, never neglecting to add she was more charming than the famous Milesian, Aspasia, who had ensnared Pericles more by craft than beauty.

As Alcamenes thus praised Theodota to Socrates in

Aspasia's presence, the latter instantly perceived the intention of the offended youth, and knew he wished to annoy her by bestowing admiring words upon the beauty of another woman. With feminine quickness she instantly arranged her thoughts and formed her resolution.

Amid the lightning-like reflections that darted through her mind, was the wonder what impression Alcámenes' words might have made on Pericles' susceptible fancy. She considered that he might wish to see the fair Corinthian, and gratify this desire on some other occasion than when accompanied by his friend. She did not care to have Pericles meet Theodota unless she was present, but had little fear of such an interview in her company. She well knew what she could throw into the scales against all other women, and as for Alcámenes, decided that she could not punish his secret malice better, than by showing him how little she cared for this kind of annoyance.

To these motives for her resolution was added another—she herself was not without some curiosity to see the much-praised Corinthian beauty.

So, to the no small perplexity of the young sculptor, she eagerly accepted his offer to take any one to Theodota, who might desire to go, saying with careless gayety:

"If you are able to show us the way to the most beautiful and graceful person you know and let us see Theodota dance, it would be folly for Pericles, Socrates, I myself, or any one who hears you, not to instantly take you at your word and compel you to fulfil so tempting a promise without delay."

"I suppose," replied Alcámenes, quickly recovering

his self-control, "that you have spoken in your own name, as well as for Pericles and Socrates."

Pericles hesitated a moment, then said he would not oppose Aspasia's wish. "We are going," he added, "only in Socrates' train and for his sake: but it can never reflect disgrace upon a man to follow a *philosopher*."

"Our fiery Alcamenes," said Socrates; "is a friend to all hasty and bold ideas. See how joyously he rubs his hands and seizes his Thessalian hat. I'll wager that he'll give us no farther peace, but is fully determined to conduct us immediately, just as we are, from Phidias' house to the fair Theodota's dwelling."

"Even so," cried Alcamenes. "Our master Phidias has slipped quietly away while we were talking. I advise you not to disturb him by leave-taking. Here is a passage close at hand, the door is open, the street empty, Theodota's house not far away—let us go."

They soon reached Theodota's residence.

There was no occasion to fear annoying the beauty. Alcamenes went first to tell her his companions were coming, but returned almost immediately and invited them to follow him.

He conducted them to Theodota's most private apartments, which were furnished with the most luxurious splendor. Soft pillows and purple cushions lay scattered everywhere, the floor was covered with thick carpets, delicious perfumes rose from delicately-wrought vases. A couch, with purple coverings, was supported by graceful cupids; jewels and garments were strewn around in picturesque confusion. Soft sandals, fillets, costly girdles, pots of rouge, boxes of ointment, circular mirrors of polished metal with richly-carved handles, exquisitely-

shaped sunshades, and gaily-painted fans in the form of leaves, were intermingled with small works of art in bronze and marble—some gifts from Alcamenes—musical instruments inlaid with gold and ivory, fresh and withered garlands of every kind. At the first glance, all these things in their motley confusion made a bewildering impression on the senses, an impression strengthened by the perfumed air of the room, while the beautiful, richly-dressed hetæra rose from one of the soft cushions to greet her guests.

Theodota was beautiful. Her hair was black as a raven's wing, her eyes were dark and fiery, and her features delicate. She was very much rouged, her eyebrows were artificially curved, and her lips much redder than the coloring of nature. She wore a robe embroidered with flowers, and was adorned with magnificent jewelry. This robe was fastened around her waist by a girdle of gold plates, whose clasp was richly ornamented, and from which hung no less tasteful and daintily-formed amulets of various kinds. Her neck, bosom, arms, and even her ankles were encircled with ornaments of serpent-shape, set with garnets or amber. Even her small, delicately-formed ears were adorned with dangling rings of exquisite workmanship. On her head she wore a metal coronet, set with pearls.

"I have already informed Theodota why you came," said Alcamenes, turning to his companions.

"Alcamenes is rash to suddenly bring me such distinguished guests, without permitting me to make the slightest preparation to receive them worthily," replied Theodota smiling.

"No preparation is necessary," answered Alcamenes, "for you are always yourself, and our visit is not paid to

your house, but to yourself, your charms, and your art. You see before you a wise, earnest man," he continued, pointing to Socrates, "who is longing to see you and admire your dancing. You owe it even more to him than to my enthusiastic words, Theodota, that to-day the great Pericles and the far-famed Aspasia from Miletus cross your threshold, to convince themselves, by the evidence of their own eyes, of your much-praised skill."

"What," cried Theodota, "must I venture to display myself and the little I can do to the criticism of such judges?—a philosopher, a dignified statesman, and one of my own sex, who it seems, surpasses in brilliant accomplishments all other women?"

"Fear nothing, Theodota," said Pericles, "Alcámenes has praised you to us, and Alcámenes knows how to discover what is most beautiful in everything."

"Indeed," added Socrates, with a subtle smile, glancing at Aspasia, "he always meets the most beautiful *first*."

"Then he can take the responsibility!" said Theodota. "To act the prude before any one, or refuse to display my art, ought not to enter my mind. You wish to see me dance, like hundreds before you, and I obey. Consider yourselves my masters. What do you desire me to dance and represent? What goddess? What heroine? What myth or history?"

She addressed these questions principally to Pericles, but he replied:

"Ask the philosopher, for he came here with intentions, that certainly make it desirable for him to be permitted to fix the subject of your dance. Speak without hesitation, Socrates. What do you wish to have Theodota dance?"

"If you and Theodota are willing to leave the decision to me," replied Socrates, after a short pause, "I know of nothing I should like better, than to request her to dance the three goddesses seeking to win the prize of beauty from Paris on Mt. Ida. What a task, to appear before us first as Aphrodite, then as Hera, and then as Pallas, and show how each with the same means, though subtly varied according to her character, strove to bewitch the shepherd and snatch the prize from his hand. Alcamenes has promised to let me learn here what grace is, so we will compel Theodota to be as charming and graceful as possible, yet in the most different ways imaginable."

When Theodota had left the room to make certain changes in her dress and appearance, required by the task imposed upon her, Socrates said :

"We shall gain our object, for Theodota is not like other beauties, who only deal out what they mean to give by drops, but will honestly offer us what she has to proffer and pour out everything at once, as if from Amaltheia's horn of plenty. The whole affair will be settled, and we can go home. Theodota, I can see, is yielding and gentle, but not intelligent. How Aspasia would dance if she chose! But which of us, except perhaps the Olympian Pericles, has ever seen her!"

Theodota now returned, clad in a robe that did not check the freest motions. With her came a boy bringing a lute, and a flute-player. The latter began to play, and the boy chimed in with a few chords. Theodota's movements commenced, as it were, to blend with the sounds, and it was impossible to say at what precise moment she had begun to dance.

First, as she had been requested, she danced Aphro-

dite's wooing for the apple, the prize of victory in the hands of Paris; then Hera's, then that of Pallas. It was the same dance, thrice repeated, yet each time with totally different expression, in accordance with the characters of the goddesses. Theodota seemed thrice transformed. It was marvellous to see what changes she succeeded in bringing into the mimicry of the suit by speaking glances, buoyant gestures, significant movements. By turns the wooing appeared like graceful pleadings, sweet flattery, charming coquetry, bewildering fascination, promise of the fairest reward; then proud command, an imperious order rather than bold or sportive entreaty, then as a swift surprise, an attempt to wrest the prize of victory from the judge's hand by gentle violence. Meantime, she succeeded in displaying every physical charm of attitude, movement, gesture. As each cleverly-devised expressive feature, exactly adapted to the character of the goddess, appeared in the triple performance, the spectators knew not whether to most admire the wealth of invention and variety of the whole, or the charm and perfection of the execution of each individual trait.

The fact should be mentioned that Theodota, during the whole dance, kept her eyes, glowing with a varying but always beseeching expression, almost constantly fixed upon Pericles. She made him the involuntary companion of her mimic suit, seemed to see in him Paris, and seek to win from his hands the prize of victory.

When the fair Corinthian had finished her dance, Pericles praised the grace and expression with which she had performed her task.

"The commission you gave the beautiful Theodota

was by no means too difficult," said Alcamenes, "she would have performed harder tasks in a way to rouse still greater astonishment. She can not only imitate the tenderness of the dove and the fierceness of the lion, but if necessary the undulation of water, the blaze of fire, and the light rustling of the trees."

"I don't doubt," replied Pericles, "that she even understands, like the dancer I saw a short time ago, how to represent the letters of the alphabet by the motions of her wonderfully lithe and pliant body."

"And now what have *you* to say about Theodota?" cried Alcamenes, touching Socrates on the shoulder. The latter had not once averted his eyes from the dancer during the entire performance, and now stood apparently absorbed in thought.

"*I will learn to dance!*" he answered gravely. "Hitherto I only knew of wisdom of the head; I now perceive that there is also a certain wisdom of the hands and feet."

The listeners smiled, supposing he was speaking with his usual irony. But Socrates continued:

"Rhythm is proportion, and proportion is morality. A rhythm of the body so beautiful as that Theodota has shown us, must necessarily fill the whole nature of men with appreciation and love for beauty of proportion. When this has once been seen, everything rude, coarse, unpolished and base must be despised. I envy you your beautiful rhythm of body and soul, Theodota."

"I enjoy this beautiful rhythm myself," replied Theodota, smiling, "if I possess and others take delight in it, for it is my profession to amuse and please. But this art of pleasing and amusing seems to grow daily more difficult in Hellas. To the eyes of you art-pampered

men, beautiful nature in woman is not enough. You require us to adorn ourselves with every charm of art, if we desire to attract or captivate you. Yet," she added with a bewitching smile, "difficult as you make the profession of pleasing, I shall not cease to consider this calling the most delightful, and, if you allow it, *mine*."

"You evidently don't belong to that class of women, who seek to please only *one* man," said Socrates.

"No, by the gods!" exclaimed Alcamenes. "She doesn't belong to their ranks. She is the terror of all enthusiastic youths, who babble of love. Young Damos complained yesterday, Theodota, that you drove him out of the house, because he became too melancholy."

"Yes," said Theodota, "I not only deride Hymen's chains, but those of Eros also. I am no priestess of love, but a daughter of pleasure."

"I admire you, Theodota!" said Socrates. "You seem to me to have chosen not only the fairest, but the most philanthropic of all professions. What self-sacrifice you must practise! You disdain to be the refreshing draught in one man's pitcher, honorably placed in the shade of the domestic hearth, you prefer to mount into the air like a light cloud, float over many lands, and melt away in a rain of pleasure on the heads of men. You renounce household peace, the honor of wifhood, maternal happiness, the consolations of age, merely to gratify the strengthened desire for beauty and pleasure in the bosoms of the men of Hellas. And it is not only Hymen's fetters you disdain—but with insolent courage, and so to speak Promethean defiance, dare the wrath of Eros, the most revengeful of all the gods. Yet you are not ignorant how short a time beauty and youth last.

You stand there full of self-renunciation and self-sacrifice, like a blossoming tree in the month of March, and say: 'Gather and shake off all the flowers of my fleeting Spring, and let any one bind a bouquet to last a few days. I have no wish to be a fruit-tree, I am a flowering-tree!' What self-sacrifice, Theodota, what self-denial! May gods and men bless you for it, and the Graces bury your body under roses."

Theodota thanked him with a smile. She had become too familiar with the eccentricities of different men, to be surprised by this strange mortal's words.

"You exaggerate my merits."

"I have not yet told all," replied Socrates.

"That will be a reason for coming again," answered Theodota.

The conversation between the two continued for some time, but soon grew more animated as the others took part in it, and Theodota found opportunities to direct many an eager glance, many a significant word to Pericles.

Pericles responded in the gentle, friendly manner peculiar to him, when addressing women.

Aspasia noticed the advances made, but without the passionate blindness of other women. She herself announced the message of free, joyous love, and publicly declared her hostility to slavery not only in marriage, but in love. Besides, she knew that a woman who betrays jealousy is lost, and was aware of the distance that separated her from Theodota. The latter carelessly spent her life in fulfilling her calling of nymph. Aspasia could never have entered upon such a career. She was far removed from the self-sacrifice Socrates had praised in Theodota. She did not renounce the blossoms of her

Spring to gratify the love of pleasure of the common crowd ; she had sought and found a more brilliant goal. She was beloved and loved—though only with the gay, bright love she preached. As for the means of bewitching and captivating—Theodota gave what she had recklessly, and soon had nothing more to bestow. Aspasia's rich, deep nature was inexhaustible.

Yet the latter did not disdain to note the best way to wrest from her rival even a fleeting victory. A little plan quickly matured in her mind, and the visit to the Corinthian beauty was not without its consequences.

When the four companions left Theodota's house, the sculptor asked :

" Well, friend Socrates, what have you learned for your group of Graces from the charming Theodota's triple dance ?"

" Many and marvellous things!" replied the latter. " I now know what the trio of Graces is intended to mean, each in herself and all three united. But this shall remain my secret for the present, for it is time to take the chisel in my hand and let the marble speak. You will see what I have learned from Theodota to-day, when my group of the Graces stands completed on the Acropolis. To-day accept my thanks for having given me your company on the way I took for the sake of the wise and beautiful woman, who commanded me to sacrifice to the Graces."

CHAPTER IX.

ANTIGONE.

THOSE who passed the house of the wealthy Hipponicus in Athens, during the spring month Elaphebolion of the fourth year of the eighty-fourth Olympiad, heard the sound of flutes and the notes of men's voices, practising in chorus, which echoed from within into the street.

Similar sounds were also heard from the mansions of Pylilampes, Midias, Aristocles, and other rich Athenians. It almost seemed as if the blows of the chisel were drowned by the music of flutes, stringed-instruments, and voices. The festival of Dionysus had returned, and with it the season when public interest in Athens centered upon the dramatic performances, which took place in the theatre of Dionysus.

The plays, according to custom, were submitted by the authors to the second archon. The latter, aided by the judgment of experts, selected those to be performed; the actors who were to appear in them were engaged at the public expense, and the wealthy Athenian citizens, whose turn it was to defray the cost of the choruses, that is, to hire the men, clothe, feed, and have their voices trained, had been appointed to discharge their offices. Hipponicus had to procure a chorus for Sophocles' *Antigone*, Pylilampes for a tragedy by Euripides, Midias for one by Ion, Aristocles for a comedy by Cratinus, and others for other plays. An almost passionate rivalry had sprung up between these men, each

of whom strove, with the ambition peculiar to the Athenian, to surpass the others in the careful, artistic, and magnificent outfit and training given to the chorus of which he had charge. A wreath, scarcely less desired than the garlands of Olympia and Pytho, allured the victor.

The melody of voices and the music of flutes rang loudly from Hipponicus' mansion, as a man of very pliant figure and lithe, agile tread, came down the street. He seemed to be a stranger, for he had a mule-driver behind him, whose beast was laden with luggage. His eyes roved about as if in search of some particular house.

Suddenly the voices and music from Hipponicus' dwelling echoed in his ear. He listened an instant, then smiled as if well satisfied, and said to the slave:

"We need not ask any one. This, and no other, is Hipponicus' house."

He hastily approached and was about to knock at the door, when a man coming up the street from the opposite direction, met the stranger.

The latter seemed very pleasantly surprised at the sight of the new-comer, and as he smilingly approached, threw his head a little back, laid his left hand on his breast, raised his right, and in slow, sustained tone, as if his feet were in the cothurni, uttered the following words:

"If my mind wanders not
In dark forebodings, and the light
Of reason doth not fail me—"

"It is a favorable omen from the gods, to meet on Hipponicus' threshold my old friend, the tragic poet Sophocles."

So saying, he held out his hand to the poet, who cordially grasped it.

"Welcome, admirable Polus!" he cried. "Welcome to Athens! Have you been bewitching men in all the cities of Hellas with the music of your voice, as you strode in the high-heeled cothurnus, reaped fresh renown, and ringing reward?"

"Even so!" replied Polus. "I have been honored here and there, wherever I was needed at the festivals in the cities of Hellas. But there was ever an echo in my soul:

" ' O ! could I climb the woody steep
That hangs incumbent o'er the deep,
From Sunium's cliff by waves forever beat!
Thence should my eye the lovely prospect greet,
And smile on sacred Athens rising at my feet.' "

"And when the message from your archon reached me at Halicarnassus, summoning me back to Athens and promising any payment I might ask, and I heard that at your request the principal part in your new tragedy had been assigned to me, I flew across the Archipelago as if on wings, for nowhere do I more gladly buckle on the cothurnus than at Athens, and there is no poet I would rather serve with my art than my glorious friend Sophocles."

Again the poet cordially pressed the actor's hand.

"And you are always the most wished for by *me*!" he answered.

"In Hipponicus' house," continued Sophocles, "you will meet the members of the chorus, their leader, and perhaps also your two fellow-actors, Demetrius and

* For most of the quotations from Sophocles' plays the translator is indebted to Franklin's version.

Callippides. Hipponicus invited you to come here at this hour, that we may all assemble to distribute the parts and make every preparation necessary to secure our tragedy the victory. Let us go in; Hipponicus is expecting you impatiently."

The two men knocked at the door and were admitted. Hipponicus received Polus with great delight, and instantly invited him to be his guest during the time he might remain in Athens.

"Do you wish to burden yourself with this trouble, in addition to all your other cares?" replied Polus.

"I should not consider the new burden, even if it were one, worth mentioning," replied Hipponicus. "But you were not wrong in saying that I have had no little care and trouble, since the duty of procuring the chorus of Antigone was assigned to me by the archon. The necessary singers and musicians were to be obtained, and I now have them all in the house. These people must be lodged and boarded at my expense, and what boarding! Fed with milk, virgin honey, and all kinds of sweets, that their throats may not get rough. Caged nightingales couldn't be more carefully cherished, than I feed and care for these fellows. Then there are costly garments and jewels to be ordered for each member of the chorus, and you know what Athenians require. If they don't see gilded garlands and every kind of Dionysian splendor, victory is not to be expected. I don't know whether I can get off this time at a cost of less than five thousand drachmæ. But I would spend twice the amount, if necessary, to surpass that peacock-raiser, Pylampes, who is trying to win the prize with a tragedy of the woman-hater, Euripides. Sophocles already knows, but you do not, my friend, what this man has

done to wrest the victory from my hands. First he tried to bribe the archon, then endeavored to alienate the best members of my chorus, and at last even secretly offered the leader money to conduct the practising carelessly. All this did not suffice. When my ornaments and costumes for the chorus, whose magnificence cannot be exceeded, were finished and lying in the maker's shop, Pyrilampes passed by and wanted to force the man to sell them to him. When refused, he ordered his slaves to beat him, and threatened to burn down his house at night with all it contained. That's the way this scoundrel, Pyrilampes, behaves."

"Be comforted, be comforted, thou dear one!"

Polus began with deep pathos:

"Zeus is still in Heaven,
Leave with him thy bitter grudge,
Hate not too much, neither forget
The objects of thy wrath."

"For the rest," he continued in a less lofty tone, "I know this man and his wiles myself, Hipponicus. You think you can teach me something about him, but I can tell you what you don't know, the means he employed to prevent me from taking part in Sophocles' tragedy. He promised to add to the payment of the government a large sum from his own purse, if I would appear in the tragedy of Euripides. But I—I stood like Philoctetes, when the cunning Ulysses sought to convey him and his victorious bow away to Ilium.

"Never, never,
(Be sure of that) though thunder-bearing Jove
Should with his lightnings blast me, would I go."

"I thank the gods, Polus," said Hipponicus, "that

a man like you stands by us faithfully; for no matter how admirable a chorus may be, if the actors appointed by the government are good for nothing, the Athenians hiss and whistle."

"And I thank the gods," said Polus, "that it is *you* who fit out Sophocles' chorus, for no matter how admirable the actors may be, if the chorus is not magnificent, the Athenians pound with both hands and feet."

Two new-comers, the actors Demetrius and Callipides, now entered. They were kindly received by Hipponicus and exchanged greetings with Polus, with whom they had often been on the stage, especially in the tragedies of Sophocles.

"I now see all who are to work together, to win the victory for 'Antigone,' assembled in my house," observed Hipponicus.

"The practising of the chorus," said Sophocles, turning to the actors, "commenced long ago; we have been waiting for you impatiently. Now you are here, we will not delay in making the distribution of the parts. First of all, there is Antigone herself: she falls to the player of the leading character." So saying he addressed Polus, the "protagonist." The latter, like his companions, silently assented as if this arrangement was a matter of course.

But Sophocles interrupted himself, by asking Polus:

"Have you ever heard of the beautiful Milesian, Aspasia?"

The latter answered in the affirmative, and he continued:

"If we obeyed her wishes, my dear Polus, I should be obliged to request the archon to assign a *woman* for the character of Antigone. I had an excited argument

with her, in which she condemned the custom of having women's characters assumed by men, and said that women should be allowed to go on the stage. I vainly spoke of the masks which cover the face, and the enormous size of the theatre."

Polus laughed scornfully. "What," he cried indignantly, "when I entered as Electra and began:

'O sacred light! and O, thou ambient air!'

did any one ever miss the woman in me, my bearing, or the voice that issued from the mournful mask?"

"No one! No one!" all exclaimed.

"And when I sorrowfully embraced the urn containing the supposed ashes of my brother" continued the excited Polus.

"O, ye dear remains
Of my Orestes, the most loved of men—"

"The whole audience was moved, stirred, melted with sorrow!" cried Sophocles, and the others assented.

"Never was any voice heard on the stage," continued Sophocles, "that sounded more touching, more *womanly* than yours."

"I hope you don't mean to say, that my voice has a feminine character," replied Polus? "I think you must still remember my *Ajax*."

"Wretch that I was, to let
The cursed Atridæ 'scape and shed the blood
Of harmless cattle!"

Polus' voice seemed utterly changed in the delivery of these words. "That is the deepest, most powerful of all heroes' voices!" cried the listeners enthusiastically.

"Well? And my Philoctetes?" continued Polus,

"my cry of anguish, when the old serpent venom glowed within me—my oh! oh! oh! oh! it comes—it comes—"

Again exclamations arose: "What a voice of sorrow! What a natural expression of grief, feebleness, faintness!"

"Well!" cried Polus; "but when at the end of the tragedy I began:

"I will but pay my salutation here,
And instantly depart,
Now ye fresh fountains! each Lycœan spring
I leave you now."

"It was a glorious moment," assented Hipponicus; "but the finest thing I have ever seen or heard you do, was when, as Ajax, you stood on the stage repeating that wonderful soliloquy—"

"You mean," said Polus, "when in the lonely ravine, just before the suicide, I thrust the sword point up-permost into the earth—"

"There stands my sword, and fixed as it may best
Perform its office—"

"That is it!" cried Hipponicus, "and when you called Zeus, and then the Furies, and then Helios—"

"Oh, Helios," interrupted Polus.

"And then, O Sun! who drivest the flaming car
Along the vaulted sky; when thou shalt see
My native soil, O! stop thy golden reins.
Tell the sad story to my hapless sire—"

"And when last of all," continued Hipponicus, enthusiastically, "you remember your *native soil*, the paternal hearth, Salamis, the famous city of Athens, and your kindred, the Athenian nation—the hearts of twenty

thousand Athenians quivered with a fiery glow ! Each breast thrilled with patriotic emotion, and each individual felt that he shared the dying hero's farewell. Hitherto they had been secretly touched and moved—now they burst into a storm of applause, bestowed on you, Sophocles, and the heroes of Salamis."

"You are right, Hipponicus, in praising Polus," said Sophocles, "but do not forget to recognize the merits of Demetrius and Callippides. They too are sought and honored in the Hellenic cities; they too have helped many of my tragedies to victory. To you, Demetrius," he continued, "I will confide the part of King Creon, to Callippides, Ismene. There are a few minor personages, who, it is true, only appear on the stage a few minutes, yet I should not like to entrust them to the care of the first bungler procured."

"Give them to us!" cried the actors, "we are ready to undertake as many characters as may be wanted, if they don't appear on the stage at the same time. Anything can be played under the masks."

"Then there is the lover Hæmon," said Sophocles; "he does not appear until after Antigone has been led to death."

"Then give me Hæmon!" cried Polus.

"Callippides must undertake the blind prophet Tere-sias," continued Sophocles. "Then there is a guard and a messenger. These two have long tales to relate, and stories must always be delivered as well as possible on the stage. Nothing is more disagreeable than to have them stammered out by a person, who scarcely understands how to speak. I have determined to play these two minor characters myself. I often took part in my former pieces in this way."

The actors applauded the poet, as if honored by his companionship. Hipponicus joined them.

"Finally there is Eurydice, Creon's wife," said Sophocles; "she appears and utters a few words at the end of the tragedy."

"I'll take Eurydice!" cried Polus.

"She is already assigned," answered Sophocles. "A person who has never appeared on the stage and desires to remain unknown, wishes to play Eurydice."

The poet's mysterious manner aroused no small degree of curiosity in the minds of Hipponicus and the actors, but he refused to give any further information.

Sophocles then handed to the actors copies of the tragedy, made suggestions concerning the conception and representation of their parts, and arranged the costumes in which they were to appear.

Hipponicus introduced the fifteen members of the chorus, with their leader, to the new-comers, and invited them to attend the rehearsal which was to take place that day.

Accompanied by the music of the flutes, the chorus, with solemn melodies and the measured dancing-step specially associated with the god—because the first commencement of dramatic plays originated with the expressive dance around his altar—began to repeat the numerous and beautiful hymns of "Antigone." While so doing they moved now to the right, now to the left, stood still, separated, then mingled again. The didascale, or leader and teacher of the chorus, enthusiastically marked time with hands and feet, and often when zeal overpowered him, with his whole body. Sophocles himself often assisted. It had been his task to compose the melodies for the choral songs, the dance-like

motions of the chorus. Sometimes he pushed the flute-player aside, seized a stringed-instrument, and accompanied the chorus, to be better able to guide the singing as well as the majestic movements.

Euripides was in Pylilampes' house, Ion in Midias' and other authors in other dwellings, all eager to win the Dionysian prize of victory, and directing, urging, commanding as Sophocles did at Hipponicus' home.

These dwellings were so many hearth-stones, from which a tumult of anticipation and eager partisanship spread over the whole city. The usual interest felt by the Athenian populace on such occasions had been increased this time to a still higher degree, since the unprecedented exertions made by Hipponicus and Pylilampes to secure the triumph, and the hostilities practised by the two rivals towards each other, which daily threatened to break out in deeds of violence, constantly occupied the nimble Athenian tongues. Public affairs, the news from the colonies, business at the Piræus, all were set aside, and if an Athenian fleet had put out to sea against an enemy, it would have been less discussed than the contest between Hipponicus and Pylilampes.

Two men, however, met on the Agora, who talked confidentially of very different matters. These were Pericles and Anaxagoras.

"You are thoughtful," said the philosopher; "have you a new idea in your mind, or does some beautiful woman occupy your fancy?"

"Perhaps both," replied Pericles; "how delightful it would be if we could dispense with one, namely woman, and devote ourselves wholly to public affairs, or knowledge, or some great, serious cause."

"We *can* dispense with women—we can dispense

with *everything* !" said Anaxagoras impressively, plunging into a dissertation on the question of how much better it would be to renounce everything beforehand, since there is nothing we can certainly and inalienably possess."

Pericles listened quietly, but not with the expression of a man convinced.

"And if," said Anaxagoras in conclusion, "you cannot do without a woman, your wife, Telesippe, sensibly considered, is as good as any other. She gives you children. What more do you want?"

"You know her," replied Pericles. "You know she is superstitious, narrow-minded, and no friend to the Muses. Perhaps this might be endured, if she only possessed as much consideration as is shown her. But she is always full of contradiction and prejudice, ever ready to misconstrue my most well-meant intentions. When, in former days, I often gave her some dainty undergarment or pretty trifle for her adornment to please my eye in the house, she took offence and asked: 'Am I no longer beautiful enough for you, that you consider such things necessary? If I don't please you as I am, I don't wish to please you adorned!' Can any one talk more absurdly? Does not even the youngest, fairest woman gladly adorn herself for the man she loves, and is it not the natural impulse for lover or husband, to adorn the woman of his choice? You know too, that it is one of my peculiarities, to carry the love of cleanliness to a passion. How many bitter words have been exchanged between Telesippe and myself on account of the pen for sucking-pigs and poultry, which according to ancient custom, is close beside the hearth, and is a horror to me, but greatly endeared to her. She does not understand

the feeling of loathing. Doesn't she offer me her lips, sullied with the smut or saliva she has just kissed from her children's faces? To dabble and soil her fingers and lips unnecessarily, if the children are ill, seems to her a natural proof of maternal love. But ought not the mother to be also a wife? Should not a woman of proper feeling understand how to unite and equalize both duties? What avails maternal tenderness, the instinct she shares with every maternal ape, if it remains shut up in the dark depths of nature, and is not coupled with a correct judgment of what is really advantageous to the offspring? Have you not often asked: 'What is the use of instinct without judgment, without the moral consecration that raises it from animal to human life?'

"What you say on this last head is both true and beautiful," replied Anaxagoras. "But the ornamented saffron robe and such things, which Telesippe will or will not wear, are, considered in the light of reason, folly and wantonness. Such delight in beauty is harmful. A woman is a woman, I tell you. In the name of wisdom, cease this extravagant admiration of the beautiful Milesian, Aspasia."

"Is it my fault," asked Pericles smiling, "if the gods have endowed beauty with greater power on earth than wisdom?"

On the day of this conversation something occurred, which, had Pericles chanced to see it, would have made him perplexed and thoughtful, perhaps shaken his faith in Aspasia, dimmed the bright glow of his enthusiasm for her, as a brand on the hearth is extinguished, with sudden smoke and odor, by pouring water upon it.

Messengers had secretly gone to and fro repeatedly

between Sophocles and Aspasia. Nay, once the poet himself had been seen to glide stealthily at dusk into the house of Pericles' fair friend.

But this time it chanced that Aspasia, on returning home, was accompanied by a man, whom the watchful neighbors, in the gloom, mistook for Pericles.

But it was Sophocles. On reaching the door, both stood still a moment. Perhaps they were considering whether the poet might cross the threshold, or must turn back? At last the latter, in his gentle manner, asked the beauty :

"Which is most sacred : *friendship* or *love* ?"

"Probably, in each individual case, whichever is the *older*"—said Aspasia, smiling and giving the mysterious question an equally mysterious answer.

Sophocles then took his leave, and Aspasia entered the house.

The morning after this little incident, Lampon came down from the Acropolis, where he had been holding a long, whispered conversation with Diopeithes, and went to see Elpinice.

Scarcely was the priestly office, for which she had summoned the prophet, completed, when with a mysterious face she turned the conversation upon Pericles and Aspasia.

These two often exchanged the news gleaned in extensive circles.

"The gods seem to wish to punish the haughty Pericles," began Lampon.

"What has happened?" asked Elpinice eagerly.

"It is said, that another steals in the dusk of evening to the Olympian's fair friend, Aspasia," replied the other.

"Why not?" cried Elpinice. "She is a hetæra. But who is this other?"

"Pericles' best friend, the 'beloved of the gods,' as he likes to be called, the smiling tragic poet from the province of Colonus."

"A woman-hunter," cried Elpinice, "a woman-hunter and love-maker like Pericles himself. But the news you bring, friend Lampon, is almost old. It's a long time since the poet was first seen with Pericles and Aspasia. It is well-known, that he is no less in love with the adventuress than his friend. It was to be expected that he would go to her. But who has *seen* him? Who can positively *prove* it?"

"I saw him myself," replied Lampon, "and even heard a snatch of the conversation between the two at the door of the house. If a second witness is necessary, summon Diopieithes."

"That is well!" cried Elpinice with heart-felt delight. "This news, conveyed to Pericles, will give the death-blow to his bond with the Milesian, which is the centre and shield of all the impiety of Athens, as this Ionian woman is the great corrupter. She must be supplanted, expelled, ruined. But who will undertake the office of messenger to Pericles?"

"Diopieithes thought Theodota would be the best person. For some time this woman, apparently not wholly without success, has cast her nets around Aspasia's lover. If it is she, who gives him proof of the Milesian's faithlessness, she can most surely supplant her, by taking her place."

"Poor Telesippe!" cried Elpinice. "It would be best that you should have no rival; but for the present it is gaining much, nay everything, to get rid of the Milesian."

"Indeed it is!" replied Lampon. "A beautiful, crafty woman can only be torn from the heart of a man like Pericles, by a beautiful, crafty woman. Theodota is far less dangerous than Aspasia. On the contrary, this venal Corinthian will be wax in our hands. She must lure Pericles to her house on the pretext of having something important to tell him about the faithless Aspasia. Then the affair will take care of itself."

"Success is certain!" cried Elpinice. "Pericles has already cast his eye upon her. I know it. He has already been to her house once, though in the company of the Milesian, who was bold enough to take him there."

"At Alcamenes' instigation!" said Lampon. "He has been preparing the way for us. He is one of those, who hate the Milesian, and would reap advantage from seeing her rejected, humiliated, cast off by Pericles. He seeks to revenge himself upon the woman who betrayed him. He formed the plan of supplanting the Milesian in the statesman's favor through Theodota's influence, long before us, but lacked the right weapons to use against Aspasia. We will supply him with them. But who shall tell Alcamenes, that he may arrange matters with the Corinthian?"

Elpinice reflected a moment, then replied: "Leave that to me. I know what way the message must take, to reach the Corinthian's ears in the shape we desire."

From this hour Aspasia had to prepare for serious warfare, not only against Telesippe, but Theodota.

Elpinice applied to her friend Polygnotus; the latter was on intimate terms with Agoracritus, Aspasia's bitter enemy, who delivered the message from Lampon and Cimon's sister, to his companions in Phidias' workshop.

These hot-blooded youths found the opportunity for vengeance on the proud beauty quite too tempting, and he quickly came to an understanding with his impetuous friends.

In this zig-zag line moved the thunder-bolt hurled against the bond uniting the best man and the fairest woman in Hellas, a thunder-bolt first fabricated in the forge of the angry old god Erechtheus on the Acropolis.

The festival of Dionysus was celebrated in a joyous, noisy fashion. The last days were dedicated to the contests of the tragic muse.

While the gay comedy of Cratinus was being performed on the stage, amid the frantic mirth of the spectators, a cloud bringing a light shower of rain floated from Hymettus over the theatre of Dionysus, and the high-priest, who sat in his magnificently-carved marble arm-chair in full view of the audience, was wet on the nose by a falling drop, just as the saucy Cratinus, amid the laughter of the Athenians, discharged a feathered shaft of his Attic wit at this very high-priest, Agasthenes.

"It is beginning to rain," said the high-priest to his neighbor Pericles, "I think we will stop the play."

"The shower is passing," replied his companion smiling.

But another arrow whirled, striking the speaker himself. All the Athenians laughed and looked at Pericles, who smiled with them.

A third arrow came—an allusion to the new Hera and the new Zeus, Omphale and Heracles.

Again all the Athenians looked at Pericles. But the latter no longer smiled, a cloud flitted over the Olympian's brow. The shaft had struck *Aspasia*.

Other plays followed, and thus the greater part of

the first day was spent by the Athenians. Many went away and returned again, others remained till the end of the performances. The rich had wine, fruit and cake brought to them by their slaves.

The next day everything began afresh. Again thirty thousand Athenians sat on the stone benches of the theatre of Dionysus, garlanded dignitaries on beautifully-adorned marble chairs in the first rows, the rich men on purple cushions brought with them, attended by their slaves, the poor with figs and onions in a knapsack to last all day. Yet the latter felt themselves as truly citizens of Athens, summoned to behold the most beautiful things, as the others, and talked of Sophocles, Ion, and Euripides, or cast a searching glance at the tiny clouds in the sky, to see if any of them threatened to dim or interrupt the festivities of the day.

Again the first thousands of the thronging crowd were lost like pygmies in the vast amphitheatre. But at last the whole theatre was packed from the topmost to the lowest seats, a huge, seething, roaring human crater. It was almost horrible, enough to make the head swim, to look down from the upper row on this surging sea of human beings.

Amid the confused roar that arose, a threatening tumult became more and more audible. The fiery strife between Hipponicus and Pylampes was to be decided that day. The partisans of the two men seemed ready to rush at each other. If either appeared amid the spectators, a loud outcry burst from friends and foes, shouts of applause and jeering hisses.

The agonothetæ and mastigophori were constantly compelled, in the discharge of their duty, to rush from their stations in the orchestra up the flights of steps that

obliquely intersected the rows of seats, to settle some quarrel, or silence some unruly spectator.

The calmest of the excited throng was Socrates, who had come less to see the plays than the spectators, and pursue his thoughts about their conduct.

"There sit thirty thousand Athenians with eager faces," he said to himself, "all intent upon listening to a fictitious tale, to amuse themselves with false tears and feigned sorrow. They are like children, who listen open-mouthed to idle stories, only the latter do not know they are pure inventions, while the former do. Whence comes this strange love of mankind for mimicked, invented things?"

The beautiful Theodota, most charmingly attired, was among the spectators. Her gaze was constantly fixed on the chair occupied by Pericles, who did not refuse to sometimes return the ardent gaze of her dark eyes.

At last the herald's clear voice, commanding silence, rose above the roar of the multitude. A libation was poured on Dionysus' altar. Then the herald's voice was again heard:

"Let the chorus of Ion come forward!"

Ion's tragedy was heard, applauded, and criticised with innate delicacy of perception by the Athenian populace. A tragedy by Philocles followed. The pronunciation of the protagonist of the piece did not perfectly satisfy the sensitive Attic ear. A storm of wrath fell upon him in the shape of laughter, groans, shrill whistles and stamping feet. A comedy came next. The scoffer was now master of the world, elevated even over Zeus and all the Olympic gods. The most unbridled wit found vent in the most perfect rhymes.

Then the chorus of Euripides came forward.

This author's work stirred all hearts. The women were touched by what appealed to the soul, the men by the brilliant thoughts with which the whole poetic drama was interwoven, as a purple fabric is wrought with golden threads. The splendid appearance of the chorus was greeted with exclamations of astonishment and admiration. Rarely had anything of the sort been seen. Loud applause burst forth at the close of the piece. Pylampes, with his friends and followers, revelled in the anticipation of certain triumph.

In the short time which elapsed between the representation of this tragedy and the beginning of the next, a slave suddenly approached Pericles' chair and handed him a folded sheet of papyrus. Pericles unfolded it and read the words:

"Sophocles glides in the dusk of evening to Aspasia's house."

Pericles was perplexed. Who had written these lines? They came from Theodota.

When he looked for the bearer of the curt, strange tidings, the messenger had vanished.

The clear voice of the herald roused the statesman from earnest thought.

"Let the chorus of Sophocles come forward."

And now a *tragedy of love* was performed before Hellenic eyes and ears, a tragedy of love in the three forms in which it successively visits the human heart, fraternal, conjugal, parental. Antigone dies for the sake of her beloved brother, Hæmon for his bride, Eurydice for her son.

Long, dark mourning robes floated around the tall figures of the daughters of Œdipus. The masks showed

noble, earnest, girlish faces, the voices sounded soft and touching. Antigone swears to bury her beloved brother, whom King Creon has cast forth to be the prey of dogs and birds; she will perform this sacred duty in defiance of human law. The chorus of aged Thebans robed in purple garments, whose splendor suited the festival of Dionysus, and with golden circlets on their brows, performed their majestic evolutions.

The passionate, stormy rhythm.

"By Dirce's sweetly flowing stream
Ne'er did the golden eye of day—"

burst forth. King Creon, clad in a gold-broidered purple robe, his brow adorned with a diadem, appeared on the stage, leaning on a sceptre, surmounted by an eagle. His form, elevated by the cothurnus, towered far above the ordinary stature of mankind, the mask lent him royal dignity; he stood there a mighty prince, distinctly visible to the most distant spectator in the vast building. He asserted the ruler's power against the noble girlish figure—but she recognized only the *one* supreme duty written in her heart: *love*—and made the king, who based his cruelty to her brother on the righteous hatred felt by the citizens of Thebes towards the dead man, the immortal answer:

"My *love* shall go with thine, but not my *hate*!"

Then she went forth to do what she had vowed, and sacrifice the right of the living to the right of the dead. In a solemn majestic chant, the chorus reflected upon the presumptuous minds and audacious resolves of men, and mourned the sorrows of the Labdacidæ. Hæmon, Creon's only son, came and pleaded for the life of Antigone, his bride—but the king held to his

decree, there were brides enough, "other soil might be tilled;" the despairing lover departed, uttering words of dark significance—then the chorus began the strophe composed on the glowing day, when Pericles and Aspasia lingered in the poet's rose-arbors on the banks of the Cephissus.

"Mighty power, all powers above!
Great, unconquerable love!"

Then, alternating with the chorus, began the touching death-lament of the daughter of Œdipus, condemned to descend alive into the rocky tomb—the long threnody was deeply pathetic, and every eye in the wide circle of listening Athenians grew dim with lofty emotion at this climax of sorrowful fate—reminded, by the character, of Danæ, who like Antigone was

"Condemned to change heaven's cheerful light,
For scenes of horror and of night.
Within a brazen tower long time immured."

Teresias, the infallible prophet, entered and with solemn warning addressed himself to the implacable king; at last the Olympians changed his obstinate temper,—suddenly overwhelmed by a horrible foreboding he yielded—the chorus were already exulting, in a joyful strophe addressed to Dionysus, the god of joy—the exultant strains sounded strangely after the mournful death-chant—but it died away and again gave place to the dirge, for Antigone had killed herself in the tomb and Hæmon, slain by his own hand, had gone down with her, embracing her dead body, to the dark realms of Hades.

Eurydice, the wife of the sorrowing Creon, now appeared, heard from the lips of the *messenger* tidings of the united deaths in the rock-tomb of Œdipus' daughter,

learned that her son was dead. The news broke the mother's heart.

The announcement of death from the messenger's mouth produced a strange effect on the minds of all, but still more marvellous was the impression made by the few words the queen uttered.

The multitude listened breathlessly to the close of the sublime tragedy, which ended, as if with a magnificent final accord, in a strophe praising moderation.

Great and deep was the impression produced on the minds of the listening Hellenes by this tragedy of Sophocles, which intertwined three bonds of love and three deaths. The grave, sombre sternness of tragic art had never before been so beautifully mitigated—never had the sublime been so human, the human so sublime.

Never in any tragic work had such a wealth of magnificent melodies been poured forth upon the listeners; never had the Attic stage witnessed a representation so harmoniously finished down to the minutest detail, and never had so well-trained and splendid a chorus appeared before the assembled Athenians.

When Hipponicus' chorus had disappeared, and the dramatic contest of the year was ended, the whole audience with loud shouts declared so impetuously in his favor, that the umpires, without consultation, at once announced to the Athenians, who were eagerly awaiting the verdict, that the author of *Antigone*, and Hipponicus, were victors in the department of tragedy. Sophocles and Hipponicus, according to custom, appeared on the stage to receive a crown of victory from the hands of the umpires before the eyes of the spectators.

It is impossible to describe the joy and pride of Hip-

ponicus, equally impossible to picture the fierce wrath of Pyrilampes and his adherents.

As Pericles left the theatre amid the throng, he suddenly saw Theodota beside him. Her beautiful face was turned towards him a moment with a most expressive glance, a most significant movement of the lips. Unseen, she herself slipped a note into his hand.

Pericles read this also. Its contents ran as follows :

"If you desire news of Sophocles and Aspasia, come to Theodota. A slave will await you under the columns of the Tholus and guide you by a private way through a back door into my house."

Before Pericles could consider whether to accept this invitation, he found himself in the midst of a group of Sophocles' friends, who were thronging around the poet to congratulate him.

When the latter perceived Pericles, he released himself and hurried towards him.

The Olympian, though thoughtful and out of humor, also congratulated the victor.

"I thank you," said Sophocles, "but do not speak to me as a friend, but as a critic."

With difficulty repressing the subject uppermost in his thoughts, Pericles replied :

"Do you know what part of your tragedy has given me cause for reflection? Like many others, I was almost surprised to see the tie of plighted love accorded the same power, the same rights, the same mortal earnestness in the tragedy as the bonds of blood, ever held sacred by the Hellenes from the earliest times. This innovation completely occupied my mind, and I cannot yet determine whether you have done right."

Digressing from the subject, Pericles continued :

"Was it not you, who, under the mask of the messenger, so solemnly related the touching story of Hæmon's death? I thought I recognized your voice? But who spoke Eurydice's words? What actor was concealed under the mask of the queen? I know not what mysterious, secret charm hovered around the scene in which you, as messenger, and that queen, confronted each other. I have never heard any words uttered on the stage as the queen spoke them. What man, save Polus, could feign the wondrous magic of that voice?"

"Not even Polus!" replied Sophocles smiling. "You have spoken of innovations in my tragedy; know that in the representation to-day an innovation took place, of which until now no human being was aware except myself and Hipponicus. For the first time since Thespis put her car in motion, a real woman appeared to-day upon our stage under the mask. You shall be the third sharer of this secret, and let it remain buried among us three for all eternity."

"And who was the woman, who dared, though unknown, to tread the stage and defy ancient usage and the good old customs?"

"You shall see her," replied Sophocles, who disappeared and returned with a female figure, wrapped and disguised beyond recognition.

When Sophocles, accompanied by this figure, had led Pericles a short distance aside till they were perfectly safe from the curious gaze of the crowd, he said:

"Is unveiling necessary for you to recognize the woman, who is not only the most beautiful, but the most daring of her sex?"

Pericles was perplexed: "It *is* necessary," he replied in a cold, grave tone. With a resolute movement

of her hand the female figure drew the veil aside, and Pericles stood face to face with Aspasia.

He remained silent. The contents of Theodota's lines now seemed confirmed. Aspasia, as was evident, had secretly conspired with the poet, carried out the bold plan in connection with him. To be sure, he knew the loyal friendship of the noble Sophocles; but Aspasia had given a fresh proof that her mind, in gay freedom, mocked at all fetters.

All that Pericles was thinking, Aspasia read clearly written on his brow, in his eyes, as he stood gazing mutely at her.

Answering the eloquent silence with eloquent words, she began :

"Frown not, Pericles, and above all do not be angry with your friend Sophocles. I compelled him to do what he did—"

"But don't be angry with Aspasia either," interrupted the poet, turning to Pericles, "and above all, know that it was she who made me remember that friendship is more sacred than love, when it is *older*."

"It is my mission to battle against custom!" continued Aspasia, "and why should you be angry with me because I take no less interest in the poet's images, than in the marble statues in Phidias' work-rooms? I came to Hellas to find beauty and freedom. Had I sought slavery, I should have remained at the Persian court and spent my life under the sleepy eyes of the great king. What governs you at this moment, my friend, is a delusion, a prejudice, a horrible feeling, unworthy of a Hellene. Away with it, Pericles!"

At this moment, Hipponicus approached and invited Pericles and Aspasia to the banquet, with which he in-

tended on the following day to celebrate the victory of himself and Sophocles.

Twilight was already approaching, when the statesman parted from Hipponicus, Sophocles, and Aspasia, and walked thoughtfully homeward.

He was thinking of Aspasia, reflecting upon what she had just said to him. He admitted that she was perfectly right. Love should be no chain, no slave's yoke to Aspasia.

But neither should it fetter him. "You can go to see Theodota!" he said to himself; "perhaps it is not well to be the slave of one woman too long." The demands of the free, proud Aspasia, now blended harmoniously in his mind with the warning words of Anaxagoras. He remembered the Corinthian's note, and the slave who was awaiting him under the columns of the Tholus. True, the tidings Theodota had given him, had meantime been better explained by Sophocles. But might she not have something to say?

He came to the columns of the Tholus. The slave approached and led him through a deserted lane to the enclosure of a garden, where he prepared to open a little gate. Pericles was standing on Theodota's threshold. He could enter, no one saw him. The nightingales were singing in the bushes.

Suddenly he paused, reflected, and found that he utterly lacked inclination for a conversation with Theodota. He was surprised at himself, but told the slave he must defer entering the little gate until another opportunity. The messenger gazed at him in bewilderment, as he slowly withdrew.

The moon had risen. The sea glittered in her light, and the peaks of the mountains of Attica shimmered

with a silvery lustre. The air was soft and refreshing. Suddenly, borne on the evening breeze, fragments of the choral song :

" Mighty power, all powers above !
Great unconquerable Love !"

fell on the ear of Pericles. Youths, returning from the theatre in the soft spring night, were joyously singing portions of the song which had aroused their enthusiasm.

Anxiety of a different kind blended with Pericles' mental excitement and thoughts of Aspasia. He almost envied Hipponicus and Sophocles the laurels of the day. It seemed as if he ought to gird on a sword, collect a fleet or army, and rush to brilliant victories. The long peace began to appear destitute of lustre. A sense of oppression stole over him, from which he only succeeded in escaping by the sight of the Acropolis glittering before him, and the echoes of the Antigone in his soul. He had reached that point in the ascending path, where on one side the huge granite and marble mass of the theatre of Dionysus yawned in the darkness, while on the other towered the rocks of the Acropolis, gleaming in the moon-beams. A death-like stillness pervaded the vast theatre, which during the day had been stirring with active life, resounding with the highest creations of Hellenic poetry. Pericles gazed down into the marble abyss, then upward to the height of the Acropolis, shining in the moon-beams, where the stones of the rising temple were gleaming. His own person and his own fate almost vanished from his mind, the slight cloud on his brow passed away, his breast heaved, and from the depth as well as from the height he felt himself fanned by a breath of immortal life.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUEEN OF THE SYMPOSIUM.

FOR several days after Hipponicus' victory and the ensuing conversation with Aspasia, Pericles was the prey of various emotions, aroused by the Milesian's love of freedom, and during this time the thought frequently arose: "I will accept the charming Theodota's invitation. Why should this woman bind me in chains she does not recognize?"

But this idea speedily became merged in the stronger one of Aspasia herself, her free, proud nature, and the possibility of losing the sole empire over her heart. The new emotion could not easily assert itself, in the presence of the ardor to which this thought gradually fanned Pericles' love. This effect had been foreseen, nay calculated upon by Aspasia. But Pericles continued to struggle with himself, and the conflict did not lack fresh excitement.

Hipponicus, who was doing everything in his power to make the magnificence of his wealth and the splendor of his entertainment, the theme of conversation, did not rest until Pericles and Aspasia had consented to attend the banquet in honor of his victory.

When the appointed day arrived, the most distinguished and famous men in Athens assembled at his house.

Scarcely had the guests appeared, when Hipponicus began to display the magnificence of his dwelling. He led them through the various apartments, showed them

his gardens, his baths, his wrestling-ring—a gymnasium in miniature—his fish-ponds, his noble steeds, his dogs, his rare birds, the cocks and quails kept for the pleasure of seeing them fight with each other. He pointed out the monument he had erected over a favorite dog of the Melitan breed.

He said his house was like a tavern, always full of guests; he fed a dozen parasites daily at his table. “The fellows have grown so fat,” he added, “that I’m sorry you can’t see them to-day, but I took it into my head to have only the most distinguished men in Athens at my board.”

One of the guests, with a slight touch of malice, asked for his wife. Hipponicus replied that she was well, but he did not wish to disturb her in the woman’s apartment. Everybody knew that his only care for this lady was to adorn her with jewels and pearls, and sometimes have her drive through the streets, according to the new fashion, in a carriage drawn by Sicyonian steeds. For the rest—also according to the new fashion—he devoted himself to a foreign friend, and it was said that at present the far-famed Theodota enjoyed his homage.

He also mentioned to the guests his children, his son Callias, whom he said he had just sent to Delphi to have his hair cut, and, according to ancient custom, consecrated to Apollo; and his little daughter Hipparete, whose beauty and goodness he could not sufficiently praise, and whom he seemed to love warmly. “This child,” said he, “will grow up to be the fairest and noblest of all Athenian maidens, it will be hard to find a bridegroom worthy of her. As for beauty, I know of no boy in Athens, who promises as a youth to com-

pare with this maiden, except your ward, little Alcibiades, Pericles. I have seen him several times in the wrestling-ring, and he can boast of holding almost the same rank among the lads, that Hipparete does among the little girls. They seem very suitable in age too. Well, who knows what the gods may decree, when these two buds have opened? What do you think, Pericles? However, there is plenty of time to talk about it."

Amid similar conversation, Hipponicus ushered his guests into the spacious, beautifully-decorated dining-hall. The cushions, on which the Greeks reclined at table, were arranged in a large circle. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the carpets spread over them were rich and gaily embroidered, the round pillows that supported the arm, magnificently wrought in colors, the silver, gold, and even jewelled vessels on the side-boards attracted the eye even more by their beauty of form than by their costliness, that perfumes rose from equally beautiful vases filling the whole apartment with odors which delighted the senses; and that the walls were painted with pictures representing scenes of pleasure. There were groups and scenes, amid which were delineated countless Loves gracefully riding doves and sparrows. The floor was still more worthy of notice. At first it seemed entirely covered with the fragments of an elegant banquet—fruit-rinds of the most various hues, bones, bread-crumbs, the combs of cocks, brilliant feathers plucked from birds, remnants of every description. But on looking more closely, it was discovered that all these things were skilfully represented by colored stones, inlaid in fine mosaic. Large, magnificently-painted jars were placed in suitable positions for the further decoration of the hall, and opposite to the en-

trance stood a flower-wreathed altar, on which burned a flame diffusing perfume.

Hipponicus invited his guests to take whichever cushions they pleased. At first they sat erect; slaves approached with silver basins and ewers, unfastened their shoes or sandals, and holding the basins under their bare feet, poured over them the contents of the silver ewers, which instead of water contained fragrant wine, made still more spicy by the mixture of odorous oils and essences. Their hands were also sprinkled and wiped with fine napkins.

Hipponicus' guests, accepting their host's invitation, had taken their places on the cushions in pairs, as accident or friendship dictated. The truth-seeker Socrates sat beside the philosopher Anaxagoras, the sculptor Phidias beside Ictinus the architect, the poet Sophocles beside the actor Polus, the sophist Protagoras beside the physician Hippocrates.

Protagoras had just arrived in Athens, and was visiting Hipponicus. His coming had attracted much attention, for his renown in Hellas was daily increasing. He was a native of Abdera and therefore a Thracian, yet also an Ionian, for Abdera was settled by Ionians. He was said to have been a porter in early youth, until a philosopher discovered and developed his talents. Since then he had travelled extensively, had even drawn from the fount of Oriental wisdom, and now crossed the sky of Hellas like a dazzling meteor. He understood everything; the science of gymnastics, music, oratory, poesy, geography, astronomy, mathematics, ethics, politics; and wherever he went, had an immense concourse of curious inquirers. Wealthy youths paid enormous sums to enjoy his instruction. His appearance was well calculated to

charm the eye, for he had the dignity of a king, wore magnificent garments, and had a bewitching gift of eloquence.

This Protagoras joined the young, but very skilful and sagacious Hippocrates, a nephew of Pericles.

By a somewhat singular accident, the reserved Polygnotus, who did not feel wholly at ease in this circle, had for a neighbor the saucy Cratinus, famed as a boon-companion as well as a comic poet. Yet, unlike in temperament as the two men might appear, there was *one* point of contact and fellowship. They were the only persons not united to the assembled company by ties of friendship, and owed their invitation solely to Hipponicus' desire to see around him the men most distinguished in every profession. Polygnotus, Elpinice's friend, cherished a secret grudge against Phidias. So these two, Cratinus and Polygnotus, looked doubtfully at each other and whispered together, as they saw Aspasia, at Hipponicus' invitation, take her seat between the host and Pericles on a special cushion, where, after the fashion of women, she sat erect, while the male guests, resting the left arm on a pillow, reclined on the left side. Cratinus and Polygnotus secretly asked each other why such honor was shown to a foreigner, a hetæra? The other guests thought differently. They were friends of Pericles, formed the brilliant throng of his followers, knew Aspasia's worth and power, and had ceased to wonder at anything. Protagoras, though he saw Aspasia for the first time, had been so completely enthralled from the first glance, that anything would have entered his mind sooner than the idea of taking offence at her presence.

At a sign from Hipponicus, a small table was moved before each pile of cushions, some dishes were placed

upon them, others passed around, and the meal began.

As these distinguished guests had all assembled for the first time in Hipponicus' house, the latter had resolved that nothing which could do honor to the Athenian market should be absent from the banquet.

"If I have made it my duty to receive so many distinguished men at my table," said Hipponicus, as his guests prepared to take the dainty viands, "I certainly ought to entertain them as well as possible. But you know, though we Athenians have made so much progress in other arts, we are still somewhat backward in that of dining well, although it seems to me by no means one to be neglected. For my own part, I have always prided myself on being a gourmand and should consider myself fortunate, if I could do something towards raising Attic cookery to a higher degree of perfection. I see some of you smile somewhat scornfully, as if you wished to say that our Athens needs nothing of the sort, and may be called upon to lead the nations in other arts, but not this. Allow me to tell you that this is an error. For if you appeal to our beautiful marble, excellent clay, and similar things, I can easily prove that you will nowhere find better salt, oil, vinegar and aromatic herbs, which are always the most important ingredients in the hands of skilful cooks. To say nothing of Attic salt, which is famous in a two-fold sense, everybody knows that nothing can be compared with the fruit of the Attic olive, that the herbs of Hymettus are the most aromatic, the honey of the Hymettus is the most delicious in the world.

"I regret that, in order to obtain a really excellent cook, I was obliged to get one from Sicily. This man,

named Anacharsis, is really a master of the rare art, and I might call him a Sophocles or Phidias in the culinary department. Nobody so well understands how to spice the first dishes to excite the appetite. The sauces in which he has set before us sausages, giblets, boars' liver and little birds, will satisfy the most critical. You will also be able to judge of his skill in disembowelling tunny-fish, eels, murænas and sucking-pigs and then stuffing them again, to the delight of the palate, with field-fares, eggs and oysters. His hares and deer, partridges, snipe and pheasants you will find as admirable, as his cakes prepared with milk and honey and filled with fruits of various kinds.

"You might have, I repeat, an opportunity to judge the work of this skilful man; but you all—especially you Athenians—constantly have your minds too much occupied with other things, to test such a matter with genuine appreciation, and acknowledge the value of this art. The parasites are really the only gourmands and appreciative table-companions. Luckily, the number of these experts in the art of dining well at other people's expense, is daily increasing in Athens. As I said before, I have a dozen such critics daily at my table and can't do without them, for it is tiresome to enjoy even the best things alone. You should see with what earnestness these people attend to their duties, how they smack their tongues and lift their eyebrows when my cook surprises them with a new invention, or a delicate variation of some old dish, perceptible only to the connoisseur. You are certainly not of this sort, but while letting the best productions of my admirable Anacharsis slip over the bridge of your palates, one is thinking of this, another of that subject; Pericles of his public

business and a new colony he desires to send forth, Sophocles of a new tragedy, Phidias of the frieze of the Parthenon, Polygnotus considers how the walls of this dining-room might have been better painted, and Socrates secretly dismembers an idea, instead of the partridge he has on his plate."

Thus Hipponicus gave vent to his feelings, and the guests smiled gaily at the good-humored reproof.

The host then rose, and with dignity scarcely less solemn than when performing the office of Daduchus at Eleusis, offered the usual libation. "To the good spirit!" he cried, poured a few drops of wine on the floor, drank some himself, ordered the goblet to be refilled and passed around the circle of guests, commencing at his right hand. A solemn silence prevailed during this libation, which was accompanied by the low, subdued music of the flutes.

Then the little tables were removed and the floor cleaned.

Dessert was served, and with it all kinds of confectionery intended to awaken a desire for drinking, and at the same time goblets and the large vessel for mixing wine and water were brought in. Chaplets and fragrant garlands of roses, violets and myrtle, were passed around the circle, the guests twined them about their heads, the pæan in honor of Dionysus was sung, and a libation of mixed wine, in honor of all the Olympic gods, poured into the flames on the flower-wreathed altar.

"You know, valued guests and friends," Hipponicus began, "what the beautiful old custom requires of us. Will it be agreeable to you to *choose* the symposiarch, or do you prefer to let him be appointed by drawing lots?"

Phidias, Ictinus, Anaxagoras and several others instantly protested against drawing lots, fearing, they said, that the choice might fall on them, and feeling little vocation for the office of a symposiarch, a leader and arranger of social pleasures.

"If it is necessary to choose a symposiarch," said Protagoras, "I know not to whom we should first offer this honorable office, save to the most distinguished of so many distinguished men, the great Pericles."

The latter smilingly declined, saying :

"Choose Socrates! He knows how to direct clever conversation, why shouldn't he also understand how to manage a symposium?"

"I don't know whether I understand how to direct clever conversations," replied Socrates; "but this I do know, that even if it were so, it would be presumption in me, either in a conversation or a symposium, to assume the part of director in the presence of my teacher and mistress, Aspasia, whose victorious wisdom is sufficiently well known to all present here. I admit custom requires us to choose a *king* of the banquet, and that Aspasia is a woman; but I don't know why sex should have aught to do with the character of a symposiarch? Hipponicus desires this symposium to be unique in its way—very well, let us support him in his design, and choose a queen, instead of a king."

The revellers at first seemed bewildered, but soon eager assent greeted Socrates' proposal on all sides.

"It will be strange, though perhaps wise," said Aspasia, "to choose for monarch of the symposium, one who does not drink. What is the wine that now fills our goblets?" she continued.

"Thasian wine of the best kind," replied Hipponicus,

"such as is poured out in the Prytaneium of Thasos. The wine has the most delightful odor, but its sweetness proceeds from the wheaten flour, mixed with honey, thrown into the casks according to certain rules."

"Honey-sweet, perfumed wine of Thasos!" cried Aspasia, "thou art worthy of being drunk to the health of the two men whose victory this banquet celebrates! Fellow-revellers! Drain your beakers to the health of Hipponicus and the author of Antigone, whose brows are wreathed with the garlands of victory."

All the company gaily drank the toast, and the goblets were refilled at the command of the queen of the feast.

"Thrax!" cried Hipponicus to one of the attendant slaves, "bring the list of wines prepared for this symposium and give it to the queen of the banquet. You will find on the same tablet, Aspasia, the games and amusements at our disposal in this house to-day. May it please our sovereign to choose what seems to her the most beautiful and fitting, and conjure it up by a word or look, as if by some magic wand."

"Will you have a cithara brought to me?" asked Aspasia. "As queen of the revel, I will presume no farther than to give the key-note for the mood and harmony of this symposium."

Hipponicus instantly ordered a slave to fetch a cithara ornamented with gems and ivory.

The fair Milesian took it, and began to sing to its accompaniment, the following lines:

"With violet garlands crowned, with Syrian spikenard scented,
Sprinkled with gold and roseate drops of Dionysian dew,
With melody of lute and voice through all the world extended,
Hail, beauteous *pleasure*, loftiest gift this wide earth ever knew!"

Then she ordered the lute to be passed to Socrates, but the latter said :

"Since the office of symposiarch includes the duty of giving out riddles for the amusement of the company, I expected that Aspasia would test our penetration in such matters. What, viewed closely, is this praise of the enjoyment of life, which she has sung to the accompaniment of the cithara, in order as she says, to give the key-note of our symposium, save a tempting enigma? This fair Milesian really seems to me like a sphinx with an abyss beside her, into which she will plunge us all, if we do not solve her riddles. How I envy the excellent Hipponicus! He seems to understand pleasure and the enjoyment of life better than any of us, and so perhaps is the only one capable of correctly interpreting the riddle Aspasia has sung. Surely one can best give instruction in the art he most skilfully practises."

All eagerly shouted in assent.

"That is true! Hipponicus is the man to teach us about pleasure and the enjoyment of life."

"If troublesome philosophy cannot be wholly avoided in this symposium," began Hipponicus with a mischievous smile, "I thank the gods that the conversation turns upon this subject instead of any other; for this is really the one upon which, as Aspasia observed, I may presume to say a few words. You doubtless remember how I strove to show you, that scarcely anywhere in the world can the art of eating and drinking be carried to greater perfection than here in Athens, if we only *desire*. The proposition may also be made, that on this soil, under this Hellenic sky, people are born to be happy. But I wish to show you, that here in Greece it

is easy to unite the pleasantest life with wisdom, virtue, piety, reverence for the gods, or whatever else you may please to call it. The Hellenic gods require everything except renunciation or sacrifice of the joys of life. They don't even ask it of me, though I am of priestly race, and once a year have to exercise the office of Daduchus at the festival of the mysteries of Eleusis. The rest of the time I spend in Athens to my own satisfaction and that of my native land, without having it occur to the gods or anybody in the world to reproach me for it. If poor Diopeithes upon the Acropolis is my enemy, and says evil things about it, it isn't because I like a good table, am fond of fair women and making myself comfortable, for he would gladly do the same, if he did not lack means; but merely because the Eleusinian priestly race has outstripped his in power and splendor, the Eumolpidæ have surpassed the Eteobutadæ. If Diopeithes lives a dissembler, he does so on his own account; the Hellenic gods do not trouble themselves about it, and though I keep a better table than he, I can boast of being equally devout and pleasing to the gods. Is there any one who will assert, that I am not pious and do not revere the gods as much as any man in Athens? Zeus Herkeios has his altar beside my domestic hearth; in the niche behind the door stands Hermes Strophaios, the divine guardian of the door-hinges; before it is the usual shrine of Hecate, and the cone-shaped column of Apollo Agyieus, the guardian of streets, and beside it the laurel sacred to the god, as a protection against witchcraft and epilepsy. On the door itself, from one Pyanepsian festival to another, hangs the blessed olive-branch, which wound with white wool, is consecrated in the temple of Apollo at every festival; nor does it lack

the inscription placing the house under the protection of the gods, and surmounted by the usual Medusa head to guard the entrance from all evil. I neglect neither suitable gifts to the gods, purifications, propitiations, prayers, sacrifices, nor large contributions to increase the splendor of the festivals, and have just spent five thousand drachmae to fit out as magnificently as possible the chorus our Sophocles needed for his 'Antigone.' So who can come forward and say I am no pious man, and do not honor the gods according to the customs of our forefathers? We Greeks are a devout nation, and I am a Greek. That is why, as is right, I stand in awe of the gods, but do not *fear* them. There are many in Tartarus who suffer the worst punishments on account of various crimes, but I do not remember one among them who suffers because he was a high-liver or man of the world. Is there one? No! So once more: I am a devout man and need not fear the gods. I fear nothing in the world except thieves and house-breakers, who might run away with my treasures, my pearls and precious stones."

All the company began to laugh and applaud these last words of Hipponicus; but he continued:

"They are wisely building a treasure-house for the government money on the Acropolis, under the protection of the guardian goddess of the city. But how is a patriotic man, like one of us, to secure his property? I don't deny that, since I've employed six thousand slaves in my silver mines, and my riches are daily increasing, I am somewhat anxious."

"Be comforted, Hipponicus," cried Pericles. "I'll intercede with the people to allow you to build a treasure-house for yourself in the Acropolis. You have de-

served it, by the excellent speech you've just made, if not on any other account."

Again all the company applauded and praised Hipponicus and his speech.

But the mocking wit and unwearied reveller Cratinus asked:

"If, noble Hipponicus, you really don't fear the gods, only thieves and nothing else in the world, what do you think of dropsy and other consequences of a devout and at the same time pleasant life? Also the gout, which, as I unfortunately know by experience, is connected with too liberal a besprinkling with Dionysian dew? Have you no dread of *these*? Or do you rely wholly on your friend Hippocrates, the excellent physician, whom you wisely invite to your table?"

"You have guessed it," replied Hipponicus; "in these matters I depend entirely on Hippocrates, with whom, as with the gods, I like to stand on a good footing. I also leave it to him to determine whether dropsy, vertigo, and similar things really proceed from what is termed the enjoyment of life."

"Not exactly," said Hippocrates smiling. "True, it is not to be denied that the fatigue connected with the enjoyment of life may cause dropsy, vertigo and similar diseases. As for pleasure in and of itself—and this alone is probably what is being discussed in the present conversation—it must be considered conducive to health. Pleasure is a peculiar condition of mind and body, that flushes the cheeks, brightens the eyes, quickens the breath, makes the blood course easily through the veins, stirs what is stagnant, rouses the animal spirits, increases all the powers, and puts the whole constitution in a state of beautiful, active harmony. Pleasure is so healing a

medicine, even to the sick, that I don't know whether a more effectual remedy can be found among all the herbs, plasters and potions we physicians employ."

Laughing and applauding, the revellers swore never to trust themselves to any other physician than Hippocrates.

"Wise master of the art of healing," cried Cratinus, "you have entirely soothed me. Now I understand it; how could I, whom people call the friend of the bottle, ever since I wrote a comedy in which full bottles form the chorus, how could I have defied the attacks connected with the pleasure of drinking, if the remedial power of that pleasure had not sustained me? Were I symposiarch, instead of yonder lovely foreigner, who probably understands the works of golden Aphrodite better than those of Bacchus, I would instantly order a double drink in honor of the wisest of all physicians, Hippocrates!"

"Thrax!" said Aspasia to the slave standing beside her, "give Cratinus a goblet twice the size of ours. And now let us drink the toast in honor of Hippocrates."

When all had pledged Hippocrates, and Cratinus had drained his goblet, Polus began:

"I don't know how pleasure could be discussed among us, without recalling the words you heard from the mouth of the messenger in the tragedy we are celebrating:

"When pleasure is no more,
Man then is but an animated corpse,
Nor can be said to live: he may be rich,
Or decked with regal honors; but if joy
Be absent from him, if he tastes them not,
'Tis useless grandeur all, and empty shade."

"I praise mirth," said Sophocles, "not merely be-

cause it makes life *pleasant*, but because it renders it *beautiful*. Many terrors dwell in the depths of existence, and the question has often been asked whether it was not better, *not* to live. But since we do live, we must seek to cover the gulf of life and its terrors, as far as possible, with the flowers of beauty and her twin brother joy. The boundary of man's existence is a narrow one, but within these bounds we are permitted to be men, and develop pure humanity nobly in a little circle. To be a true man is to be generous and gentle, and this bright gentleness becomes the limit, within which he divinely feels his existence. To be called generous and gentle, as well as beautiful and gay, is the pride of the Hellenes."

"I thank you for this remark!" said Pericles. "I have sometimes been reproached for being too mild and forbearing in war, but I thought I was merely acting as a Hellene. If there are battles again, either on sea or land, I shall ask the Athenian nation to give me the author of 'Antigone' for a fellow-strategus."

"Sophocles a strategus?" cried several of the company.

"Why not?" said Sophocles smiling, "my father was an armorer. That indicates I was born for a strategus."

"Do you expect the troops to embark and stand out to sea soon, Pericles?" cried Hipponicus.

"It is very possible!" replied Pericles.

"I'm content, but I hope you'll take no other admiral-galley, on which to win new laurels, than the one I shall equip as trierarch."

"I will choose no other," replied Pericles. "But let us not suffer martial enthusiasm to gain the upper

hand at so peaceful a banquet. It would be discourteous, if before passing to other matters, we did not ask Anaxagoras whether he approves or rejects what has been said here concerning pleasure."

"If you want my opinion," said Anaxagoras, "I will not withhold it. What you have stated shows your desire to secure as many beautiful, good, and pleasant things as possible. But I maintain that true, genuine happiness does not come from without, but is found in the depths of the inner life. Happiness is not synonymous with pleasure; and is so far from being dependent upon outside things, that it exists in the greatest perfection without them. Voluntarily submitting to universal reason, destroying self-will, is the shield of wisdom, virtue, and all true happiness, the firm citadel of apathy, where enthroned without desires of any kind, the passionless man, who is sufficient for himself, proves unconquerable even by the powers of fate."

Anaxagoras' words made a singular impression. Pericles listened with the thoughtful attention he always bestowed upon the outpourings of his "old friend's" heart. A slight shadow flitted over Aspasia's brow. Her eyes encountered the glance of Protagoras. As if by some secret understanding, the gaze of the fair woman and the sophist met, and when the brilliant rhetorician looked around the circle, ready to answer the philosopher, the light sparkling in Aspasia's eyes, seemed striving to kindle his thoughts, wing his words.

"Stern and harsh," he began, "ring the words of the sage of Clazomenæ in this spot, where but now, amid the sound of joyous songs, the mirth of the festival surged around the flower-wreathed altar of Dionysus! But even he—mark it well—even he, the stern, harsh philosopher,

has spoken of happiness as man's highest goal. Only he thinks differently of the means that lead to it. And indeed happiness has many names and forms, and numerous are the paths leading to its sunny heights. Many find their pleasure in the intoxication of the senses; others, urged by a loftier nobility of the soul towards the beautiful, rise to purer spheres of enjoyment, and a third class is that of the godlike men, who dwell above clouds and winds in eternal serenity. Do you know to which of these three methods of procuring happiness I give the preference? To *none*, but to him who understands how to follow *each* of these various ways according to place and time! When goblets beckon and bright eyes sparkle, let us follow the merry wisdom of Hipponicus; when marvels of beauty gleam before our eyes, and humanity displays its noblest development, we will share the glorified joy of Sophocles; when the sky darkens, when unavoidable sorrow and disaster throng upon us, it will be time to say to garlanded pleasure: 'Farewell,' and gird ourselves with the divine equanimity and beautiful repose of the wise Anaxagoras! To be capable of sacrifice is praiseworthy—but we will only practise this art, when we *require* it. When it is time to rejoice, we will rejoice. Whoever understands how to enjoy wisely, will not lack the wisdom of renunciation. He will make pleasure his slave, not be the slave of pleasure. He will make things yield to him, not succumb to them. And if that which is set by wisdom as the limit of our pleasures, is nothing more than the natural, legitimate standard of pleasure, and joy, stifling in its own excess, is no longer joy, but its opposite, so that its limits are not external, but internal; why talk of virtue and temperance as things alien, even hostile to pleasure?

Renunciation, sacrifice, virtue without joy may become familiar to the *thoughts* of the Hellene, but never to his *soul*. Even ordinary toil, working at trades, and labor to supply common needs, he considers unworthy of him. That is why the slave, the barbarian works for the Hellenes. The more ignoble portion of humanity must sacrifice itself for the nobler, that the ideal of an existence really worthy of the dignity of mankind may be realized. Were I a law-giver, a second Lycurgus or Solon, and the tablets of the law were put unwritten in my hands, I would seize them and with a golden stylus place at the top the words: Mortals, be beautiful—be free—be happy."

Protagoras gazed steadily at Aspasia while speaking, rejoicing in the encouragement that beamed upon him from her face. Assent was almost universal throughout the circle, and Pericles said he would place the next colony that left Athens under Protagoras' command; for he seemed well suited to regulate a community according to the Greek spirit.

"Happy Protagoras," Socrates began, "happy Protagoras, who is permitted to transmute the gold of Aspasia's silence into the ringing coin of alluring words. If I have understood your speech, as well as you read the language of Aspasia's eyes, you seem to regard wisdom as one of the means for the promotion of pleasure, which so to speak, can be kept ready and drawn out of the pocket when there is nothing better at hand—"

"What is wisdom?" interrupted Protagoras. "Question a thousand men, and what one calls wisdom, others will term folly. But ask them what causes pleasure and what disgust, and all will be of the same opinion."

"Do you really think so?" replied Socrates. "If it should be put to the test—"

"Allow me to take it upon myself to answer Socrates," interrupted Aspasia—"though not with words, for how could I presume to take my place by Protagoras' side, when wisdom was under discussion? I will meet the perpetual doubter and questioner with the means which, as queen of the symposium, are at my disposal to test the objections he has last uttered."

"But first," she continued, "let the lips, which have perhaps grown dry in the heat of conversation, be moistened with fresh dew."

At her command, fresh wine was mixed and the guests drank still larger potations.

"This wine is from Lesbos!" said Hipponicus, "the flower of the vine! It is less fragrant than the Thasian, but its flavor is still better."

"It is both mild and fiery, like the soul of its countrywoman, Sappho!" cried Protagoras, tasting the contents of his goblet with the tips of his lips.

The beakers, by Aspasia's command, were drained in honor of the Lesbian poetess and refilled, while the eyes of the revellers began to sparkle still more brightly.

"Now let those enter," said Aspasia, "who are ready to make us feel the emotion, concerning which, according to Protagoras, all men are united, but in Socrates' opinion not."

Female flute-players, dancers, and jugglers entered the hall, all young and charming, all wreathed, perfumed, jewelled and exquisitely dressed.

The flute-playing began in soft, sweet notes, and to its accompaniment first commenced the pantomimic dances. Theodota's performance, so greatly admired by

Socrates, he now saw multiplied by a group of lovely figures. After these dancers had charmed all eyes by their art, the feats executed by the jugglers exerted a bewildering, fascinating influence. When the latter, dancing in time to the music, skilfully tossed and caught a number of hoops or balls, or were whirled around on the potter's wheel, the swift movements of the slender, girlish figures possessed an enchanting grace. But when they commenced the sword-dance, performing their feats of jugglery while dancing between the blades, fastened point uppermost in the ground, and turning somersaults forward and backward over the glittering steel, a sense of pleasure mingled with fear thrilled the spectator. When one of these slender, charming maidens, clad in a short, closely-fitting dress, which clearly revealed her beautiful proportions, supported herself by resting her hands on the floor, and with a graceful curve of the body threw her feet over her back and head to fill a goblet from the vessel standing before her, grasping it with the toes of the left foot, while she seized the handle of the jar with the toes of the other; or in the same position discharged an arrow from a bow—it was not merely astonishment at the skill displayed, but admiration of the marvellous freedom and almost superhuman flexibility developed in the limbs, which put Hipponicus' guests in ecstasies of delight.

When the dances and games were over, and the jugglers, musicians and dancers had retired amid the enthusiastic applause of the guests, Aspasia said:

“What we have seen appears to have given pleasure to all, and we are unanimous in this emotion, while formerly, when discussing a dogma of wisdom, we could

not agree. The test on which it depended, as you said, Socrates, is therefore settled—”

“You well know, Aspasia,” replied Socrates, “that no one in the world is more willing to be taught than I. Allow me, however, to ask Protagoras one more question. If, as he instructed us, there are various kinds of pleasure, and we call whatever procures it a blessing, there are doubtless various kinds of blessings, among which one is supreme. But to discover this supreme good among other good things, and thereby secure the highest pleasure amid other pleasures—for pleasure, as we have said, is not the blessing itself, but produced by the possession of the blessing—doesn’t it require a little discernment, or penetration, or wisdom, or whatever the faculty may be called?”

“You see this man is driving you into a corner, Protagoras,” replied Aspasia smiling, “but it is my duty to see that the strife does not grow too violent. I have been forming a little plan against this belligerent Socrates for the last half hour. I don’t think it advisable, that he should occupy the same pile of cushions with Anaxagoras, and thus constantly draw fresh vigor and pugnacity from his master’s presence. Nay, it seems to me, in general, that Hipponicus’ guests have paired off in a manner dangerous to the general welfare, and favorable to secret conspiracies. I have repeatedly noticed Phidias and Ictinus whispering together, and see Cratinus put his lips to the ear of his neighbor, Polygnotus, far more often than is necessary. By virtue of my authority as queen of the revel, I shall order a universal change of seats and companions.”

“So be it!” cried the joyous revellers; “we will gladly obey you. Let us hear how you intend to pair us.”

"Very well," said Aspasia; "Hipponicus must bid Socrates rise, and himself recline beside Anaxagoras; loquacious Polus can take his place by silent Ictinus; saucy Cratinus shall have for a neighbor gentle Sophocles. Phidias must join Polygnotus. But whom shall I place with Socrates? I can't possibly let him recline by Protagoras' side, on the contrary, I must remove these two opponents as far from each other as possible. So what can be done, except to ask you, Protagoras, to take my place here, while I sit beside Socrates?"

Aspasia rose and seated herself on the lower edge of the pile of cushions where Socrates lay.

The guests had cheerfully obeyed the directions of the queen of the banquet, only they now secretly and loudly envied Socrates his companion.

The close vicinity of the beauty exerted a singular influence upon the young man himself. If Anaxagoras' presence, as Aspasia expressed it, had aroused belligerent emotion, this charming woman awakened a desire for peace and harmony.

"What does this mean?" cried Aspasia, bending towards Socrates and looking at his wreath, "many leaves have already fallen from your garland. That is a sign the wearer has some secret love-trouble. Is it your latest friend, the saucy boy Alcibiades, who vexed you? Well, I have come to answer you. What were the doubts you wished to have solved?"

Socrates, basking in the light of Aspasia's eyes, fanned by her breath, intoxicated by the rustle of her garments, answered:

"Aspasia! I *had* doubts—and they were beautifully arranged in my head in battle array. But just as I was about to send them forth in the best order, a flower-

wreathed barrier was pushed forward, so that it seems as if they must fall over it and break their legs. Shall I say what appears doubtful to me, Aspasia? There is at this moment only one thing, and that is that you are sitting beside me."

Old Anaxagoras, who meantime had silently addressed himself to the beaker, glanced with a somewhat scornful smile at the friend, who thus shamefully laid down his arms.

"You see, Anaxagoras," said Socrates, "I have fallen in battle for a good cause, and you, the old man for whom I really drew the sword, must now bear me out of the conflict. Avenge me, if you can."

"Why not?" replied Anaxagoras, after another draught from his goblet; "I feel by no means like an aged Priam, to maintain a timid silence in the presence of this young Achilles. I would fain say a few words to you, Protagoras."

"Stay!" cried Aspasia, "if you intend to utter words of import, permit me to do my duty and wing your tongue with the most fiery and delicious of all wines, the blissful fluid pressed from the grapes of Chios, which has been reserved till now."

So saying, Aspasia ordered the most famous of all the Greek wines to be offered.

The goblets were emptied, and from this moment there was no one in the circle who, elevated far above the sphere of sober reason, had not fallen a victim to the inspiring power of Dionysus.

Anaxagoras began to talk somewhat confusedly about pleasure, virtue, knowledge, and universal reason.

As if to incite him to collect his thoughts, Aspasia herself offered him a beaker of the Chian.

The philosopher drank, and his speech grew still more confused; he began to stammer and nod. At last his head sank on his breast. A few moments more, and the old man was quietly asleep.

A merry laugh rang through the ranks of the revellers.

"What have you done, Aspasia?" they cried. "You have disarmed and lulled to slumber the last champion of stern wisdom."

"At a joyous banquet," replied Aspasia, "it be- seems stern wisdom to nod. But this noble old man has not fallen asleep unwatched by the Graces. See what a beautiful sight is presented by the spectacle of the grey-haired sage breathing in quiet slumber. I propose that we all take off our garlands to put them on the head and shoulders of the sleeper, and thus bury this peaceful sleeping wisdom."

All obeyed Aspasia's command, and in a few minutes the philosopher's head was buried under flowers.

Socrates continued to drink without becoming intoxicated, but feigned to be so in order to whisper the strangest things into Aspasia's ear, unrebuked.

Grave Phidias told the boy who filled his goblet, that he wanted to use him as a model for one of his figures on the inner frieze of the Parthenon. Cratinus uttered secret imprecations, and said to his neighbor Sophocles:

"This sorceress, this Circe, this Omphale shall remember me! She makes me drink even Chian from the large goblet. So long as I was sober, I didn't notice anything, but now I see her design." Polygnotus assured his neighbor, that with the exception of Elpinice, he had never seen a woman so well formed as Aspasia.

"Pericles," said Hipponicus pathetically, "Pericles, you know how I have always honored you, how much gratitude I owe you for releasing me years ago from the bonds of beautiful, but quarrelsome Telesippe. Do me that favor about the treasure-house on the Acropolis—for I employ six thousand slaves in the silver-mines, my wealth is daily increasing, and people are not safe from thieves. And when your ward Alcibiades grows up—my little daughter Hipparete—the fairest of all virgins—"

"Never mind!" said Pericles with a good-natured smile. He was the only one in the whole company entirely untouched by the power of Bacchus—not because he had drunk less, but because his constitution was as strong as his nature was gentle. He conversed with Protagoras about politics, the changes of popular government in Athens, the colonies to be sent out, the possibility of a speedy war. But Protagoras gazed frequently at the beautiful Milesian. Finally the silent Ictinus, inspired by the Chian, surprised the revellers by commencing a pæan to Dionysus, which was sung in chorus by all the others.

Thus the waves of social pleasure, winged by the gifts of Bacchus, the charms of the senses, the spell of the Milesian's mirth, and spiced with the flower of Hellenic intellect, rolled on at the symposium until the dawn of morning.

Then the brilliant Protagoras rose, saying:

"Aspasia, as you know, has yielded her place to me. I will take advantage of it to assume the dignity of symposiarch, and invite you to drain this last beaker in her honor. She has held high aloft the banner of beautiful pleasure, victoriously defended the kingdom of

innocent mirth against the assaults of sternness and the harshness of wisdom—has ever, just at the right moment, battled against foes, now with the gifts of the goblet, now with the aid of Eros and the Graces, has lulled the truth-seeker's questions to rest, and buried the philosopher's grey head under flowers—has guided us all pleasantly over the flood-tide of the Dionysian waves of joy. Innocent intoxication has no peril to noble Greek brows, and does not injuriously penetrate the brain, but casts its silvery mist like dew upon the leaves of the garlands, with which we shade our heads. So let us drain the last beaker to the honor of the fair and wise Aspasia."

Protagoras ceased speaking, and was joined in the pledge by the distinguished men who, though assembled at the banquet as garlanded revellers, were grouped around Pericles and Aspasia in the field of fame, as the shining stars of ancient Hellas.

When the last goblets had been emptied, the men, after clasping each other's hands, left the house in the grey dawn.

"Are *you*, too, satisfied with the symposiarch Protagoras praised?" Aspasia asked Pericles, when she found herself alone with him.

"From this day I shall admire you more than ever," replied Pericles, "but do not you fear I may *love* you less?"

"Why?" asked Aspasia.

"You have something for every one—what is left for Pericles?"

"*Myself!*" answered Aspasia.

He kissed her forehead, and she clasped him in a joyous embrace.

"I know not" said Pericles as he left her, "whether I should rather rush into the field of action far away, or spend a honey-moon of love alone with you in idyllic repose."

"Perhaps the gods may grant one or the other, or even both, at some fitting time."

The Milesian closed her beautiful, weary eyes that morning with the consciousness that she had approached nearer to her goal. She remembered the hour when she had been obliged to leave Pericles' house in humiliation, thought of the proud Telesippe, who supposed herself so unassailable, so immovable in her sovereignty over the domestic hearth—and said to herself that her secret and open plans were maturing to fulfilment, and she should yet triumph in her mission of planting forever on the ruins of custom and prejudice the banner of freedom beauty and joy.

CHAPTER XI.

SAMOS.

"I SHOULDN'T have thought it," cried old Callipides, standing in the midst of one of the numerous groups of Athenians, who assembled in the great market-place of the Piræus, were eagerly conversing together—"I wouldn't have believed it, for when I passed the statue of Athena on the Acropolis a short time ago, I saw the goddess' spear covered with chirping crickets. That means peace, I said to myself. To be sure, the next day a weasel ran across the Pnyx, just before the popular assembly—"

"Do you mean to croak misfortune, old man?" cried the others.

"Samos may lead other allies to revolt," replied the old man, "rebellion may be stirred up against us, Sparta may interfere, a general Hellenic war may arise. A great deal of tinder is stored up, as people say. After all, what is it to us whether the Samians or the Milesians possess Priene?"

"The dignity of Athens must be maintained!" cried a youth impetuously, extending his hand and raising his head proudly. "Samos and Miletus, as members of the league, must lay their disputes before Athens, the head of the alliance. Samos refuses to do this, and therefore Pericles is enraged against the Samians—"

"And in his wrath has requested the popular assembly to give him the gentle Sophocles for a fellow-general!" said one of the men smiling.

"On account of Antigone!" cried others. "He has done right. *Long live Sophocles.*"

"You know nothing about it!" said Sporgilus, the barber, whom curiosity and the excitement of the times had urged to the harbor. You know nothing about the matter, you don't even know how this Samian affair originated, and who really contrived it."

"Long live Sporgilus!" shouted several. "Hear Sporgilus. He's one of the people, who always know in the morning just what Zeus has said to Hera during the night."

"May a boil as big as my fist come out on my nose," cried Sporgilus, "if what I am telling you isn't the exact truth. Aspasia has persuaded Pericles. I am sure of it—just listen to me. The day after the Milesian embassy arrived here, I was standing in the market-

place, when the ambassadors passed, looking about them as if they wanted to ask something. At last one came up to me, and said: 'Here, my Athenian friend, can't you show us where the young Milesian, Aspasia, lives.' The men evidently supposed I didn't know them—but I did. I should have recognized them by their smooth manners and costly dress, if I hadn't seen them elsewhere. I directed them as courteously as I could, described the Milesian's house and the way to it, for which they thanked me most cordially and walked straight towards it. It was already dark. They slipped into the Milesian's house. Do you mark it? The ambassadors, I tell you, have secretly bargained with the Milesian; then she coaxed Pericles and inspired him with great indignation against the Samians—"

"There it is!" cried one of the listeners. "Sporgilus really does know what *Hera* has said to *Zeus*. But—there is Pericles with his companion Sophocles—no doubt he is training him for his new office."

In fact the two men were now walking in a somewhat deserted spot, absorbed in confidential conversation.

"You will astonish the Athenians," said Sophocles; "they would have expected Pericles to be inclined to anything at this moment, rather than *that*. He seemed completely absorbed in the works of peace, the promotion of internal prosperity, and—love for the beautiful Aspasia."

"My friend!" replied Pericles smiling, "is it any marvel, that the strategus is unwilling to leave all the laurels to those who are working with trowel, chisel and stylus? I confess I have long felt secretly troubled and restless. I seemed idle amid all this activity, and the

soft fetters of roses which bound me, sometimes appeared almost humiliating."

"What?" replied Sophocles, "do you count it nothing, that you are always the busiest of the busy, that everything which has been done and created, has only been rendered possible, promoted, and helped forward to a prosperous end, by your exertions?"

"It does not satisfy the expectations which may be formed of us!" replied Pericles. "I don't wish to be merely a helper, I want to accomplish something myself, and therefore, as a strategus, can only seize the sword again. Why should I alone remain untouched by the beautiful fire of ambition burning all around me?"

"And yet you desire to share your martial renown with *me*?" asked the poet after a short pause.

"Rather than—*the favor of a charming woman!*" replied Pericles, looking his friend sharply in the eye.

The latter started. "An idea suddenly begins to dawn upon me, a strange light is thrown upon the *real cause* of my election as strategus.

"Everything that happens in the world, dearest friend," replied Pericles smiling, "has a hundred causes, not one. Who can say which is the most important."

"Wouldn't you prefer to leave me behind and take Aspasia with you to Samos?" asked the poet.

Pericles smiled again. "Be comforted," he said at last, "we shall merely take a little pleasure-trip, a sea-voyage of a few weeks; for any serious resistance by the Samians to the might of Athens is not to be thought of. Samos is a beautiful city, you will be charmed with it; Melissus, the commander of the Samian squadron is, as you know, a philosopher of the Eleatian school, whose acquaintance you will perhaps have the pleasure

of making; and if we sail past Chios, we will visit your fellow-poet, Ion, the tragedian, who dwells there in delightful leisure.

"You intend to visit Ion?" cried Sophocles; "remember he bears you no good-will, since you were his rival with the fair Chrysilla."

"My treatment of a person," replied Pericles, "will never be influenced by his regard for me, but by mine for him. Ion is a worthy man. He will entertain us with the best of his native Chian, though you have been his rival in tragedy—"

"And you, I repeat," interrupted Sophocles, "his rival with the beautiful Chrysilla, who now, to the best of my knowledge, lives with him in Chios."

"Never mind Chrysilla!" said Pericles.

The poet gaily submitted to his fate, and Pericles began to instruct him in the duties of his new profession.

If at that time a sheet covered with writing was seen in Sophocles' hand, it was no sketch of a tragedy, choral song, or hymn to Eros or Dionysus, but lists of the sea-worthy crews he had collected, or the rich citizens he must invite to command certain ships as trierarchs and defray part of the cost of their equipment. He now found himself dragged by Pericles away from the charming solitude of the green valley of Cephissus, to the armories and military havens of Zea and Munychia, to the tumult of the Piræus, where the dreaded sea-dragons of the Athenian navy were drawn into the sea, the bustle of the arsenals, where there was a perpetual scraping, planing, hammering, nailing and creaking. At first it was almost horrible to the beauty-loving poet to hear the outcries of the oarsmen and sailors, among whom, being still idle, there were constant quarrels about the

flute-players, sometimes ending in broken heads. His ears rang with the shrill whistle of the boatswains, the shouts of the oarsmen; for the trierarchs daily raced in the Gulf with the triremes already equipped, to try which vessel was the best and sailed fastest.

When the day of departure arrived, the high-decked ships with sharply-pointed keels, triple banks of oars rising one above another, towering prow, and stern shaped like a swan's neck, gaily painted and ornamented with statues of Pallas and other emblems, floated boldly in well-ordered ranks on the blue waves. At the blast of a trumpet a solemn silence ensued, during which the herald, standing on the deck of the admiral's galley, uttered a prayer, repeated by all on board the different ships, and in which the people on shore joined; the smoke of sacrifice rose into the blue morning air, the whole army poured libations from gold and silver goblets, and began to sing a pæan, the sails were unfurled to the wind, the fleet moved, the sea foamed under the strokes of countless oars, and accompanied by the blessings of the spectators, the long train of vessels passed out of the harbor in to the open sea. Now the poet Sophocles became a strategus heart and soul, and his own hero Ajax could not have set forth from Salamis for Troy more proudly, than he himself now left Colonus for Samos.

At the end of a few weeks, a swift vessel arrived at the Piræus, bringing reports from Pericles to the council and popular assembly. The commander of the ship that conveyed this news, secretly delivered, not as trierarch, but as a personal friend of Pericles, a letter not intended for the public. It was written by the latter to Aspasia.

The lines ran as follows:

"I know not how it happened, that my breast scarcely ever heaved more proudly than at the moment I left the harbor of Athens with the fleet, and again felt the open sea beneath me. As I stood on the ship's deck, and the winds of the Ægean fanned my brow, it seemed as if a breath of freedom touched me and I had regained myself. Regained? A foolish word! Had I lost myself? I don't know—unless it were to you, Aspasia. For a moment it really seemed as if, during the last few weeks, I had stretched myself a little too luxuriously on the rose-couch of love. I was almost angry with you about it. But when I recollected myself, I was forced to acknowledge that I was doing you the greatest injustice, and that, on the contrary, it was precisely the influence emanating from you, never enervating, but always inspiring, that had sent me forth from quiet Athens to the field of action.

"So I no longer feel ashamed of my love for you, nor the ardent yearning I have to see you again, though it almost wrought me evil.

"I found the Samians ill prepared for battle, and surprised them when only half ready. I was almost ashamed of so easy a conquest. There seemed to be nothing more to do, so I was making arrangements to return to Athens, hoping that the rapidity of the victory would secure me some renown. Did the wish to regain what I had left at home have some share in this speedy return? I am not aware of it, but shall not venture to deny the possibility. At any rate, the haste with which I wished to return did not prove so profitable, as that I had shown in setting out. I learned that we advance rapidly to the field of battle, but must be cautious in retiring.

"But why should I tell you of things, which are probably already in the mouths of the whole populace of Athens? Our fleet is burning with the longing to retrieve the lost naval battle; even the gentle Sophocles is glowing at this moment with the fire of Ares. I have sent him to Chios and Lesbos to bring the ships of the allies; other reënforcements are on the way.

"Send me news of yourself and my friends in Athens, by the same trierarch who delivered this letter, and be assured I am no less anxious to hear from you than you are to have tidings from me. Tell Phidias he must not allow himself to be disturbed in his creations by the noise of war. It will be the greatest joy of our return, if the lofty columns of the temple on the Acropolis, far advanced towards completion, gleam before us."

Such were the contents of the letter Pericles sent Aspasia. The Milesian answered as follows:

"I am glad you so quickly resigned the thought, that the bold Pericles' nature had of late been made effeminate by Aspasia. On the contrary, must I not reproach myself for having, by my intercession for my countrymen, helped urge you to the field of action, as you call it?

"A short separation did not seem to me wholly unprofitable; for you appeared to be growing a little weary of peace, pleasure, and love for Aspasia. Now you no longer feel ashamed of the desire to see me and your friends once more. The longing to behold a dear one is always strongest, directly after the person has been left or lost. I fear you will be able to endure the separation more and more easily the longer it lasts, until finally, like Agamemnon before Troy, you will be content to lie off Samos ten years, if necessary.

"My longing to see you, on the contrary, cannot be weakened by time, for it is nourished by inactivity and solitude. You have left me almost as lonely as if I were your wife; you have taken cheerful Sophocles with you, and sent brilliant Protagoras, in charge of a colony, to a distant land. Only Socrates remains, and he sometimes seeks my society; but whether from distrust of me, himself, or you, never except accompanied by some other person, and always appears with a man almost as eccentric as himself. This man is the tragic poet Euripides, a younger rival of our Sophocles. He and Socrates are inseparable, and it is even rumored that the latter helps him with his tragedies, because they are so rich in thoughtful sayings. But this is foolish. They are so much alike, that I don't know what one need borrow from the other. Both are dripping with wisdom. What Socrates is among thinkers, Euripides is among poets: hypercritical and eccentric. A book-worm too: he has collected a vast number of volumes, and is completely devoted to the Muses. For the rest, he looks like all poets—a prematurely-old face on an ever-youthful, active body. He is reserved, sullen, and rude in character, and associates only with Socrates and the Sophists. Socrates, however, influenced him so far, that he became curious to see me.

"‘This man,’ said Socrates, when he introduced him, ‘is the admirable tragic poet, Euripides, whom I hope you will doubly admire, when you hear that his father, Mnesarchus, was a tavern-keeper, and his mother, Cleito, a huckster of vegetables. You must know too, that he was born on the island of Salamis, on the very day of the great Persian battle.’

"‘A great omen!’ said I.

“ ‘That is possible,’ replied Euripides, ‘but what the gods originally intended I should be is not yet perfectly clear.’

“Then he told me in detail—for after he once began to talk, he became tolerably loquacious—how his father, in a dream, received a promise that his new-born son would emerge victorious from famous contests. His father, like a true Hellene, interpreted this to mean victories at Olympia or Nemea, and had him carefully instructed in gymnastic arts; indeed, when a boy, he really won a prize at the Panathenaic festival; but he gradually developed more taste for books than for wrestling or throwing the discus, and finally, instead of a garlanded Olympian athlete, became a candidate for the prize of tragic poetry.

“ ‘How does it happen,’ I asked. ‘that in all your tragedies you interweave remarks against women, and are universally called a misogynist?’

“ ‘I am married!’ he replied.

“ ‘Is that a reason for hating *all* women, even those to whom you are not bound by ties of this nature?’

“ ‘Socrates brought me to you,’ he answered, ‘to cure me of my misogyny. I now esteem but one woman on earth; my mother, Cleito, the former vegetable-huckster—I say former, for I have now prevailed upon her to give up the business and manage a little country-estate I own.’

“I expressed a wish to make this woman’s acquaintance.

“ ‘If it will not bore you to hear the story of my birth in a grotto on the shore of Salamis, during the great battle—for she spares no one who approaches her—it will be an easy matter to gratify you,’ he said.

"A few days after, accompanied by a female slave, I visited the secluded, modest country-house where mother Cleito reigns—its stillness is only interrupted by the resounding lines of her poetic son, when he retires to this rural solitude to be entirely undisturbed—found the worthy woman among her hens, ducks, and sucking-pigs, and told her I wished to hear the story of her son's birth at Salamis during the great naval battle.

"Sincerely delighted, the little mother said with evident pride:

"'That is a tale, lady, I have told even the great Themistocles.'

"Then, after driving away the hens and doves, she invited me to sit down on a grassy bank in the garden.

"'Oh, child,' she said, 'it was a day of horror, when the Persian troops burst into our sacred Athens, burned everything, slew the people at the altars, and shot lighted arrows, dipped in pitch, from the Hill of Ares to the Acropolis, until all the temples were in flames, and the immense volume of smoke floated in black clouds over the sea. But while the city was burning, the men vowed that they would die with arms in their hands under the smoking ruins, the women wailed, and measureless lamentations arose because Athens, sacred Athens, would be burned, effaced from the earth, Themistocles, the naval hero, came forward and extending his hand towards the sea and fleet, shouted: '*There is Athens!*' and urged all the men to go on board the ships. Beside him stood the long-bearded priest from the temple of Erechtheus, who announced that a highly-significant miracle had happened—the sacred serpent

had disappeared of his own accord from the burning temple, a sign that the protecting divinity of the city, Pallas Athena, and all the gods had left it, and the Athenians' native land at this moment was on the sea, on the ships of Themistocles' navy.

“While the men all went on board the ships, it was pitiful to see the women, children, and old men rush into the boats, which were ready on the coast and by the ford of Salamis,—many upset, because they were unable to hold the crowd of fugitives.

“Not even the dogs would stay in the deserted city; they plunged into the sea and swam beside their masters' ships as long as they could. You must know, child, that this was just before the birth of my son; but I succeeded with a throng of others, in safely reaching the shore of Salamis, where several women and children, among them I myself, sought shelter for the night in a cave in the rocks. It was a very unquiet night, for all the Greek ships had gathered around Salamis, and shouts rang from galley to galley all night long, so that it would have been impossible for even those free from care to close an eye. Besides, it also chanced to be the time of the festival of Iacchus, when, as night is waning, the statue of the god is borne by torch-light across the sea in a great festal procession, from Ægina to Eleusis. Themistocles did not wish this celebration to be omitted from fear of the Persians, so just as the Greeks were arranging their ships in battle array, the beautifully-decorated vessel bearing the sacred statues of the Æacides came across from Ægina, and the whole bay glowed in the light shed by the torches, so that all the Greeks on the galleys were animated with still greater courage, because they saw that the native gods still ruled.

When morning came and I dragged myself to the shore with other women, the ships of the Hellenes were already drawn up for battle, the whole Euripus was swarming, and the great Persian fleet, stretching farther than the eye could reach, was sailing slowly from Phalerum.

“My strength failed and I was obliged to return to the grotto, where I lay deserted on my bed of sea-weed, for the women, who had shared the shelter with me during the night, ran away. All the women and children at Salamis had husbands and fathers on the ships, and were standing crowded together on the cliffs, gazing at the galleys, wringing their hands and praying to the gods. I now heard a shrill flourish of trumpets, then a pæan sung by thousands of voices—though the sounds were subdued by the distance ere they reached my ears. Then it seemed like a terrible hurricane rushing through a dense olive wood, with thousands of tree-tops crashing—but it was the crash of the ships striking against each other, intermingled with the war-cries of our own troops and the Barbarians, echoing faintly from the distance. How long this lasted I know not, and I can tell you nothing about the battle, daughter, for I didn't see it; I was tossing helplessly all day on my couch, longing for some refreshment, and at last fell fainting into a slumber which might well have been my last. Suddenly, amid my death-like sleep, I heard loud shouts of joy from the women, recovered my consciousness and remembered that I was in Salamis. Many a sudden outburst of lamentation mingled with the exulting shouts, for not only were countless fragments of galleys washed up on the strand, but dead bodies, among which many of the women recognized a son or husband.

Many of those wounded in the battle, and many of the crews of the shattered ships, who were nearer the shore of Salamis than the Athenian coast on the opposite side, escaped to the island, bringing the message that the Persians had been defeated and were flying across the sea, leaving the smoking ruins of Athens, and we might return to our rescued city that very day. Just think, child, how I felt, when my husband, Mnesarchus, who was among those that had landed, came rushing into the grotto as unexpectedly as if the gods themselves had guided him, shouting: 'Athens is free again, Athens is ours again!' He was about to rush on with the joyful tidings, when he suddenly caught sight of me and the new-born babe. Imagine the scene! He could not speak, only seized the little fellow, lifted him in his arms and fairly danced about with him, in his twofold joy as conqueror and father. Then he dashed away to bring me water and other refreshments, until at last, though slowly, I recovered from the death-like exhaustion into which I had sunk.

"The next day a great festival was celebrated on the island in honor of the victory. Youths, crowned with garlands, danced around the trophies, while the Persian was flying with the remnant of his hordes to the distant East. Mnesarchus, with his new-born son in his arms, went through the crowd, showing the child to all the Greeks and telling them it was born on the day of the battle. When Themistocles himself came up and heard the tale, he said: 'Praised be the Athenian mothers, who give us new citizens during the battle, to make amends for those who have fallen in defence of their native land,' and gave orders that a hundred drachmæ should be paid to Mnesarchus. So everything passed

off happily, and Mnesarchus called the boy Euripides, in memory of the fact that he was born on the day of victory in the Euripus, the sea-ford of Salamis.'

"This was the story worthy mother Cleito told me, precisely as I have written it for you."

A few days after Aspasia's letter had been sent to Pericles, news of victory came from Samos, and with it another missive for Aspasia.

"You are matchless, Aspasia, and always wholly yourself. Was it accident, or by some secret design, that you told me in your letter about that mother at Salamis. When your lines arrived with the reinforcements from Athens, my fleet was already drawn up in line of battle before the Samian ships. I read the story of Cleito and, full of enthusiasm, gave the signal of attack.

"We conquered. But I shall avoid giving you a description of the battle. How could I, in presence of the memory you have so vividly conjured up of the heroic deeds of Salamis, boast of my petty Samian success, by which their fleet has been rendered harmless, though the resistance of the city itself is not yet broken. We are besieging it by land and water. This Samos is a powerful city, and very magnificent in its appearance; but her greatest and most famous temple, as you know, is dedicated to Hera, goddess of marriage, and in this temple are reared whole flocks of the bird sacred to this divinity, but hateful to us both.

"Sophocles too, has read your letter, with great delight in the story of Cleito. As he was among the youths and boys, who danced around the trophies at the festival in honor of the victory, of which Cleito speaks, while Æschylus was among the warriors, these tragic poets all have their share in the honors of Salamis

—though Euripides' is surely the least, since he merely chanced to be born.

"I have questioned Sophocles about Euripides, and asked him what he thought of the latter's hatred of women. Sophocles replied that Euripides only hated women, because he loved them. If he didn't care for them and could do without them, he wouldn't trouble himself about them, would not speak of them, it would be a matter of indifference to him whether they were good or bad. So says Sophocles, therefore I think the renown of curing Euripides of his misogyny will be a very trifling victory for you."

Aspasia answered this letter in the following manner:

"Your victory before Samos has given the Athenians great cause for rejoicing, in which I secretly joined with all my heart; only you have clouded my share of the common joy by the modesty with which, in your letter, you withheld the description of your naval battle. I am generally content if you do not fill your pages with public or military affairs, but confine yourself to what concerns your own person; yet it is said that this very battle shows you in the full splendor of your rule and influence, that you personally destroyed the hostile commander's ship. It is not these things that are important to me, but you yourself, the clear idea of your nature, which reveals itself to me in them, so that I seem to behold you with my bodily eyes.

"The building of the Parthenon is progressing with almost incredible rapidity. It is certainly desirable to build with full coffers, as Callicrates used to say.

"A few days ago an accident happened on the Acropolis, which created a great deal of excitement. A workman fell from the scaffolding and was mortally

wounded; and as this occurred in the very spot to which Diopeithes had given an ill name, as 'belonging to the nether world,' the minds and tongues of the Athenians were powerfully stirred. The implacable priest of Erechtheus points proudly to the fulfilment of his prophecy, and predicts further misfortune. May the gods avert it!

"He still looks gloomily from the threshold of his ancient temple at the cheerful Callicrates, and wishes him a sun-stroke. But Apollo's warmest shafts recoil from the brow of this indefatigable man. Pallas Athena holds her shield over him. He banters his foe whenever he can, and if the hostile looks grow too disagreeable, manages to have his workmen raise a cloud of dust near the Erechtheum, which compels the priest, rubbing his eyes, to retire within the sanctuary.

"A mule has now become involved in the quarrel between the two men. Among the animals, which have been occupied for several years in daily trotting up and down the Acropolis, bearing stone and other burdens to the summit, was one, that partly from age, partly from an injury received, became unfit for work. Its driver wanted to spare it and leave it behind in the stable. But the good beast wasn't content with that, and even blows could not prevent it from doing the labor to which it had been so long accustomed, and trotting up and down with its companions, though it carried no load. This it now does faithfully every day, and everybody knows 'Callicrates' mule,' as it is called, because the latter has taken the useless but willing animal under his special protection. The creature moves idly about on the Acropolis, and in its strolls sometimes comes too near the Erechtheum, nay, has

even ventured to snuff with its unhallowed muzzle the sacred herbs planted near the walls, so Diopeithes hates this most trusty of all the laborers on the Acropolis, even more than he does Callicrates, and it is impossible to foresee what complications may yet arise out of the matter.

"Farewell, my hero, and don't think always of Cleito's tale, Salamis, and Themistocles, but sometimes of your Aspasia. Neither Hera, nor all the peacocks of Salamis, should keep me from hastening to you, if you desired it."

Not long after, Aspasia received the following lines :

"Are you angry with me for withholding the description of my naval battle? You don't wish to wholly give up seeing me command before Samos. In and of itself a naval battle is better worth beholding than any other spectacle, and I confess, that whenever I have been obliged to cope with an enemy at sea, much as my duties claimed my attention, I always found time to gaze admiringly at the beauty and grandeur of the scene afforded by a conflict between the winged colossi on the open sea. Fortunately mother Cleito only gave you the minor details of the battle of Salamis, but could not describe the contest itself, so I will venture to briefly relate the history of the fight before Samos; but on condition that this story of military affairs shall be the only one you will lure from me during the campaign.

"I met the Samian fleet coming from Miletus at the island of Tragia.* Expecting my attack, they occupied a circular position to prevent my doing what I always

* The details of this description of the naval battle of Tragia are *purely imaginary*, solely intended to serve the necessities of the *romance* by displaying the character of Pericles, when engaged in energetic action.

attempt in a naval engagement—assaulting the enemy's ships unexpectedly from one side. I sent out several bold sailers to circle around the enemy, and by means of pretended attacks and feigned flight here and there lure a vessel from its place in the hostile ranks. A tolerably strong wind also sprang up, which by raising a heavy sea, contributed to break the close circle of the Samian fleet.

“Our ships were drawn up with wings curving towards the enemy's flank, ready to attack any ship that might venture out of the hostile line.

“Meantime the Samian commander, while his vanguard was engaged in battle, succeeded in forming the rear of the shaken and half-destroyed circle into a straight line, with which, while at his command the vanguard retired, he dashed forward in close order.

“For a moment the shock of this phalanx threw our front rank into confusion. The broad Samian vessels, with their beak-shaped prows and countless oars, looked like monsters creeping towards us on a thousand feet—only this creeping was swift as the wind. After a few minutes, during which I too hastily brought up my scattered galleys in order, our phalanx confronted the Samian one in an equally close, firm line.

“The real battle now raged fiercely. Rushing forward with loud shouts, the Samian galleys and our own dashed impetuously into each others ranks, so that every Attic ship attacked, every Samian one defended itself, on both sides. If the Samian vessels resembled menacing swine's snouts, ours looked like sea-serpents, nimbly winding between these snouts and dealing fatal bites on the right and left. In the closer order, the terrible engines of war began to play from ship to ship, catapults and

scorpions* hurling missiles, and the horrible dolphins, long beams tipped with blocks of metal, which raised above the hostile vessel, by a well-calculated fall shattered the mast or crushed the deck, and holding the ship like an iron grapple, made it the prey of the assailant. While the attention of the crew of a hostile galley was occupied by a shower of arrows that covered its deck, light boats swarmed around it below, whose crews shattered its oars with axes.

"When, at last, keel pressed still nearer to keel, and the lofty decks of our own galleys and those of the foe touched, their united surfaces soon formed a battle-field, where the heavily-armed troops fought with sword and lance, hand to hand. The boldest could not be restrained from leaping from their own ship into the nearest hostile galley. Some of our men succeeded here and there in cutting down the crew, taking the trierarch prisoner, getting possession of the helm, and forcing the defenceless oarsmen to row the captured vessel out of the Samian line into the Athenian ranks.

"However praiseworthy heroic courage may be in such hazards, I disapproved of too impetuous an exercise of personal bravery, always endeavoring in a naval battle to spare the blood of the combatants as far as possible and let the ships fight, rather than the men. Why should the latter destroy each other, when the former, with bold, swift, skilful manœuvres, can decide the conflict? I passed between the ships of the fleet, shouting to the trierarchs to fight more with the beaks of their vessels and iron-tipped beams than with swords and lances, and to consider their ships a weapon rather than a

* Scorpio, a military engine.—*Smith's Dicty. Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

citadel. They understood me, and as the Samians had withdrawn numerous disabled ships from the ranks, while the others pressed closer together, it became easier for the galleys of our out-stretched wings to dash against their flanks.

“The universal aim was now to sink the enemy’s ships. It had really become a battle of the ships themselves. Besides the weight of their beaks, and the strength of the iron-tipped beams on their keels, we used in this battle a contrivance invented by myself, the ‘iron hands,’ which seized and held many a Samian vessel in an indissoluble embrace. The dull roar of the ships’ beams crashing against each other mingled with the light crackle of snapping oars, when, with swift, well-calculated course, a ship, grazing close by a hostile galley, crushed its projecting oars like dry branches.

“The Samians wavered and were thrown into disorder, but did not fly. Enraged by this obstinacy, weary of the long conflict, I was on the point of giving orders to have some transport ships, loaded with tow and brushwood, lighted and sent into the hostile ranks to burn the rest of the refractory fleet, when suddenly a huge block of stone whirled towards the mast of my own vessel, but missing it struck the steersman, who fell from his seat with his head crushed. In rolling down, the block also shattered the helm and everything near it. The stone had been hurled from the galley of the Samian admiral, by which I perceived that the latter wished to have a personal battle with me. But in the state of my rudderless ship resistance was impossible. Unnoticed by the enemy, I hastily descended a ladder from the stern of the ship to a boat, and quickly stood on the deck of another galley, the ‘Parthenos.’ While the

admiral was attacking the rudderless prey to capture me, supposing me to be still on board, I dashed on the Parthenos with the speed of an arrow, against the side of the Samian galley, which pierced with a large hole, began to take in water, lurched sideways and sank. The admiral himself was one of the few, that amid a rain of arrows from our men, who raised a loud shout of victory, escaped with great difficulty by swimming. The Samians now yielded, and the victory was ours.

“ On the evening of that very day, the Samian commander, Melissus, came on board my vessel under a safe-conduct, to arrange terms of peace, but offered such conditions that people would have supposed I was the conquered party, had I accepted them. He said that the Samian fleet was vanquished, but the city was ready to stand a long siege. Besides, Phœnician reënforcements were on their way, and moneyed assistance had been offered by the Persian satrap at Sardis. During the whole conversation, Melissus showed tenacity and obstinacy, such as only a philosopher can develop. He is a tall man, somewhat advanced in years, and the stamp of a profound thinker is so plainly impressed upon his brow, that it seemed almost incredible that I saw in him the man who had just commanded a fleet, and whom I had beheld swimming with the agility of a youth, through waves filled with the fragments of vessels. I soon perceived in him only the philosopher of the school of Parmenides, so renowned throughout all Hellas. I can't exactly say how it happened, but our conversation gradually became a philosophical one. The fact is, that he was at last eagerly explaining to me that if anything was, it was eternal, but the eternal was

unlimited in extent, that real existence was one and infinite, comprising everything in itself, for if there were two or several infinities, they must limit each other and therefore were no longer infinite, and the universe must be homogeneous, for if there were dissimilar qualities, it would no longer be one, but many things, and that could not be, for diversity existed only in appearance, related only to the perception of the senses, not the thoughtful contemplation of the mind—

“As if by accident several other strategi and trierarchs, who had been anticipating with great curiosity the result of our discussion of terms of peace, now came forward; but when they heard that the Samian commander and I had been talking about the boundlessness of the universe and the infinitude of existence, they were utterly bewildered, and we ourselves could not help laughing on perceiving that we, who a short time before had been fighting furiously with ships’ beaks and deadly missiles, were now engaged in an argument of such a nature. Having frequently heard the propositions uttered by Melissus from the lips of Zeno in Athens, and being much interested in these Eleatic controversies, I was at no loss to find answers to Melissus, and our conversation had really almost assumed the shape of a philosophical argument.

“‘How much better it would be,’ I said to Melissus, as we shook hands with each other in parting, ‘if we Hellenes, as far as our language extends through the coasts and isles, could be united by one mental aspiration, nay, even into one political community.’

“The gloomy Samian’s grey eyes flashed with anger.

“‘You doubtless hope *Athens* will lure all the

Hellenes into her precincts, and willing or not, unite them in one community,' he said with a bitter, scornful smile.

"I understood and honored the feelings of the man, who was fighting for the independence of his island.

"It is the fate of all well-meant thoughts and intentions to be thwarted by the opposition of petty interests, really intended to be merged in greater ones. We are poorly rewarded for forming the idea of one grand whole, and striving to realize it. If I exhort the Hellenes to unity, they perceive in my words only the Athenian love of conquest, or even designs of personal ambition. So in the best wishes and labors, one feels driven back and limited to the customary, narrow domain. Thus at times all external acts and efforts seem worthless, and I then take refuge in the pure sphere of thought, where the mind may indulge in a boundless flight. When in the quiet night I stand on the deck of the motionless vessel with the star-sown sky above—the masts towering into the vast infinitude of the ether—nothing audible save the low, dreamy plashing of the waves against the vessel's keel, amid the breath of the night-wind, I remember Melissus and no longer merely *think*, but *feel* the infinite, original unity of all existence.

"More frequently than you may believe, I think of you, of my friends at Athens, and the work which under their hands is approaching completion. Now that the hardest labor here has apparently been performed, and a possibly long and wearisome siege condemns me to a quietude that almost resembles inaction, I may perhaps venture to confess my longing for Athens, without being ashamed of it.

"The mishap that befell the workman on the Parthenon, by which Diopeithes profits in so malicious a fashion, has greatly troubled me. I have sent to request Hippocrates to take charge of the unfortunate man, if he is still alive, and if we succeed in saving him and confounding Diopeithes, I vow to have an altar erected on the Acropolis to Pallas Hygieia, in token of my gratitude.

"As for Callicrates' worthy mule, I am of the opinion that it should be considered a creature whose assiduity has rendered it worthy of belonging to the Athenian community, and to guard against the peril of Diopeithes' enmity, I have obtained for it the privilege of being permitted to graze wherever it chooses, and all property it appropriates or injures will be made good to the owners at the public expense."

Before Aspasia had found an opportunity to answer this letter, she received a few more lines confirming the tidings of the misfortune which had befallen the Athenian camp before Samos, while Pericles went to meet the Phœnician fleet.

Pericles merely alluded to these things in a few words. Then he continued:

"Will you believe it possible, that an event could happen among Hellenes such as befell me, when I went among the soldiers besieging Samos from the land side, who had also suffered not a little from the attacks of the Samians. Loud lamentations greeted me, as I entered the camp. The priests were engaged in offering a sacrifice to Zeus, the deliverer. In the circle formed around the altar and the priests, I saw fifty Samian prisoners standing with fettered hands. I asked what these people were doing, and learned that the

prophet who was assigned to the army by the government, had announced that it was the will of Zeus that the fifty Samian prisoners should be solemnly offered up to him as victims. They were just ready to execute the sentence of the seer. I approached the priest and prophet, declared in the presence of the whole army it was a lie that the Hellenic gods desired a human sacrifice, and contented myself with stamping the foreheads of the fifty Samians with the mark of a hog's snout like the prows of the Samian vessels, in revenge for the insult they had shortly before offered our prisoners, by branding them with the owl.

"We shall now besiege the city again and attack it from the land side with battering rams and catapults.

"The letters I receive from Telesippe, are full of complaints of Alcibiades."

Aspasia answered Pericles as follows:

"Your two last letters, my dear Pericles, have brought me a great deal of important news—over much of which I could joyfully exult, and other things that could not fail to inspire anxiety, though but a passing fear. But why should I too deeply lament the change of external events, when this mutation only makes the changelessness of your beloved self the more clearly apparent? You have done what I desired, unintentionally described yourself. How poor are words, how much more warmly a kiss imprinted on your brow would tell you what I feel! The day swiftly passes in thinking of you, and singing Sappho's songs to the accompaniment of my lute.

"Phidias and his assistants are unwearied. Absorbed in their task, as if inspired by some demoniac power, they only half listen to what is hap-

pening in the world outside of their work. Forgive them, for they are toiling also for you and the renown of your name throughout all futurity.

"I too hear a great deal about the boy Alcibiades; for he is beginning to attract the attention of the Athenians. Many throng around him in the wrestling-ring, or wherever he appears. But he cares for no one except Socrates, possibly because the latter does not flatter him. A short time ago, while he was crossing the street with his pedagogue, carrying in his breast a quail, his favorite pet, a large crowd again pressed upon him. While compelled to notice these people the quail escaped, and as the lad became greatly excited, half Athens started in pursuit of the bird. That's the way with the Athenians. Yet if they caress Alcibiades, it is partly because he is the ward of Pericles, the great Pericles, who after the victory of Tragia is more than ever the hero of the day.

"Diopceithes is secretly hostile to you, so too is Elphice, and your wife, Telesippe. With them are the old-fashioned fellows, with fringed woollen robes and hair tied up over their heads, the vain old conquerors of Marathon, grumbling, peevish men, and the Spartan fops—who wear long hair, practise gymnastics, starve, never wash, and rattle their gnarled staves on the stones in the street—together with many of the wiseacres who go about barefooted in ragged cloaks, but raise their eyebrows, bury their noses in their uncombed moustaches, and carry their chins in the roll of skin puffed out beneath them as if it were a bag. All these people, in your absence, mean, according to the old proverb, 'to gather unwatched wine.'

"Theodota, I hear, continues to swear that the sword-fish, Pericles, will yet struggle in her net. Secret

threads appear to be constantly woven between this woman and our enemies. Elpinice runs her feet sore to stir up all her friends against me. I am openly persecuted by her and your wife ; they see I am helpless and defenceless, and think me a certain and easy prey.

“ Euripides seems to wish to belie what your companion Sophocles said of him. He is always grave, gloomy, and sullen. Yet, in Socrates’ presence, he made me the confidante of his conjugal destiny, and gave me a description of his wife, which I need not repeat, for the poet’s spouse is the faithful counterpart of Telesippe. But now hear what resolution Euripides has formed, to release himself from this insufferable companion. He intends to send the woman away and form a better tie, in accordance with the dictates of his heart. Pericles, my beloved hero, what say you to this manly determination ?”

After some delay, Pericles wrote :

“ I know not whether I deserve the praise for generosity you lavish upon me. I am full of bitter indignation against these stubborn Samians, and when the time comes shall make them atone for their obstinacy.

“ During these days of inaction and impatience, noble, cheerful Sophocles, who also proves an admirable fellow-strategus, is a doubly desirable companion. He is always employed with the best success, especially on peaceful embassies. As mediator, he works as if he were in possession of some magic spell, which does not surprise me, for his nature is so winning that he is universally beloved. He stands loyally by my side, to work against the rebellious spirit, which in a long campaign so easily steals into the minds of soldiers. Sometimes the laws of humanity are to be supported, sometimes a vex-

atious prejudice must be dispelled. You know how much yet remains to be done in this respect, even among our Athenian populace.

"If a thunder-storm comes up and a flash of lightning strikes our camp, or the steersman of my ship loses his head during a solar eclipse, I am obliged to recall all I have learned from Anaxagoras concerning the natural origin of such phenomena, to soothe the terrified fellow.

"But I am telling you about my industry in uprooting the prejudices of others, forgetful that you sometimes blame me for being addicted to similar ones. You ask Telesippe's husband what he thinks of Euripides' bold resolve? I will tell you verbally, when I return to Athens."

For nine months the stubborn island city resisted, and many a letter passed between Samos and Athens, bringing fresh tidings to Pericles and Aspasia.

At last the Athenian commander wrote to his Milesian friend.

"Samos has been taken by storm, the obstinacy of Melissus is broken, peace concluded. The Samians will deliver up their ships, and pull down their walls."

"Yet it is impossible for me to return immediately to Athens. I must proceed under sail to Miletus, where many things are to be settled.

"The delay, however, will be brief, and we shall meet again in a few weeks.

"Joy reigns throughout the fleet, and some of the trierarchs are celebrating the victory in the company of their friends, several of whom came from Athens to Samos during the tiresome siege. These fair ones have vowed, after the conquest of Samos, to build at

their own expense, in the city of the famous temple of Hera, a temple to the god of love. They seem determined to fulfil this vow. Theodota arrived here a few days ago, at the request of Hipponicus, who is a patriot as well as a man of the world, and would not allow himself to be represented by another on the ship, whose command fell to him, but joined the naval expedition in person.

"Farewell! In Miletus, your native city, I shall always think of you."

When Aspasia had read Pericles' letter she grew thoughtful, then formed a hasty resolution.

One day later she went to the Piræus with a female slave, and entered a vessel which was just ready to sail from the harbor of Athens to the Ionian coast.

CHAPTER XII.

IN IONIAN HONEYMOON.

PERICLES had made the short passage from Samos to Miletus with two of his triremes.

Hipponicus, who was trierarch of the second ship, had requested permission to accompany his commander. With him was the beautiful Theodota.

Thus the charming dancer again threateningly approached Pericles' horizon.

The Milesians received the Athenian commander with delight, celebrated his arrival with magnificent entertainments, and honored the victor of Samos with a gold laurel wreath.

Pericles felt as if he had breathed a sultry atmosphere

ever since he stepped upon the coast of Asia Minor. He had entered the land of the statue of Diana with the thousand breasts, of gigantic temples, whose Hellenic forms blended with the colossal, monstrous architecture of the East, the land of the priestesses of Aphrodite, of luxurious, effeminate music, the land of the mother of the gods, whose festal dances on the Tmolus partook of the mysterious madness of the Orient, the land too of her foster-son Dionysus, the god of joy, who by his nature and appearance, delicate and effeminate in form, yet full of courage and ardor, with his luxuriant wealth of curls crowned by a Lydian mitra, and clad in ample bright-hued garments, proved himself a true son of Asia Minor.

If the sultry atmosphere the Athenian felt was anywhere on the Ionian coasts of Asia, it pervaded the streets of wealthy, superb Miletus, famed for its roses. Here one heard the Persians and the satrap of Sardis mentioned, as the Athenians spoke of the Megarians or Corinthians; Persians and other Orientals were seen in the streets. The costume of the men of Miletus and their charming wives was rich and gay as the plumage of Eastern birds, yet exquisitely tasteful. Pericles saw garments borrowed from the Persians, others from the Egyptians. They were of every color—purple, crocus yellow, sea-blue, the hue of the violet and hyacinth, even the vivid tint of flames. He saw the Milesians wrapped in the texture of Persia, decked with the jewels of India, dripping with the perfumes of Syria.

During their stay in Miletus, Pericles and Hipponicus enjoyed the hospitality of her richest and most distinguished citizen, Artemidorus. The latter took them to his magnificent country-estate, near the city. Not far

from this rural seat was a myrtle grove, amid whose dusky recesses, musical with the notes of birds, legend related that the goddess Aphrodite sometimes appeared in bodily form.

Oriental magnificence reigned in Artemidorus' apartments. The walls and furniture were decked with gay Persian stuffs. Gold glittered, ivory gleamed, the air was full of the perfume of sandal-wood. Throngs of beautiful female slaves moved about the house. Some, from the shores of the Caspian sea, were dazzlingly fair like marble statues, others brown as the bronze figures in Artemidorus' house, and others still, a shining black, like the ebony tables inlaid with gold in his rooms. Nothing was lacking that could satisfy the mind of an Asiatic Greek in Aspasia's native city.

"You other Greeks call Ionia a hot-bed of luxury," said Artemidorus to his guests, while doing the honors of his table, "and I understand our beautiful Milesian women are even more dangerous to Athenians, than the gallant Milesians are to the Athenian women—"

Pericles smiled.

"Don't forget," continued Artemidorus, "that Ionia is not merely the hot-bed of luxury, but also of poesy, nay even of wisdom; for we have given you other Hellenes—in addition to our beautiful women—Thales, Herodotus, and, if we do not arrogate too much, Homer."

"Who believes," replied Pericles, "that the vigorous development of the Hellenic intellect can ever flag, even amid the oppressive atmosphere of the rose-couch of pleasure?"

"Say rather, that nowhere else does it develop more luxuriously!" cried Artemidorus. "There is no

progress of men and nations without what zealots call luxury."

On the evening of the second day Artemidorus conducted his guests to the myrtle grove near his magnificent villa, which he had himself beautified till it resembled a sort of pleasure-garden. The lovely Theodota, who had been invited as the friend and companion of Hipponicus, was striving with all the power of her dark eyes to bewitch Aspasia's lover.

Accompanied by their host, Pericles, Hipponicus, and Theodota wandered through the charming wilderness of blooming myrtles. As the grove extended over a gentle slope, many places, where the ground had been stripped of trees, afforded a beautiful view of the city, the blue sea and the islands, which lay as if for a defence before the four harbors of Miletus. At such spots Artemidorus ordered Oriental carpets to be spread or a purple tent to be erected by the slaves who accompanied them, that they might rest, take refreshments, or listen to the soft music of Lydian flutes, which at Artemidorus' bidding, vied with the nightingales in delighting the ear.

Male and female slaves, in the garb of Silenus, peopled the forest, here and there pouring brimming goblets for the party out of wine-skins; as Hebes, who did the same thing, or as nymphs, who proffered flowers and fruit in horns of plenty. Three of the fairest of the latter performed, on an open spot of turf, a charming dance in which the Asiatic tympani used in the festivals of Cybele were noisily beaten, causing a sort of bewilderment and rapture to take possession of the senses.

A tiny lake in the midst of the grove was peopled by all the forms of Hellenic fable associated with the sea. Fish-tailed mermaids were seen crowned with rushes,

sirens reclined on rocks, singing soft, alluring harmonies in rivalry with the Tritons, who were blowing their shells. Even the prophetic old man of the sea, Proteus, was not wanting, and gave predictions to all who asked. Pericles approached and desired to hear some oracle from his lips.

"If necessary, I won't neglect to hold you fast," he said jestingly, "as is customary with those who question you—that you may not slip away under the disguise of fresh transformations."

The old man willingly answered Pericles and delivered the following oracle :

Seek 'mid the nests of nightingales, where blooms the fragrant rose,
The favoring gods thy happiness have bound a captive there,
Seize it as thou didst seize on *me*, hold it both firm and close,
So only 'twill be thine for aye—for fleeting 'tis as fair.

Pericles did not understand the meaning of these words. When, after the conversation he looked around for his companions, they had disappeared; so he walked on a short distance alone. The birds, that flew from twig to twig, from tree to tree, singing their sweetest songs, lured him farther into the forest. But here magpies, starlings and parrots, perched among the boughs, accosted Pericles with "Accept our compliments! Rejoice! Come, pray come," and other strange sayings. Chattering thus, they flew on beside him. Soon Pericles fancied that instead of single birds, he heard a whole choir of nightingales singing at some distance. At the same time the perfume of roses, which must have proceeded from a large enclosure of blossoming flowers, reached him apparently borne on the breeze from some distant spot, Strangely enough, the odor of Indian perfumes seemed to blend with the scent of the roses.

Half involuntarily, Pericles continued his walk in the direction from which came the fragrance of the roses and the warbling song of the nightingales. He did so unintentionally, for he no longer thought of Proteus' prediction. Here and there he saw something light gleaming through the branches in the dusk of the grove. The birds, which flying from bough to bough and singing, had hitherto seemed to bear him company, were now silent and appeared to be looking down at him with mischievous eyes. In place of their song, there was a louder rustle of wings in the tree-tops and sounds like subdued tittering, as if fluttering Loves were laughing at the pedestrian.

Pericles now saw the luxuriant enclosure of roses, whose perfume had reached him at a distance. Between the branches he distinctly beheld the glimmer of that mysterious something, which seemed made up of purple, gold and a dazzlingly-white robe. Approaching, he succeeded in obtaining a better view of the arbor.

Amid this luxurious display of roses a most charming scene appeared before his eyes.

Surrounded by a throng of lovely boys, clad in purple garments, with gold wings fastened on their shoulders, and silver quivers containing golden arrows hanging by their side, stood a woman's figure robed in dazzling white, with a gold girdle around her waist, twined with garlands of roses. Pericles could not see the fair face distinctly; for just as he approached the little gods of love were vying with each other in weaving rose-wreaths around the woman's head, breast, nay her whole figure, till she almost disappeared beneath them. Pericles thought of the legend his Milesian host had related, that in this grove the goddess Aphrodite sometimes appeared

in bodily form, and was not disinclined to take this beauty, half buried under roses, for a divinity.

After the golden-winged boys had completely entwined her slender figure with roses, they drew her gently by them to a couch of flowers, firmly fastened the ends of the garlands to the stems and branches of the bushes, and then dancing in sportive mirth around the captive, pelted her with blossoms gathered from the drooping boughs of the thick hedge.

At sight of the stranger, the little Loves ran laughing away, leaving the prisoner alone. Pericles entered the arbor, and the captive begged the new-comer to release her.

Pericles broke one of the chains, pushed aside the roses which covered the fair one's head and face, and his eyes met the radiant glance of *Aspasia*.

His first feeling was that of unutterable joy. But the next instant amazement that such a surprise should be prepared for him asserted itself. Already a question concerning the *circumstances*, which had rendered so unexpected a meeting possible hovered on his lips.

But *Aspasia*, shaking off the rose-chains, now rose, saying in the bewitching accents of her silvery voice :

" Know, my dear Pericles, that I too, like Socrates, have my demon, which in decisive moments, whispers to me not only what I am to leave undone, but what I must do. When your last letter from Samos reached me, containing the news that peace had been concluded, of Theodota's arrival, and your intended journey to Miletus, this demon instantly commanded me to go on board a ship without delay and seek you in Samos, or if you were not there, at Miletus. Perhaps the demon wished to bestow on me the double happiness of not seeing

Miletus without you, and meeting you in my native city. I came here, applied to your host Artemidorus, heard of the surprises the beautiful Theodota wished to prepare for you in this grove of Aphrodite, and the arrangements already made with the assistance of the generous Artemidorus; but thought it advisable, after a secret agreement with the latter, to undertake the part Theodota intended to play. So you must attribute it to Artemidorus, that the gods of love delivered me, instead of Theodota, fettered into your hands."

"You have made the legend of Aphrodite's appearance in this grove true," replied Pericles; "to me you are the goddess of love, the goddess of happiness, and above all, permit me to add, the goddess of surprises."

"Can there be happiness without surprises?" cried Aspasia.

Confidential conversation detained the pair some time in this beautiful spot. Like all lovers, after a long separation, they had a thousand things to say.

But when kisses threatened to supplant words, and twilight began to close in, the Loves again sprang out of the bushes and made a feint of binding Pericles also with the fresh garlands they had woven.

"Beware of these little fellows!" said Aspasia. "It is time to go and bid each other farewell for to-day. Your way is longer than mine; for Artemidorus has given me for a residence that charming little summer-house. It is only a few paces from here, but the thick myrtles half conceal it. I shall go there. But you, my dear Pericles, can return to Artemidorus, your friend Hipponicus, and the beautiful Theodota, the bright-eyed Corinthian."

At these words the little cupids burst into a merry

laugh, weaving their chains still closer around Pericles. The latter joined them, and at last even Aspasia herself shared their mirth, while the Loves wound themselves, Aspasia and Pericles into a laughing group, which fettered by roses and drawn gently onward by the tiny sprites, vanished amid the rose and myrtle bushes, while the stillness of night spread over the deserted grove, and only the nightingales sang and the flowers exhaled their perfume.

Pericles found a sweeter happiness with Aspasia, than he would have enjoyed with the bright-eyed Corinthian.

The most blissful hour of love is not the one when an impassioned pair first pour forth their feelings, but the time of meeting after a long separation. The first embrace is like the flame of green wood—not without thick smoke and violent crackling; but when lovers meet again the fire of joy blazes high, clear and undimmed.

When Pericles and Aspasia walked hand in hand next morning through the dewy garden, they looked like two beautiful human flowers, freshly sprinkled with glittering dew. The love in their hearts could no more be exhausted, than the sweet melodies in the throats of the song-birds, or the perfume so lavishly exhaled from the opening roses.

They ascended one of the little heights, which afforded a wide view of city, sea, and shore, the meadows of the Mæander, with the palms, pink, laurel, and agnus castus on its winding banks, blue Latmus in the distance, and the lake of Biblis, with bright-hued water-birds fluttering above its rushes. But Pericles let his gaze wander over the battlements of the city, rest a

moment on the proud Athenian triremes lying in the harbor, and then rove farther away to the spot where, veiled in mist, lay Samos, the place where he had spent a year of his life in manly toil for his native land. Then his eyes returned to the beautiful city, and he praised the bright, luxurious splendor of its appearance, the gay, vivacious temperament of its inhabitants.

"Yes, Miletus is beautiful and her inhabitants are joyous," replied Aspasia. "But patriots remember the time when she was not only wealthy and luxurious, but proud and independent, when she sent out her colonies to the distant coasts of Pontus. That time has fled. Miletus is no longer independent and bows before mighty Athens."

"You utter these words almost bitterly," replied Pericles smiling, "but consider, that if Miletus were not Athenian, she would be Persian. It was not your kindred Hellenes who destroyed her power, but the Persian, when he overran these coasts. Nay, if the Athenians had not fought at Salamis and Marathon, a Persian satrap would now be ruling here in Miletus as well as in Sardis. Don't be angry with the Athenian fleet, which extends its arm protectingly over this coast."

"Then instead of bearing the Athenian ill-will, I must gratefully kiss his forehead?" said Aspasia.

She pressed a kiss on Pericles' forehead as she spoke, and the latter answered:

"Your golden-winged Cupids avenged Miletus yesterday on the commander of the powerful Athenian fleet."

"Don't repent devoting a week of your active life to the Milesian strand," said Aspasia. "Honor the place, which is not only the home of the most luxuriant roses

and softest wool, but also famed for possessing the most beautiful tales. Could there be anything dearer to loving hearts than our Milesian fable of Cupid and Psyche?"

"You are right," replied Pericles; "but," he continued with a mischievous smile, "to the best of my knowledge, it was also in this zone that the story of the 'widow of Ephesus' was—"

"Whose meaning," interrupted Aspasia, "according to the usual understanding of it, is that women are faithless, wavering, disloyal? But it is a poor story, which permits only *one* interpretation, contains only *one* truth. Let me take the Ephesian widow under my protection. She was faithless only to the *dead* husband. Love is so associated with life, that love and faith extending beyond the grave, existence bound up with a corpse, is a chimera. The bloodless shades of Hades ought not to be permitted to feed on the blood of the living."

Such was the conversation between the pair. Then Artemidorus came, addressing jesting reproaches to Aspasia for detaining his guest, and after inviting them to a collation, conveyed them in a dainty chariot drawn by white horses to the far-famed temple of Apollo, which stood at some distance from the city, and the precincts of the temple of Cypris on the flat land near the sea-shore, surrounded by reeds, over which yellow halcyon birds hovered. They drove along the beautiful coast, and on the way back entered a boat to be rowed over the deep blue waves to a richly-wooded island, which Artemidorus' slaves instantly transformed into a little paradise, spreading soft, gay carpets and offering every kind of delicious refreshment.

Artemidorus now resigned the care of his guest entirely to Aspasia, and his reverence for Pericles, as well

as the lavish generosity natural to him, induced him to give his fair countrywoman all the external assistance she could need, to spice the idyllic solitude of the myrtle grove with the ever-varying charms devised by a love exhaustless in its inventive power.

Aspasia used this assistance as freely as the power with which nature herself, even more lavish than the wealthy Artemidorus, had endowed her in her charming character, skilled in the exercise of every spell.

The loftiest and most ennobling pleasures of both mind and senses were enjoyed by these two souls, so favored by the gods. Pericles had created and executed much that was great, Aspasia had inspired many beautiful and imperishable things, by casting the kindling sparks of her intellect and beauty in every direction. But the most beautiful and lofty deed performed by both, was in *loving* and *being happy*—happy as no dull-minded clods, but only those natures akin to immortals, can be. The things they inspired, created, performed, might please *mortals*; but the Olympians themselves looked down upon their love-life with satisfaction. To realize the idea of human happiness in the joy of life and love, seemed even to themselves, during these halcyon days at Miletus, the best part of their destiny.

Indeed, Pericles and Aspasia were enjoying for the first time the happiness of their love. The latter's magic hand had created the most beautiful asylum of undisturbed solitude, a refuge even fairer and more secluded than the grove and summer-house. The flat, open roof of the house, above which rustled the tops of lofty pines and cypresses, had been transformed into a pleasure-garden. Blossoming bushes, and flowers swaying on lofty stems, surrounded the edge of this asylum, seclud-

ing it from the gaze of the outside world, and purple linen curtains could be drawn at will in the shape of a tent over the whole terrace. Thus shut out from the world, the lovers spent blissful hours in this blossoming asylum, accessible to themselves alone. Here they enjoyed the retirement of a secluded room, without its oppressive heat; they had the free air above and were fanned by the sweet, fragrant, refreshing breezes of the grove. The loneliness of the myrtles, the solitude of the house did not suffice; like tender doves they fluttered to the roof, a retired spot amid the blue air, where only winged creatures could follow—doves, peacocks, twittering and singing-birds. Here they rested amid the flowers, here Aspasia sang the songs of the poets, which gained a wondrous charm from her lips, here, singing to the accompaniment of her lute, she ensnared Pericles in the silvery net of her tones, the magic of her caressing voice, here she related charming Milesian tales, here they chatted together, sometimes as foolishly as children, sometimes as wisely as grey-bearded philosophers. Here they could draw the purple curtains around them and, steeped like gods in rosy Olympian light, breathe, transfigured in the purple dusk. Or they could allow the bright sunlight to pour in from above, and Pericles beholding Aspasia's face and limbs steeped in a white radiance, over which the reflections of the green bushes flickered with magical effect, gazed at her in amazement, as if he saw some ethereal vision.

Aspasia, according to the Milesian custom, sometimes wore purple, sometimes sea-blue, flame-color, or crocus-yellow. She liked to appear before her friend in different costumes, borrowed garb, bearing, expression, character, now from one, and now from another

goddess or heroine, and at Pericles' request executed dances, corresponding with these varying forms, whose artistic charm far surpassed what he had admired in the beautiful Theodota.

During these transformations, Pericles could not help thinking of the oracle uttered by Proteus, when he was on his way, though without knowing it, to find Aspasia. The verse had summoned and invited him to the fairest happiness:

"Seize it as thou didst seize on *me*, hold it both firm and close,
So only 'twill be thine for aye—for fleeting 'tis as fair."

"I shall have to hold you fast, like the prophetic changing Proteus, that you too may not escape from me in some one of your transformations!" said Pericles, jestingly.

"How will you manage to hold me?" asked the Milesian.

"That I hope to hear from yourself!" replied Pericles.

"Perhaps, according to Athenian custom, in a strongly-barred *cage*?"

"What cage do you mean?" asked Pericles.

"The cage you men call the women's apartment in your houses," replied Aspasia.

"Telesippes may perhaps be secured in these cages, but not Aspasia," answered Pericles, after a short pause.

The Milesian's sole reply was a smile.

She was satisfied with having uttered a word, which might be left to produce its effect in Pericles' mind.

One day Artemidorus and Pericles chanced to discuss Aspasia in the latter's absence.

"Legends and histories of all ages," said Artemidorus, "mention plenty of heroes, who for a longer or shorter period have fallen into the power of beautiful women. The fair nymph Calypso detained Ulysses years in her grotto. Dido understood how to win the pious Æneas, and spiteful Omphale even bound the strongest of the strong for a time to her distaff. None of these women, however, knew how to fetter forever the men they had won; their charm grew weak, the chains broke, the wearied hero took his rusty sword or forgotten club out of the corner, repaired his half-decayed vessel, and with a hasty farewell left the beauty for new adventures. So Aspasia's charm would doubtless also fade, if you were obliged to remain always with her in this peaceful asylum."

"Certainly," said Pericles, "if Aspasia were Theodota, if she possessed nothing save her exquisite physical charms. But there is something else, which might well bind a lover forever. I am not speaking of the means employed by ordinary women, who think they attain this object by prudish reserve, or the anxiety, doubts and difficulties they cause their lovers, ere yielding them possession of their hearts. There are, however, certain favored women, who bind their lovers still more firmly in spite of the boundless devotion which wrecks the happiness of ordinary fair ones, nay even *by* this devotion. If I were to name the unspeakable charm by which they succeed in accomplishing such a thing, I could call it nothing but the Charis:* the wonderful blending of grace and kindness, insinuating without being intrusive,

* Charis, (Χάρις), the personification of Grace and Beauty, which the Roman poets translate by *Gratia*, and we after them by *Grace*.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Biog. and Myth.*

sunning the soul like the smile of a god. This, I believe, is the charm Aphrodite keeps in her golden girdle. A thousand little clouds rise in the sky of all lovers, this alone can banish them—all shadows disappear in the radiance of this sparkling, smiling charm. Its breath softens all harshness and asperity. Everything will be permitted, everything will be pardoned, because it inflicts no wounds without instantly healing them. Aspasia possesses this grace of soul, this girdle of Aphrodite, and by its power alone sportively baffles all Theodota's efforts; for I know women, and am aware how rare, how unique a thing is the skill Aspasia possesses."

"I understand you perfectly," replied Artemidorus, "I have often felt what you express. The test of a woman and her power is not the pleasure she bestows, but the way in which she knows how to fill the pauses in a honeymoon."

"Aspasia understands how to make some glittering spark of her intellect flash every moment, like a rocket or a shining soap-bubble, something that must be caught, and thus wings the dragging hours. She does all this without effort, constraint, or artificiality, does it because it is natural to her, and for this reason its effect is irresistible. The honeymoon of a woman, whose intellect is dull, is filled with sensual pleasure blended with mortal weariness; that which affords the sweetest and most lasting enjoyment proceeds only from the soul."

The day that Pericles was to return with his two vessels to Samos, whence he intended to pay a short visit to Chios, approached. The reception given him by the Milesians had made it easy for him to execute

the plans which had brought him to Miletus, so he had devoted only the smallest portion of his leisure to political transactions, and spent the remainder in the enjoyment of his secret happiness.

Hospitable Artemidorus gave the departing Athenian commander a banquet, at which Aspasia was also present.

At this entertainment Pericles said to his host:

"It is no marvel, that the secret charm of this region has seized upon *me* also, and I have yielded almost unconsciously for nearly a week to happy idleness. It is evident, that the Greeks of this coast dwell near the warm-blooded Phœnicians, who first worshipped the goddess of love, and the Cyprian isle that afforded this voluptuous goddess the first resting-place on her victorious progress from the Sidonian bay to Hellas. While from the south the festal enthusiasm of the Cyprian gods reaches you, from the north, on the heights of Tmolus, the bacchanalian revelry of Dionysus and his divine nurse Rhea forces itself upon you. Thus you are encircled and washed by the surges of the festal mirth of these gods of joy; like milk from distended udders, the dew of luxury falls upon you from the cornucopia of these gods and the thousand breasts of Artemis. The horrible fanatical orgies of the Tmolus are probably not known to you Milesians merely by hearsay. I should be surprised, if curiosity had not urged one or another of you to venture near that mysterious spot in neighboring Lydia, and though perhaps at a timid distance, watch the fury of the Corybantes."

Artemidorus' face darkened and a faint sigh escaped his lips, which made Pericles glance at him in surprise and almost perplexity.

"Fate once led me there," replied his host, "and I would willingly tell you what I saw and experienced, if there were not so many sorrowful associations connected with these memories."

His words increased Pericles' interest and Artemidorus, noticing it, continued:

"I see I must speak, even against my will, and give my embarrassment the vindication your features seem to demand, so listen:

"Only a few years ago I called the most charming youth in Miletus my son. He was endowed with every gift of mind and body, but also possessed a soaring imagination that knew no curb, and a soul easily kindled to enthusiasm. There has never been any lack of youths in this city, who have had their curiosity excited by tales of the frantic orgies on the Tmolus, and many a lad has escaped from his watchful parents to join the mad ranks; nay there were times when this impulse seemed to spread like a sort of contagion. I considered how I could best avert a similar delusion from my susceptible Chrysanthus. As I had feared, he too soon showed symptoms of being attacked by this disease. The time of the Lydian festival was approaching. Chrysanthus became silent and thoughtful, his cheeks paled, and he looked as if he were consumed by some secret, feverish impatience. I had determined to treat him like a prisoner, appoint guards who should watch his every step. But his condition made me fear his escape, and I soon doubted whether this unsatisfied longing might not cause him to fall into dangerous melancholy or mortal sickness, and thought it would be more healthful if I partially gratified his apparently increasing curiosity, but in a manner destitute of personal danger to him. I told him I would

go with him to the Tmolus myself, and watch the mystic customs of the Corybantes. In my company, under my immediate care, the youth would be safe from every danger.

"A journey of several days brought us to our destination. Accompanied by a slave, who carried provisions for one day, we entered the wooded, as yet deserted Tmolus, and waited for the moment when the wild horde of Corybantes from Sardis should ascend the mountain.

"The riotous spring festival had begun several days before by the felling of the largest pine on the Tmolus, twining it with wreaths woven from countless violets which grew in the valleys, and then dragging the garlanded trunk, amid wild revelry, down to the temple of Cybele, to offer it as a spring sacrifice to the all-producing mother of the gods.

"The greatest and noisiest part of the festival was yet to come. A dull roar fell upon our ears, even before we could distinguish the approaching throng of Corybantes beneath the shade of the woods. At their approach, we concealed ourselves in the dense bushes to witness their proceedings.

"The crowd drew nearer, the noise became deafening. Every one of these Corybantes, many of whom were nude, others only clad in the shaggy skin of a wild beast fastened around their loins, carried a tympan, which he beat with all his might, or a noisy cymbal, or blew on a horn; others had swords and shields in their hands, which they clashed heavily together. Above all this din of metal and musical instruments, rose the shrieks or rather roars, that only permitted us to hear fragments of the jubilant song in honor of the lost youth Attis, the favorite and messenger of Rhea, who

had now been found again. They sang of the lost and found Attis, but it was really the germinating power of nature, which had awaked from her long death-sleep, that these men not merely celebrated, but allowed to seethe within themselves till it rose to a perfect frenzy. The procession of fanatics was led by priests of Cybele, who carried in one hand flaming pine-torches, and in the other sharp, curved knives, which they swung with frenzied glances. A large phallus* was borne in advance. The pace of these men could not be called a walk, but consisted of wild leaps and bounds, to the accompaniment of the noisy instruments. The faces of all were flushed, many swollen and purple, their eyes seemed fairly starting from their sockets, and not a few were foaming at the mouth. Meantime they fiercely shook the long locks, principally woven of false hair, which hung over their temples and gave them a virago-like aspect. Whatever wild or tame animals had fallen into their hands on the way, were dragged along with them. A panther was led at the head of the procession. Some had serpents they had seized, and now handled as carelessly as if playing with garlands or ribbons.

"While the frantic train was passing, I saw that Chrysanthos' excitement was constantly increasing. He did not speak, but his face glowed, his eyes stared fixedly at the mad throng, and he unconsciously began to imitate some of the gestures the wild revellers were making.

"Not far from the spot, where we were concealed among the bushes, was a wide level space, overgrown with herbs and surrounded by enormous pine-trees.

* Phallus, the symbol of the fertility of nature. (*Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*)

Here the procession stopped, not to rest, but to riot still more furiously. The phallus and the animals dragged along with the revellers were placed in the midst, and the Corybantes gathered around them.

"Obeying an encouraging word from the priests, they rushed upon the panther and the rest of the animals, tore them first with the hands, then with the teeth, lapped their warm blood, and put the rest of the bloody flesh on their thyrsus staves as if on spits. Then, amid a louder roar of drums, cymbals and crashing metals they began to dance around the phallus, praising the mighty, all-productive mother of the gods, the ever-living vigor of growth, the inexhaustible power of love and pleasure, whose statue appeared before the eyes of all.

"The wild beasts fled from the tumult to the most distant valleys; a frightened lion, running at full speed, burst through the bush close by us. Indeed the frantic outcries, the smoking blood of the victims, the blazing torches, and especially the roar of the drums, could not fail to awaken either fear or the wildest excitement in the breast of every animal and human being. I almost lost my senses myself. Suddenly Chrysanthes made an effort to escape. I gazed at him in terror, perceiving that in his whole appearance he closely resembled these fanatics. I held him firmly, but developing a giant's strength in his youthful limbs, he released himself, and rushing away, sprang over a cliff so high and steep, that it is a miracle his bones were not broken—down, down amid those maniacs he leaped, and was swallowed up in their whirling ranks, as a drop is absorbed in the flood.

"I stood rigid with horror, motionless, almost senseless.

"The frantic dance went on before my giddy eyes.

Some fell as if dead, rose again, and began once more.

"Again the shouts of the most frenzied revellers, accompanied by strange signs and gestures, rose above the din. When the tumult had reached its height, several came forward and obtained a hearing for words, only a few of which reached my ears. They pointed to the phallus, shouted with excited gestures that the lifeless image on that pole, according to the sacred ancient custom, must be supplied with the warm blood of reality, and it well beseemed the most enthusiastic in the ranks to present their own as a joyful thank-offering to the all-producing goddess.

"The sharp, crooked knives glittered ominously in the hands of the priests of Cybele.

"My senses failed, I saw only a confused throng, the most frantic of whom were wounding, mutilating themselves with the flashing blades—thought of my Chrysanthos—and fell fainting on the ground.

"When I recovered my senses, the moon had risen and was shining brightly, the throng of Corybantes had moved on, the roar of the drums sounded like distant thunder from the depths of the forest.

"I went to Sardis, the residence of the priests of Cybele, because there I could first hope to learn something of my Chrysanthos' fate, receive my lost son.

"And *I did receive* him: he was brought back to me on a litter made of pine branches woven together on the Tmolus—wounded, mangled, bleeding.

"The youth, so full of blooming health and beauty lay before my eyes like the violet-wreathed pine, felled on the Tmolus by the knives of the Corybantes as a thank-offering to the all-producing goddess."

Such was Artemidorus' tale, which greatly shadowed the gayety of the banquet.

When it was over, Pericles on finding himself alone with Aspasia, said :

" Miletus is beautiful, and Artemidorus' story will not wholly cloud the memory of the blissful days the gods have permitted me to spend here. But I feel it is time to leave this burning strand for the tossing ship, I shall not breathe freely again till I inhale my native, invigorating Attic breezes."

CHAPTER XIII.

DIOPEITHES AND HIPPARETE.

ASPASIA went in disguise on board the ship, which conveyed the Athenian commander from Miletus to his fleet off Samos. As the trireme passed out of the harbor into the glittering open sea, the Milesian gazed back at the blooming Ionian coast. Flocks of cranes and long-necked swans were flying over the meadows, and flapping their rustling wings, alighted on the shore. But Aspasia's glance rested on the vanishing battlements of her native city. Her soul was full of the proud consciousness that here, where her eyes first saw the light, she had sealed the fairest triumph of her life and drawn the magic bond of love more firmly than ever, nay indissolubly, around the most famous Hellene of her time. Pericles too looked back at the vanishing strand of Ionia with sparkling eyes: he was recalling the happy days spent there, during which his peerless friend, like a

feminine Antæus, seemed to have absorbed a two-fold power of charming from contact with her native soil.

"I could almost lament the departed Milesian honeymoon," he said; "if I were not soothed by the thought that I am bearing you away with me as its fairest spoil."

"Happiness and love will follow us everywhere," replied Aspasia; "there is only one thing we shall leave behind, never perhaps to be regained—the blissful retirement we enjoyed here, and our beautiful freedom from all narrowing bonds."

Pericles bent his head and gazed thoughtfully into vacancy.

"After returning to Athens," continued Aspasia, "you will again be the statesman on whose acts all eyes are fixed, an Athenian citizen bound by the rigid rules of custom, and Telesippe's husband—while I—I shall once more be the stranger, the homeless woman protected by no law, I shall be, as your wife and her friend express it, *the hetæra from Miletus*."

Pericles slowly raised his head and looked her sharply in the face.

"Have you ever desired anything else, Aspasia?" he asked, "have you not constantly derided marriage as slavery, and mocked at the women's apartment as a prison?"

"I don't remember, Pericles, that you ever gave me the opportunity to decide whether I preferred the position of the *hetæra*, or that of the Athenian wife."

"And if I should," replied Pericles, "if I offered you the choice, what would be your answer?"

"I should tell you, that I would chose neither, that I

will voluntarily be neither a hetæra, nor an Athenian's wife."

Pericles was perplexed.

"An Athenian's wife?" he repeated; "so you do not disdain every matrimonial tie, but merely the Athenian one; tell me, where is the ideal of the marriage-bond you approve to be found in the world?"

"I don't know," replied Aspasia; "I believe it has no existence, but I cherish it in my heart."

"And what would be necessary to realize your ideal?"

"If there is to be marriage," replied Aspasia, "it must be founded on the law of freedom and the law of love."

"And what can I do to realize this ideal with you?" replied Pericles.

"You must grant me all the rights of a wife, without depriving me of any of those you have hitherto bestowed upon the object of your love."

"You wish me to repudiate Telesippe and install you in her place as mistress of my house? I understand that, but the remainder of your demand is vague. What do you mean by the rights, of which I must not deprive you?"

"Above all, that of acknowledging no law between ourselves save that of love," replied Aspasia. "Then I shall be your equal, as the woman you love, not a slave, like the wife. You are the master of the *house*, but not mine; you must be content with the sacrifice of my heart, without fettering my mind and condemning me to dull inactivity in the solitude of the women's apartment."

"So you will offer me your heart," said Pericles,

"but the charm and influence of your mind must be common property as before? You will not give up the pleasure of remaining in contact with everything, that can excite your imagination and occupy your intellect."

"Even so!" cried Aspasia.

"If we wished to attempt such a bond, do you know whether the essay would be possible, viewed not merely from the stand-point of custom, but also from that of love?"

"If it seems to you impossible, who compels us to form it?" replied Aspasia smiling, as she bestowed a tender kiss on her friend and began to speak of other things. The trip to Samos was quickly made. After Pericles had given certain orders for the guidance of the fleet, he again went on board a trireme to set sail for Chios.

"What," cried Aspasia jestingly, "have you so great a desire to see the fair one, who was once the object of your love and now, so far as I am aware, lives with the poet Ion at Chios?"

Pericles smiled as if at a jest.

This time Sophocles accompanied Pericles, and was no little surprised to meet the Milesian in her old disguise on the ship.

She was once more the charming youth, whose secret was disclosed only to a few. At Chios, the land of the finest grapes that ripened under the Greek sky, and whose inhabitants were called the richest people in all Hellas, lived Ion, a native of Chios, who had won many a laurel at Athens with his tragedies. True, he was said to have gained the favor of the citizens by means of several casks of Chian wine, which he distrib-

uted among the people at the performance of his first tragedy. He was one of the wealthiest men in Chios, as this generosity proves, and as such possessed considerable political influence in his native island.

Ion had not been on good terms with Pericles, since the two men were rivals for the charming Chrysilla's favor, and the poet still remained unfriendly, though the fair one had at last become his and followed the rich man to his own country. Pericles regretted this lingering enmity in the mind of his former rival; for it was his mission to obtain from the Chians some by no means unimportant concessions to Athens, and now could not help fearing that the influential Ion might oppose him out of personal dislike.

Sophocles undertook to effect a reconciliation between Ion and Pericles, and no one was so well suited by nature to act as mediator as the amiable, universally-popular author of "Antigone." His appeal to his fellow-artist succeeded so admirably, that the latter instantly invited Pericles to come to his house with Sophocles, and considered it an honor to entertain the two Athenian commanders.

Pericles could only remain in Chios from one morning till the next, and after having devoted the greater part of the day to political business, prepared, accompanied by Sophocles, to accept Ion's invitation.

But the pair did not go to Ion's house alone.

Aspasia had insisted upon following her friend, in the disguise of a slave, and thus remaining near him ready to render any service, after the custom of the slaves who attended their masters.

The Milesian's secret design was to make the meeting between Pericles and the beautiful Chrysilla harm-

less, by diverting their attention from each other. Pericles consented to the disguise, attributing its motive to a pardonable curiosity to see Chrysis.

Ion occupied a country estate in the most charming location of the sea-shore, where the land rose first abruptly, then in a gentle ascent, surrounded by sunny vineyards, full of the ripening gift of Bacchus.

He led his guests out upon a terrace, situated on a rocky promontory washed by the waves, and roofed with interlacing vines, from which hung tempting clusters of Chian grapes, between which the eye was afforded a charming view of the glittering sea and blooming neighboring islands.

Conducting his guests to this lovely spot, after their eyes were satisfied with gazing at the beautiful prospect, he invited them to recline on soft cushions and entertained them with delicious viands. The finest wine was poured into silver drinking-cups.

Chrysis was present, still as blooming as a rose, though the roundness of her limbs had developed, during her stay in Chios, into such plumpness that the Athenians' delicate taste missed perfect symmetry. She resembled a proud, full-blown rose; but the rose is only the most voluptuous and fragrant, not the fairest of flowers.

Ion, who was really a man of pleasant temper, gay and fond of amusement, received Pericles in a friendly manner and with unfeigned cordiality. He drained the beaker, in which foamed the most fiery liquor of his casks, to the health of Pericles and his famous companion, Sophocles. But when Ion was about to bestow enthusiastic praise on the two men and the success obtained before Samos, Sophocles declined to accept

any share of the eulogy, saying that all the credit belonged to his friend Pericles.

"Yet," he continued, turning to Ion and some of the aristocratic citizens of Chios, whom the latter had invited to the banquet, "you would be wrong, if in Pericles you principally admired the statesman and soldier. News of the fame of his enterprises and creations goes through all Hellas, but rumor speaks only of those qualities, which attract attention and make a noise in the world. I, on the contrary, since our companionship in the battles before Samos, can say more of his nobler, less conspicuous virtues. You know of the victories he gained there, but you do not know that when each of the fifty Samians, whom he sent as hostages to Lemnos, secretly offered him a talent for his release, he rejected these proposals, as well as the sums with which the Persian satrap sought to bribe him. Others will tell you how many hostile ships he sunk, how many enemies he has slain—but I will speak of the lives he spared from compassion, his efforts to save the blood of his own troops. I have often heard him say jestingly to the soldiers, that if it depended upon him they should live forever. He invented 'iron hands' for his ships, that those of flesh and bone might be spared. You know he is a hero in the hours of strife; but I tell you that in the hours of repose he is a philosopher, and whenever there was leisure in the camp explained to his warriors the various phenomena of wind, weather, and eclipses of the sun and moon, till many thought him a sorcerer. Of his learning and vigor in philosophy they have so high an opinion, that many now assert he defeated the Samian commander Melissus, a well-known philosopher, less by his skilful strategy than by murder-

ous syllogisms. There was no man more gentle, no man more severe, no one more feared, no one more beloved in the camp than he, no one more silent when speech was superfluous, and no one more eloquent when it was necessary. I wanted to tell you this about Pericles, that you may praise the noble, excellent man, not always the soldier and naval hero. Though he deserves commendation in the latter characters, it should not be unconditional, since, as I hear, after doing well before Samos, he behaved far less bravely at Miletus, nay almost forgot his fleet and duties as commanding-general, and lay at anchor in that bay several days longer than was necessary, which I consider an error in strategy."

Ion and the other listeners smiled at the conclusion of Sophocles' speech, but Pericles instantly replied :

"My fellow-commander and friend wishes to persuade you to number me among the philosophers, rather than the great commanders. Gladly would I, in order not to return like with like, assert on the contrary, that he should be included among the great commanders rather than the philosophers ; but the fact is too apparent for concealment, that he is in the same situation as myself: namely, he doesn't understand too much about generalship and matters pertaining to naval life. He will find it easier all his life, to impress upon his mind the names of all the nereids of the sea, than those of the various parts of a well-built Athenian trireme. But during this expedition he composed a magnificent pæan to Asclepius, which is sung on the whole fleet and, as all the steersmen and rowers declare, rendered us most excellent service during storms at sea. Even as his pæan soothed the waves and made the gods favorably disposed

towards the sea-voyage, his whole nature is like oil, that soothes all harshness, smooths all excitement. The men on his ship do what is right, even if he gives a wrong order, and think him a man beloved by the gods, though inexperienced in naval affairs. If anything escapes my lips which people consider wise, they believe I obtained it from the philosopher Anaxagoras; but when Sophocles opens his mouth, all are convinced that the gods themselves suggested in a dream what he says. Such, men of Chios, is the nature of my fellow-commander Sophocles. I meant to have praised him and should thank the gods, if the eulogy he poured forth on me were as well deserved, as that I bestow on him in these words."

Thus, excited by the fiery spirit of Bacchus and concealing cordial feeling under the mask of graceful jest, the two Athenian commanders praised each other before the gay company, beneath the clusters of grapes on Ion's beautiful sea-terrace.

"It is enough to make me blush," said Ion, "to see men like Pericles and Sophocles, who are occupied in great things and toiling incessantly for the public welfare, while I myself live in seclusion, devoted wholly to the pleasures of existence and the Muses. Yet I think, in addition to praiseworthy and beautiful action, there is also a praiseworthy and beautiful leisure. I have chosen the latter."

"Surely a leisure, which produces beautiful fruit, must be called beautiful," said Sophocles. "The Athenians have not forgotten your tragedies—"

"Nor your Chian wine!" added Pericles.

"I know," replied Ion, with a good-humored smile, "you Athenians say I tried to purchase your applause

in the theatre with my wine, but say whatever you choose, except that the liquor was bad. If you don't praise my Chian, you will wound me far more than if you censure my tragedies."

"We see these tragic poets possess the gayest temperaments," said Pericles, "while in their tragedies they are fond of dealing with the most sombre and gloomy subjects, being constantly occupied with the wrath of the gods, ancient curses, hereditary guilt, horrible dispensations of fate, and similar things."

"It is precisely because we are gay," replied Sophocles, "that we boldly enter upon gloomy themes; we struggle with and would fain conquer them. We fight bravely with the old blind powers of nature and destiny, in order to release human affairs, as well as we can, from the spell of a sinister necessity. In the clear, starry nights I spent on board of my trireme before Samos, my mind was much occupied with that suffering old Theban. I followed his course as, urged by despairing remorse for involuntary guilt, he deprived himself of sight and wandered forth in exile, but gradually attaining clearness and freedom of mind, finally shook off guilt and remorse, raised his grey head with the pride of an innocent man, and from a criminal became the judge of those who committed crime, not involuntarily and ignorantly like him, but knowingly; not by the external curse of fate, but by the secret denial of noble-human emotions."

"What you say, my friend," replied Ion, "contains your well-known enthusiasm for your native province, for it was there that your grey-haired sufferer went to rest."

"I willingly confess it, and consider it a favorable omen of my duty as a tragic poet, that these ancient

tragic complications should meet their solution in the province where I was born."

"Honor your native province," said Pericles; "but permit me to remind you that not merely your birthplace, but all Athens is the soil where old complications are unravelled, old guilt expiated, and ancient darkness melts away in the presence of the goddess Pallas Athena! On the gracious soil of Athens, not only the grey-haired sufferer, but the youth Orestes, lashed by the furies, found deliverance from his curse; nay you all know the gulf near the unfinished temple of the Olympic Zeus, and we willingly believe the legend, that the waters of the Deucalion flood flowed into this abyss."

During this conversation the sun had set—the wide sea glowed with crimson light, and the last golden rays illumined the interior of the vine-wreathed terrace. Ion's guests eagerly breathed the mild, refreshing evening breeze blowing over the waves. The host ordered the beakers to be filled again, and the wine in the silver goblets sparkled, as if it also mirrored the crimson radiance of the setting sun.

Pericles would allow his beaker to be filled by no other hand, than that of the slave he had brought with him. The youth performed his office of cup-bearer with a grace that did not escape the eyes of Ion, the fair Chrysilla, and the other guests, whose attention had already been attracted by the beauty of his features. The slave seemed to also consider it his duty to pour wine for Sophocles, a service the latter smilingly accepted with evident satisfaction.

"The cup-bearer you have brought has but one fault, Pericles," said he.

"What is that?" asked Pericles.

"He is in such a hurry to offer the goblet," replied the poet, "I would prefer he should linger a little, to allow us to look into his eyes, which seem to me well worthy of notice."

The youth blushed, as he saw the gaze of the whole company directed upon him by this speech. Sophocles smiled at his embarrassment, and cried in the words of an old poet:

"How beautiful, on purple cheeks, the light of Eros shines!"

"What do you say to those lines by Phrynichus? How do you like the *purple cheeks*?"

"Not at all," replied the youth, who had quickly regained his composure. "It seems to me poets praise things in their verses, which they wouldn't consider by any means beautiful in reality. I think a cheek painted with actual purple, would be hideous—"

"What?" cried Sophocles, "then you probably would not admire the rosy fingers of Eos in Homer?"

"Certainly not!" replied the young slave. "If my fingers were as red as roses, my master Pericles would think I had soiled them, and command me to wash my hands."

"Would that all critics were slaves like you!" cried Sophocles. Pericles laughingly rallied him with having at last found his judge.

Many jests were thus bandied to and fro, while glances animated with the fire of Dionysus flitted hither and thither, and meantime invisible Cupids kindled a harmless little interchange of jealousy. Pericles thought his friend Sophocles guarded the fair slave's secret too little, while the latter seemed to perform the office of cup-bearer to the poet with greater zeal than was neces-

sary. Aspasia, on the other hand, fancied she had noticed that Chrysilla's eyes met Pericles' gaze very frequently, and the latter sometimes allowed his glance to linger on the well-rounded limbs of Ion's friend. But this state of affairs soon changed. Chrysilla had really sought Pericles' eyes, from pure feminine desire to learn whether she had wholly lost her power over the man, who once paid homage to her charms. But the handsome slave, who attracted all eyes, could not long fail to gain her notice, especially as he seemed resolved to lavish his most ardent glances on Chrysilla. Thus he at last succeeded in fixing her eyes almost exclusively upon himself. In this endeavor he was assisted by Sophocles.

Ion had at first watched the interchange of words and looks between Pericles and Chrysilla with a slight feeling of discomfort, and was no better satisfied when his friend's attention was diverted to the stranger; but gave her also some occasion for anxiety, by showing the almost mysterious influence exerted upon him by the vivacious intellect and beauty of this very youth.

Fresh goblets were brought. As Sophocles received his from the handsome cup-bearer, he looked sharply at the edge, then turning to the slave, said :

"I must complain, for the first time, that you do not perform the duties of your office with sufficient care. I see a little speck on the brim of this glass, which you have neglected to wipe away."

The youth was about to pass his finger lightly over the spot where the little speck rested, to brush it off.

"Such things ought not to be touched with the finger, but must be lightly blown away with the breath." He held the goblet towards the youth, who smilingly

stooped to blow off the speck as the poet desired. But the latter held it in such a way, that the slave was obliged to bend his head as near his as possible, so that the golden-brown hair almost glittered on his breast. He breathed the intoxicating perfume rising from it, felt a light touch on his cheek, as the head was bent and raised again, and touched his lips to the very spot on the brim of the goblet, that the rosy mouth had brushed.

Pericles had noticed this incident with a watchful eye. "Friend Sophocles," said he, "I didn't know you were so excessively particular, as to make such an ado over a tiny speck."

"Rather confess," replied Sophocles, with a smile of satisfaction, "that you now see you were mistaken in pointing me out before all this company, as a very poor strategist and tactician. But calm yourself, I have obtained the satisfaction I desired, and promise to rest content with this little proof of my capabilities."

He held out his hand to Pericles, who warmly pressed it.

The shadows fell, but the clinking of the drinking-cups and the sounds of animated conversation echoed from Ion's sea-washed terrace until far into the night. The crimson glow had gradually faded from the waves, but still sparkled in the refilled, foaming beakers of Chian wine.

Strangely enough, Pericles' handsome, vivacious, ready-witted cup-bearer had at last become the centre of the whole circle. Every one wanted his goblet filled only by his hand, every one sought to catch a glance from his sparkling eye, a sportive word from his lips. When Chrysilla expressed a wish for a particularly

beautiful bunch of grapes, that hung from the espalier, the ever-agile and willing cup-bearer hastened to pluck and offer it to the lady. Chrysilla blushed, blushed in the presence of the slave—and no one marvelled. Ion did not approve, but thought it perfectly intelligible. Thus at last everything revolved around the disguised Milesian. Though she made a jesting pretense of *serving*, she *ruled*.

Finally Ion, who had used his delicious wine no more sparingly than had his guests, asked Pericles if he would not sell this slave?

"No," replied Pericles; "I intend to give him his freedom, and will do so now—this very hour. He shall have worn these clothes for the last time. Here, before your eyes, I grant him his liberty."

All present enthusiastically praised this resolution. Beakers were drained to the cup-bearer's health, and his liberation was sealed with the juice of the finest grapes.

But one in Ion's gay company, Pericles himself, had at last become grave and thoughtful.

"You pronounced my release with a solemnity, that was noticed even by those who knew it to be a jest," said Aspasia smiling, as they were on their way home from Ion's.

"It was no jest," replied Pericles; "it is my wish that you never again use a masculine disguise, never again humiliate yourself."

"I am curious to learn how you will spare the stranger, the so-called hetæra from Miletus, from humiliating herself."

"You will learn," said Pericles.

The next morning the Athenian commander returned to Samos, and without delay ordered the fleet to

prepare to set sail the following day for the homeward voyage to Athens.

This command was hailed with joy, and next morning at daybreak the victorious Athenian squadron, proudly decked with pennons; sailed out of the Samian harbor, to the accompaniment of rejoicing songs, into the open sea, steering westward to return home after an absence of eleven months.

"I think you conquered at Chios the horror which seized upon you after Artemidorus' tale the last evening in Miletus, and did not need, as you supposed, Attic breezes for the purpose," said Aspasia to Pericles at the hour of departure.

"Yet," replied Pericles in joyous excitement, "my soul is full of longing for my native shore, and some lines I heard from Sophocles' lips are continually ringing in my ears:

"Melicertes, son of Ino, and thou, Leucothea, fair
Mistress of the emerald flood, ever swift thine aid to lend,
Daughters of Nereus, Poseidon. and ye, rushing surges, bear
Me on. West wind of Thrace, mildest sea-sovereign, send
Thy messenger to waft me o'er the wide salt waters. There
Is my loved Athens. Gods of the sea, from every peril me defend."

Favorable winds aided the first day's voyage, and the islands of the blue Archipelago were passed under a cloudless sky. This sail through the Archipelago was full of delight to the lovers. How they enjoyed gazing over the ship's side as she cleft the waves, which close at hand looked meadow-green, but farther out merged into a dazzling blue, glittering with countless silver sparks under the sunbeams. Sea-gulls hovered around the mast on their long, white-bordered pinions, and schools of dolphins followed the shining track of foam

left by the keel in its passage through the water. Gambolling saucily, they beat their bifurcated tails, rolled in the eddies of the waves, leaped above the surface and then buried their shining black bodies under the surges.

At nightfall Pericles ordered the fleet to anchor before Tenos. The monotonous song of the oarsmen died away, and with it the plashing of the sea furrowed by the keels ; stars sparkled in the clear, shining ether, and in the east the moonlight cast its silver bridge across the waves.

Pericles stood musing on the vessel's deck, while all around him sank into slumber.

A soft, warm hand stole into his.

"Why do you gaze so thoughtfully into the waves?" asked Aspasia. "Are you longing to see the ambrosial daughters of Nereus, who wander with rosy feet through the crystal flood?"

The silvery tones of her voice roused the dreamer.

He answered with a kiss, and both began a tender conversation, amid which, as if lulled into a dream, they gradually beheld in the clear moonlight, the wide sea peopled with living forms. The daughters of Nereus rose from the depths, riding on sea-animals, the Tritons pressed after, sea-trumpeters, blowing hymeneal songs on shells ; amidst them came the sea-nymph Galatea. She raised the purple train of her robe from the flood, and allowed it, swelled by gentle breezes, to flutter like a sail.

In the first grey dawn of morning, Pericles and Aspasia suddenly heard the music of stringed instruments from the distance. It sounded like the lyre of Orpheus, which, according to ancient legend, when the singer died, was flung into the sea by the Mænads and borne

onward through the waves of the Ægean, where its notes are sometimes heard by mariners during a calm, echoing over the tide. The sounds that reached the lovers' ears seemed to proceed from the lyre of Orpheus drifting masterless on the sea, until they noticed that the music came from Sophocles' trireme, which passed them as the fleet again began to move in the first dusk of morning. The friends greeted each other, and Sophocles accepted Pericles' invitation to pay him a visit on his ship. There they talked of Athens, of meeting their friends again, and of the great Panathenaic festival, which would take place directly after their return. Aspasia heightened the eagerness with which Pericles and Sophocles anticipated the surprises Phidias and his assistants, after working constantly during this long time, would prepare for the returning soldiers.

When day had fully dawned and the first sunbeams sparkled on the waves, sacred Delos, the "star of the sea," the island of Apollo, rose on their left, shining in the crimson dawn, and kissed by the first rays of the god to whom it was sacred. Not without secret emotion did Pericles gaze at the ancient, revered island pearl of the Archipelago. He thought of the day when, like a gift of the god, the rich golden treasure floated from this isle to Athens. Nor would the sailors allow the island beloved by the god to be passed unhonored. From the lofty decks of the whole Athenian fleet a loud pæan to Apollo, the patron divinity of the Ionian race, echoed loudly over the wide sea, sparkling in the light of morning.

But from this time the songs and shouts on the ships never died away, joyous excitement everywhere prevailed, for to-day the crews were to reach their native

strand, and the nearer they approached the desired shore, the more swiftly the triremes, urged by swelling sails and doubly vigorous oar-strokes, seemed to rush through their liquid road.

Hours elapsed, Tenos and Andros were already far behind. Veiled in light, silvery mists, the heights of Eubœa appeared northward above Ceos. At the left, in large, bold, rugged outlines, surrounded by the same silvery vapor, rose the pine-covered mountains of Ægina. A delicate rime seemed to cover everything.

Between the two islands, jutting far outward and girdled in the background by a range of noble heights, the coast of *Attica* rose from the waves.

Countless eyes sought it—it was hailed with joyful emotion. But distance at sea is deceptive. The sun was low in the west before the fleet gained the wave-washed promontory of Sunium, towering steeply upward, with the marble temple of Pallas, supported by columns, gleaming on its lovely shining height.

The Athenian fleet swept in a wide curve around this southern cape of Attica, entering the magnificent Saronic Gulf, on whose right was their native strand and the beckoning battlements of Athens, on the left the mountains of the Peloponnesus, behind which the sun was setting. Both near and distant objects glittered through a golden, rosy mist. The mountain heights and the air above them, the sea and the ships, were all suffused in the magical light of the last hour of day. Everything was gleaming in purple and gold except at the southwest, where a black cloud had gathered. Suddenly it burst like a sheaf of fire, and the mountains of Argos stood wrapped in crimson flames. Calm and grand, the heights that crowned Athens rose opposite

to them on the right—the long ridge of Hymettus, the pyramidal summit of Pentelicus, the bold rocky dome of Lycabettus.

Now, surrounded by the city, appeared the sacred height of the Acropolis, so dear to every Athenian. All eyes turned towards it. But the holy summit was changed. White marble pinnacles, strange to the long-absent soldiers, gleamed through the light veil of mist in the last rays of the setting sun.

This time the Athenian sailor did not gaze from his vessel's deck towards the glittering head and shining spear of the colossal statue of Athena, all eyes on the returning fleet were fixed on the new, glittering white pinnacles, which flashed through the dusk on the summit of the Acropolis.

A loud shout rang from ship to ship.

"The Parthenon! The Parthenon!"

At the very hour, that the eyes of the returning victors were fixed upon the height of the Acropolis, a secret and almost miraculous event was transpiring in the venerable Erechtheum, opposite to the proud pinnacles of the new Parthenon.

The greatest and most magnificent festival of the Athenians, the Panathenaic, celebrated once in every three years, was approaching. At this festival, according to ancient custom, a beautifully-woven carpet, the so-called peplos, was offered to the revered Athena Polias, the protecting goddess of Athens. This peplos was woven on the Acropolis itself, in the sanctuary of Athena Polias, which was connected with the Erechtheum. Four young girls, scarcely beyond childhood, chosen from the most aristocratic families, made this sacred peplos, living within the precincts of the temple

on the Acropolis, and following many another sacred custom connected with the ancient and somewhat mysterious worship in the Erechtheum. On a certain night, not long before the Panathenaic festival, two of these young girls were selected to carry into a rock grotto, near the Ilissus, through a secret subterranean passage, something no one was permitted to see, and which it was said not even the priests knew, bringing back to the sanctuary of Athena Polias something equally unknown and mysterious.

Among the young girls selected this year for the office of *arrephori*—the name given to the chosen virgins—was Hipponicus' little daughter Hipparete, whose budding charms and modest manners her father had praised when, at the banquet given in honor of the victory, he suggested to Pericles the idea of forming a marriage-tie between this lovely child and the charming boy Alcibiades. In fact Hipparete was the very ideal of a real Athenian maiden, a rose-bud not yet opened, who with all her childishness, showed traces of a thoughtful, dignified character.

Hipparete now lived on the Acropolis, with the playmates who had also been summoned to render the same service to the goddess. The young girls were treated as if they belonged to the temple. There was even a special place, where they were allowed to amuse themselves in playing ball. The priestess of Athena Polias exercised a certain supervision over them, but as the sanctuary of this goddess was connected with the Erechtheum, the young girls also lived under the eye of Diopeithes, beside whom the priestess of Athena Polias was a mere insignificant shadow.

He gave all the maidens frequent directions and ex-

hortations; but talked most frequently to Hipponicus' little daughter, seemed to bestow special favor upon her, and always praised her more than any of the others. He often engaged her in long conversations concerning her father, his domestic affairs, and the guests who came to his house. Hipparete answered with the frankness of a child, and when he once jestingly asked if her father had chosen her future husband, gravely replied that he wished to betroth her to Pericles' young ward, Alcibiades.

"Pericles' ward?" cried Diopeithes, the pleasant expression his features wore suddenly changing to a sullen, sneering one.

The priest's hostility towards Pericles, and all whom he regarded as companions, advisers, and followers of this man, had been constantly fostered since his conversation with the seer Lampon. Through the priestess of Athena Polias, a mere tool in his hands, he maintained a connection with Elpinice and Telesippe, and by them learned whatever happened in the circle of his enemies.

The evening, on which this mysterious rite was performed, had arrived. The two young girls chosen, Hipparete and Lysiske, were clad in costly white robes embroidered with gold, which it was their fathers' duty to bestow for this festival, and which, after having been used, remained the property of the temple.

Thus adorned, the two maidens were conducted to the innermost sanctuary of Athena Polias, and here, amid various ceremonies, received from the priestess, in the presence of the priest of Erechtheus, and others who had come as spectators of the holy rite, the two covered vessels they were to bear through the secret

passage into the rock sanctuary. With the left hand they held the vessels to their breasts, and in the right carried a lighted torch. Before they set out, the priest of Erechtheus gave them exact directions concerning what they had to do, exhorted them to banish from their minds any frivolous curiosity concerning what was concealed in the vessels, to feel no fear of anything that might meet them on the way or in the grotto, or allow themselves to be interrupted in the performance of the sacred ceremonies. He told them they were under the protection of the god Erechtheus, the wards of the goddess Herse, into whose sanctuary they were descending, and charged them to have no fear if the god himself should appear to them on the way in his serpent form, as he had once done in ancient times to the arrophori. Unless they violated the sacred mystery, or did not perform the sacred rites faultlessly, they would have no cause to fear the anger of the god. Under any other circumstances, they might expect favor and salvation.

The two girls set forth on their way. Hipparete had listened to the priest's words with eager, childish faith, and was full of joyous courage. Lysiske, who was still younger, walked beside her more timidly. They descended together into the subterranean passage, in which many steps were hewn. Lysiske glanced timidly around, Hipparete encouraged her.

At last Lysiske began to wonder what was in the two sacred vessels.

"I can imagine what we shall bring back," said Hipparete. "What can Herse, goddess of the dew, give us except dew? Or perhaps dew-sprinkled branches or flowers?"

"But what are we carrying down?" asked Lysiske again.

"I don't know," replied Hipparete. "If we are to bring up something wet, we shall probably carry down something dry or fiery, for if it is damp in the lowlands, everything on the mountain heights is withered and dry."

"No!" said little Lysiske thoughtfully, "we are certainly carrying down a big owl, like those that build their nests in the walls of the Erechtheum, and shall bring back a hideous serpent, for snakes live in the lowlands."

"Have no fear of serpents," replied Hipparete; "you know the god Erechtheus appears under that form, and will protect and bless us on our way."

The numerous steps were at last descended, the goal of the walk gained, and the two young girls passed through a rock gate-way into the sanctuary. The grotto was lighted by a lamp, whose red flame flickered before a stone statue of the goddess.

Performing the ceremonies they had been taught, the young girls placed their vessels before the goddess, and prepared to lift and bear away the closely-covered ones that stood ready for them.

While doing so, their eyes wandered to the back of the grotto, where in the dusk a huge serpent with up-turned head lay coiled.

Lysiske started, turned pale, trembled and sought to fly. Hipparete detained her, and gave her the vessel, with which, without looking back, she hastened away. Hipparete raised the other vessel and prepared to leave the grotto. Just at that moment a strong breeze blew from the end of the cave, extinguishing Hipparete's torch and the red flame of the lamp, so that the young

girl stood in total darkness. *Her* heart would also have been filled with dread, had not a friendly voice reached her, bidding her remain as fearless as before.

"For thy noble courage and pious faith," continued the voice, "the god will bestow on thee, oh! child, a gift which will secure thee the blessing of the gods and the highest happiness throughout thy life."

The flame of the lamp now rekindled of itself, and in the spot where the serpent had raised its head appeared the god, no longer under a terrible aspect, but in the form of a stately hero. He invited the young girl to approach. Hipparete fearlessly obeyed. Drawing her towards him, he pressed a kiss upon her brow, which beamed with the radiant purity seen in the half-unfolded leaves of the tree, when they have just burst from their brown buds after a warm spring rain.

"Have you never heard," he asked, "of the homage gods have paid to the daughters of earth? Have you never heard of Alcmene, Semele, Danaë?"

The speaker's lips quivered as he uttered the words, and the hand that stroked the young girl's waving hair also trembled.

"Have you never heard," he continued, "of the maiden to whom Zeus descended, and who did not fear the god?"

He put his arm around the young girl, who listened devoutly, her clear eyes mirroring only the eager expectation of a childish heart, anticipating the wondrous gifts the god had promised to bestow.

Suddenly, glancing towards the back of the grotto, she said:

"The serpent form is still there—only it is smaller now, much smaller."

Hipparete uttered the words very quietly, without the slightest emotion of fear. She had been exhorted not to fear the serpents on her way, and she did not fear them. She knew they were merely the mask beneath which the god Erechtheus concealed himself. She had not dreaded the larger serpent, why should she shrink from this small one?

But the god by her side was startled. The false Erechtheus began to tremble before the wrath of the real one. He gazed fixedly into the corner, and saw a serpent writhing there. The child felt sure no harm could befall her, that she was under the protection of Erechtheus; but the god himself trembled under his divine mask, trembled before the venomous reptile.

At this moment the noise of a throng of people echoed from without, as they hurried past the grotto on their way from the Ilissus to the Piræus, shouting exultantly:

"The fleet from Samos is entering the harbor. Pericles is here! Long live Pericles, the Olympian!"

With a gloomy flash of the eyes, a wrathful quiver of the lips, the priest of Erechtheus rose, unmasked first by his fear and then by his rage, and hurriedly prepared to lead the child out of the grotto.

Hipparete, mindful of her duty, lifted the sacred vessel from the ground. The priest grasped her hand and conducted her up the dark passage, to the place where a secret corridor wound through the interior of the Erechtheum. There he left her, bidding her keep silent about all she had seen in the grotto; then the blessing of the god would not fail her.

Hipparete entered the lighted hall of the temple, and

placed her sacred vessel at the goddess' feet, then silently meditated upon the god's appearance.

And Diopeithes?

He went forth to strive to conciliate Erechtheus, by preaching reverence for the ancient gods still more ardently than before.

While these events were occurring on the silent height of the Acropolis, the returning fleet had entered the Piræus. The Athenians had rushed in crowds to see and greet the new arrivals. Evening had closed in, but the shore of the harbor glittered with torches, and the spectacle became all the more magnificent, as by the glow of these lights the hundred proud triremes of the victorious navy came sweeping over the dark waves.

The glare of light gave a strange aspect to the lofty masts, the white sails, the golden statues of Pallas, and the fantastic forms of the ship's prows, adorned with shields wrested from the foe, the ornaments of the hostile ships destroyed, and other trophies.

Shouts of joy hailed the triremes from crowded stone dykes.

The disembarkation followed. When the strategus landed, all pressed around Pericles. The loudest shouts greeted him, some persons scattered flowers in his way, and even loaded him with garlands.

To escape these greetings, Pericles accepted Hipponicus' invitation to take a seat in the carriage drawn by noble Thessalian steeds, which had been sent to meet the rich man at the Piræus.

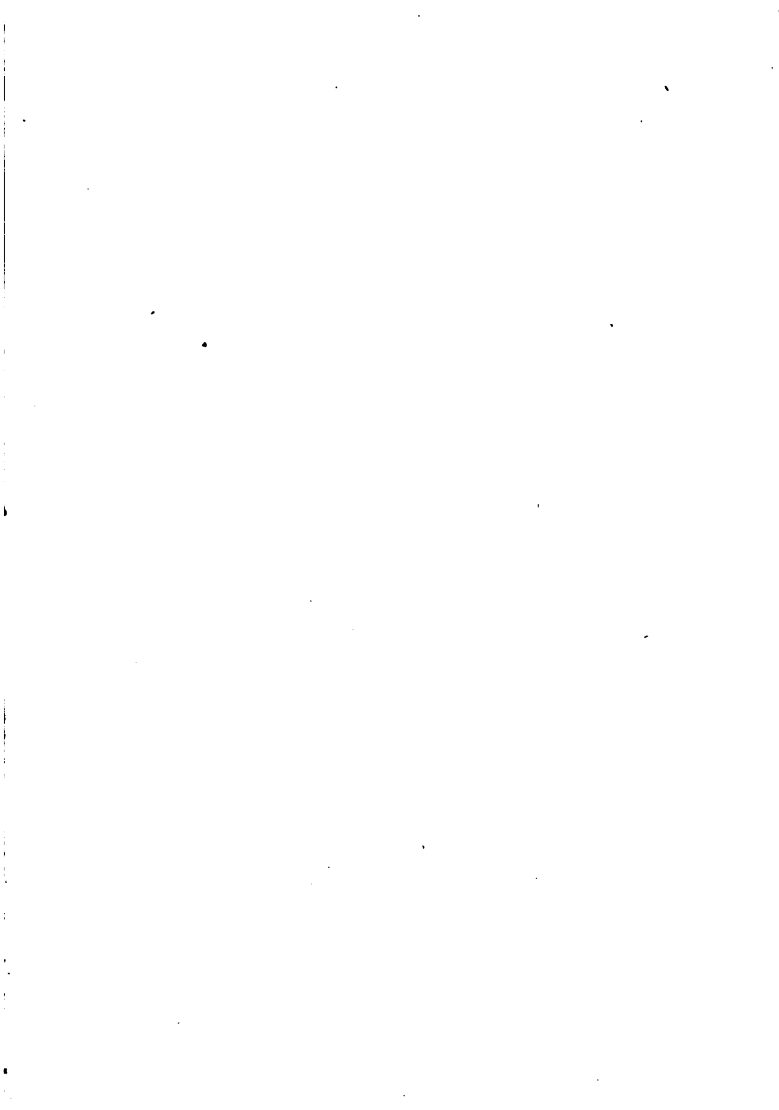
Aspasia had been compelled to part from Pericles. A litter awaited her. She entered it, closely veiled, and was borne to the city.

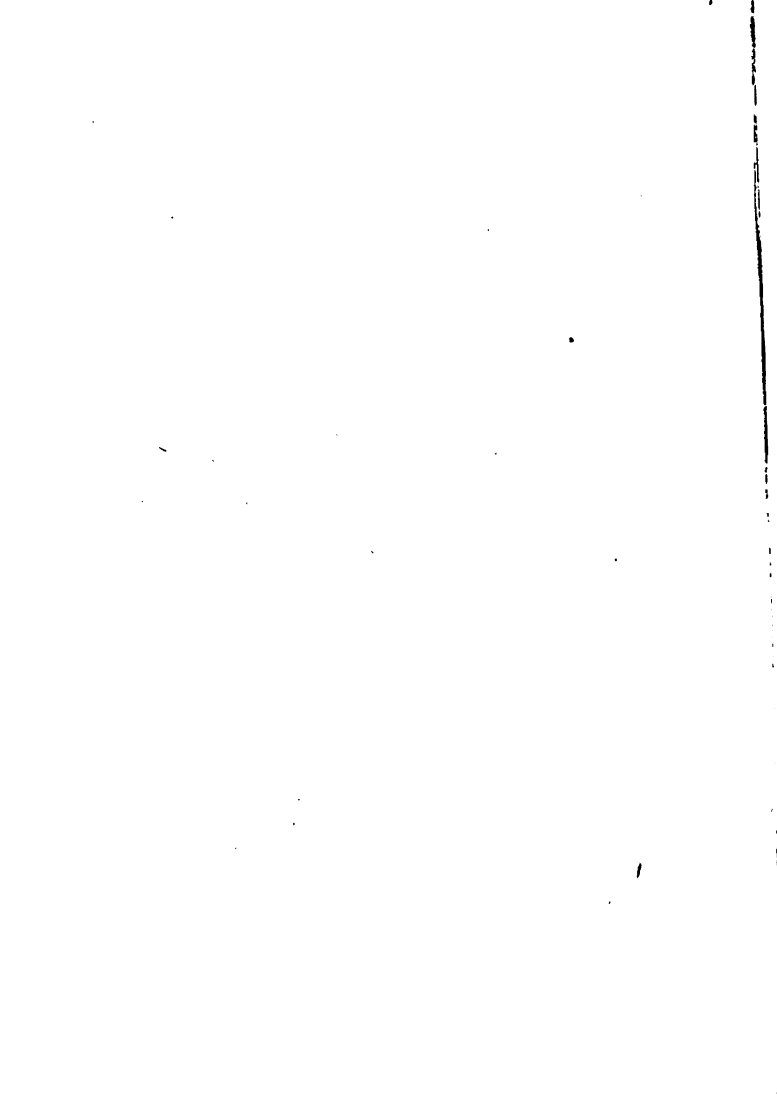
Meantime the moon had risen and poured her light upon the sea, the coasts, and the city.

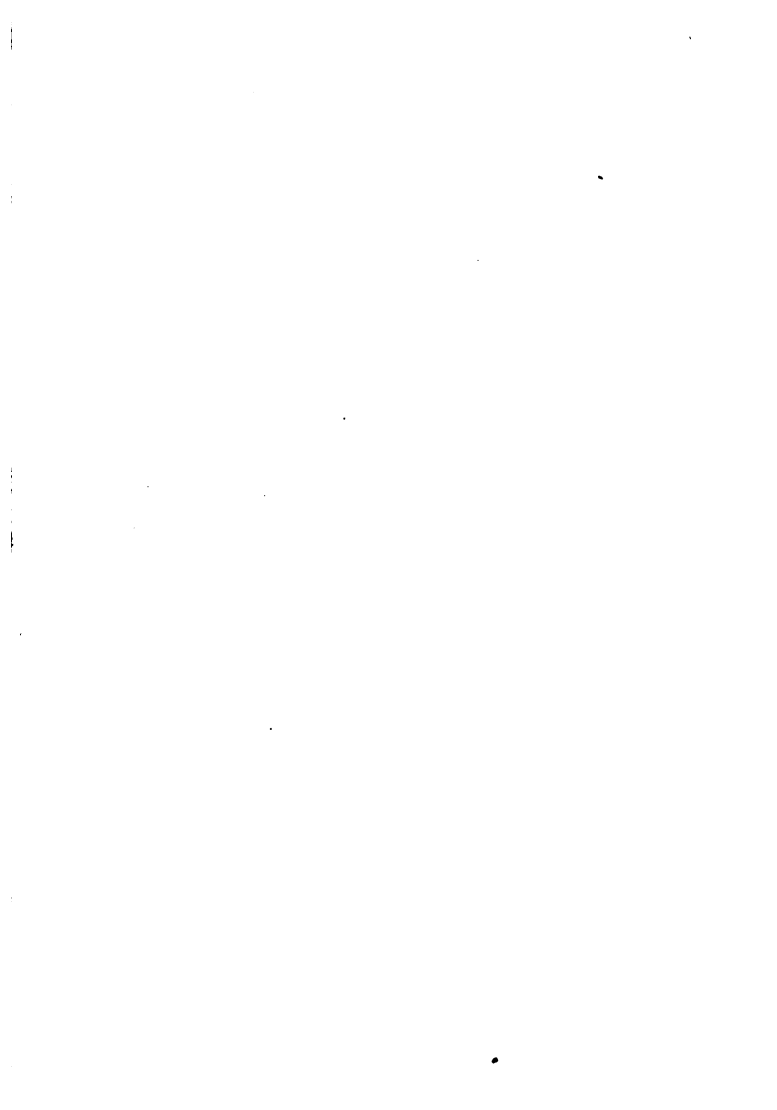
Pericles, silent and absorbed in thought, reached the city in Hipponicus' equipage. There, at a sudden turn in the road, glancing upward, he saw close before him the summit of the Acropolis.

He started. A slight tremor ran through his frame. Directly before his eyes appeared the vision he had seen glimmering at a distance. Gleaming white in the moonlight, strongly relieved against the night heavens, full of sublimity in the marble majesty of pediment and columns, the newly-completed work of Ictinus and Phidias stood on its airy height.

The spell, which even at the present day seizes upon the souls of those who gaze upward for the first time at the ruins of the Parthenon at Athens, thrilled the soul of Pericles at that moment.







6.77

$$\frac{x}{15} = \frac{14}{31}$$

$$31 \overline{) 210} \quad 6.77$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 210 \\ 217 \end{array}$$

$$238$$

$$2.7$$

$$13^a$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 15 \\ 144 \\ 60 \\ 15 \\ 215 \end{array}$$

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Aspasia.

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